BEYOND GLASSES: THE LATEST LASER EYE SURGERY

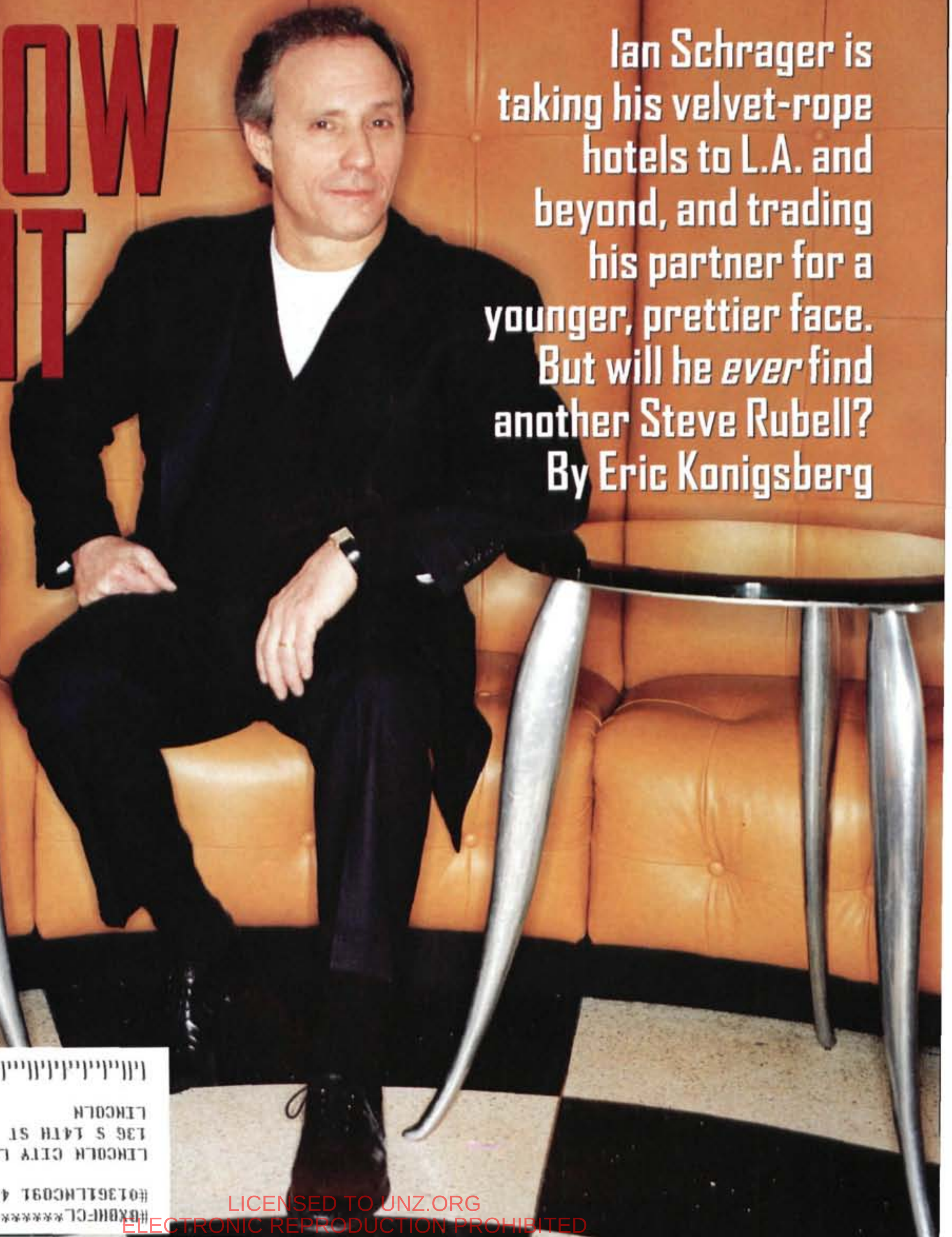
LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
3 3045 01403 5154

MARCH 10, 1997

NEW YORK

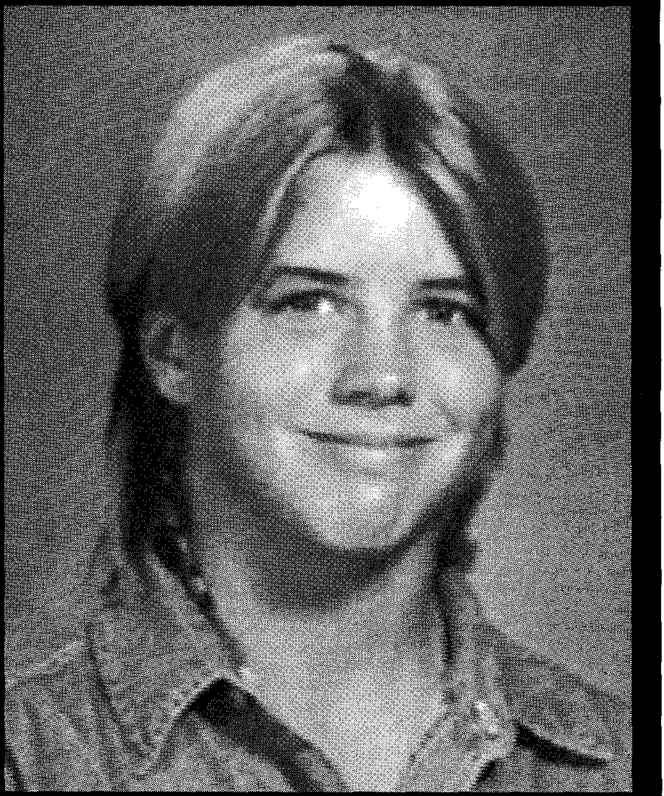
PRC

PILLOW FIGHT



Ian Schrager is taking his velvet-rope hotels to L.A. and beyond, and trading his partner for a younger, prettier face. But will he *ever* find another Steve Rubell?

By Eric Konigsberg



Kids.
If it's not one thing, it's another.

Heroin, for instance.

KIDS ON HEROIN This is the story of Lee Anna and Jonathan. Her parents are ministers. His father's with an airline. Bright kids. Good looks. Good friends. Then came the heroin. Like a plague. Into their lives. Into their town. What happened to them could happen to your kids. Watch and learn. If one life is saved, it'll all be worthwhile.

ABC NEWS
Turning Point

This week with Diane Sawyer.

abc Thursday, March 6th at 10 PM/9C

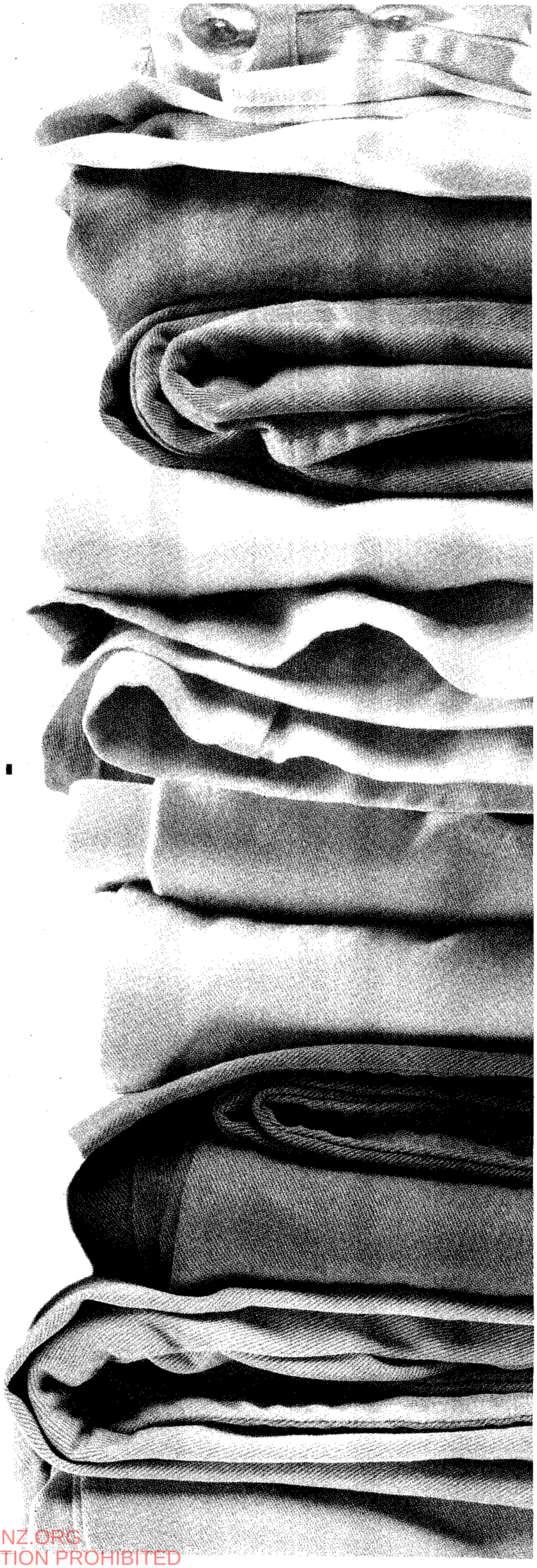
CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS

spring changes
everything...
jackets
are suddenly **new**

ck Calvin Klein
Long and lean, subtle and shaped. Here, the long jacket in bindweed, $465. Slim skirt in blonde, $165. Both in wool/rayon for sizes 2-14. Crisp cotton ribbed sweater in strawberry, $125. Sizes S,M,L. In Modern Attitudes on 3, Herald Square, and at selected stores.

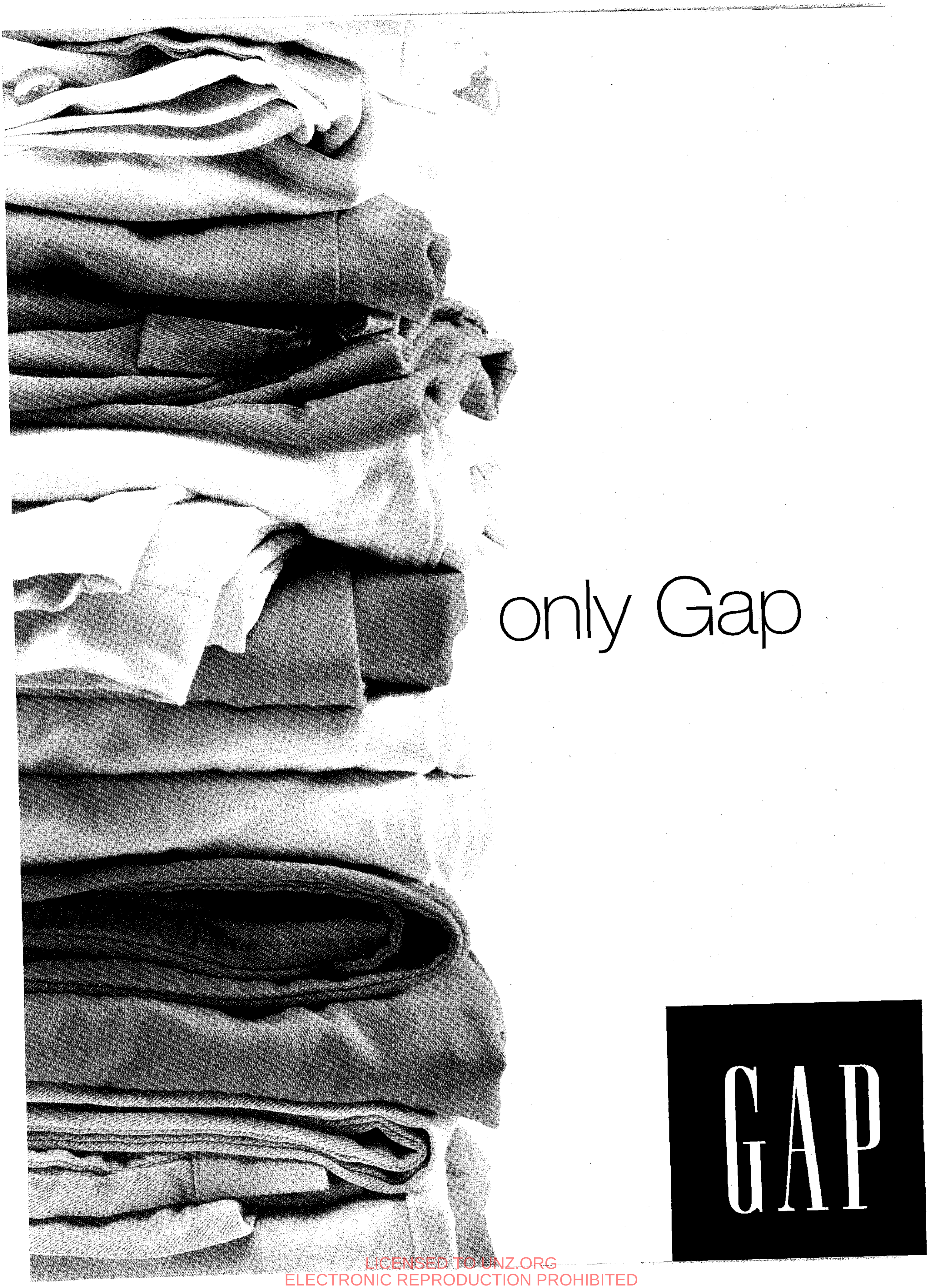
Macy's By Appointment
Call for details:
212-494-4181. Outside
New York: 1-800-343-0121.

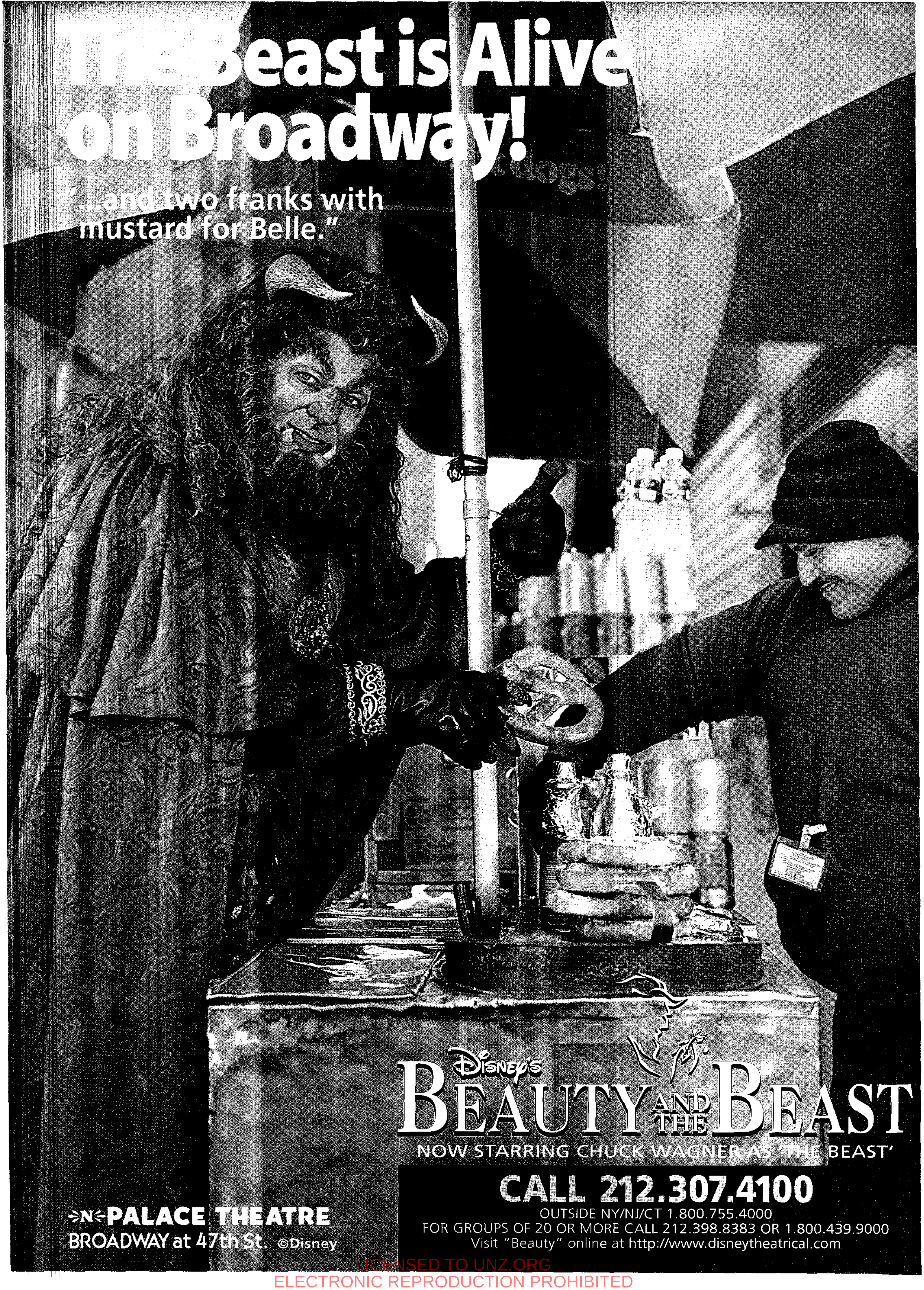
macy's



every khaki...

www.gap.com


only Gap
GAP


The Beast is Alive on Broadway!
"...and two franks with mustard for Belle."
dogs!
Disney's
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

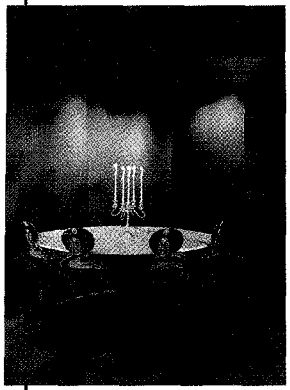
NOW STARRING CHUCK WAGNER AS 'THE BEAST'

CALL 212.307.4100
OUTSIDE NY/NJ/CT 1.800.755.4000
FOR GROUPS OF 20 OR MORE CALL 212.398.8383 OR 1.800.439.9000
Visit "Beauty" online at http://www.disneytheatrical.com

PALACE THEATRE
BROADWAY at 47th St. ©Disney

Contents Mar. 10, 1997

> *"At my hotels, we want smart and stylish, but we don't want 'in.' In places don't stay in for very long."*
>
> IAN SCHRAGER, *PAGE 24*



24 Empire of the Night

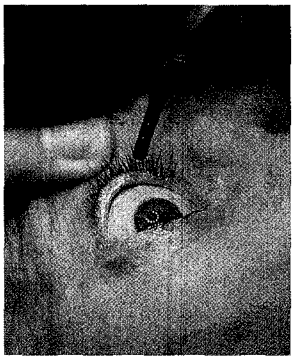
By Eric Konigsberg

Hotels have become the nightclubs of the nineties, and the man responsible is, of course, Studio 54 alum Ian Schrager. His hotels in New York, South Beach, and Los Angeles are machines for turning buzz into money, and he has designs on London and beyond. So why is he trashing his Royalton front man, Brian McNally? And can his new partner, Rande Gerber, fill Steve Rubell's shoes?

32 Vision Quest

By Melinda Blau

THROW YOUR GLASSES AWAY FOREVER!, the ads in the subway say. Laser surgery to correct nearsightedness is FDA-approved and almost painless, and—at least for *New York's* writer—produces spectacular quality-of-life changes. But the risks remain, and New Yorkers have been laser-shy.



38 The Last Laugh

By Rob Walker

After an ugly partners' split and the death of one of its principals, Jacoby & Meyers needed some legal aid itself. With an irreverent new ad campaign, managing partner Gail Koff aims to give the firm that spawned a million jokes the one thing it's never quite had: respectability.

42 Lone Star

By Chris Smith

Freedy Johnston's haunted, literate lyrics mix Kansas and East Village, outsider sensitivity and get-over-it frankness. And on his new album, he even sounds happy.

Gotham

15 An informal artists' colony in Chelsea; splashy coed fun; *whose* quality of life?

Departments

20 The City Politic
Michael Tomasky

He's ready to run: But is Rudy planning on bringing anyone else along?

22 Media
Andrew L. Shapiro

Reverse-march synergy: The latest ventures from new-media darlings are decidedly old-media

57 The Underground Gourmet
Peter Kaminsky

Meli-Melo spans the globe but doesn't charge international rates

Marketplace

46 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Old-fashioned glassware; downtown milliners; *ceci n'est pas une pipe*

48 The Goods
Eva Pomice

See spot run: How interior designers get *their* upholstery clean

50 Sales & Bargains
Dany Levy

Readers' guide: private library memberships, leather briefcases, and to-the-trade lighting

The Arts

51 Theater
John Simon

Feet on the couch: In *Psychopathia Sexualis,* foot-fetishism meets analysis

53 Art
Mark Stevens

A surrealist photographer shows the cooler side of this century's Mexican art

55 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

Fine China: The National Traditional Orchestra of China's introduction for Western audiences

56 Television
John Leonard

Don't worry about the government: Blair Brown and Regina Taylor, on the case in *Feds*

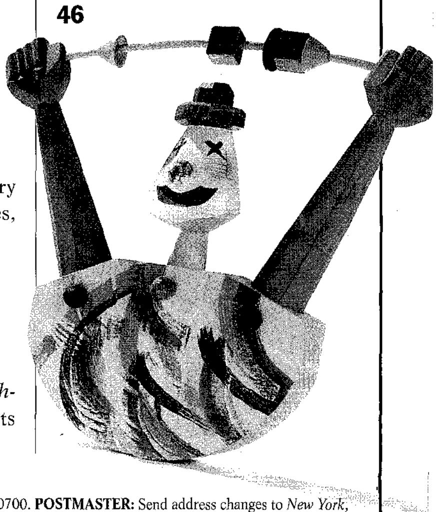
Cue

59 The artist of Utopia Parkway; *Concrete TV* goes clubbing; a snapshot of Morphine; Kyra Sedgwick goes nuts

Misc.

Letters 9
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11
***Guardian* Crossword** 100
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 100
Classified 89
Strictly Personals 96

46



MARCH 10, 1997—VOL. 30, NO. 10. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York,* Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80328-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80328-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900.** Printed in the U.S.A.

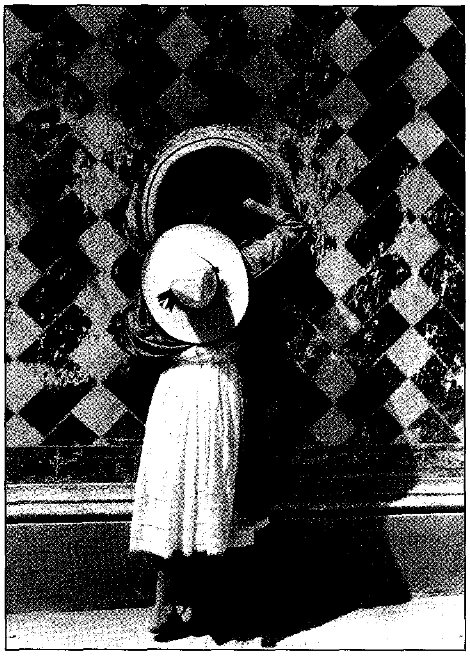
Cover: Photograph by George Holz. Styling by Eileen Kasofsky for Gabler/Noonan Inc. Grooming by Alan Whyte for Nubest & Co.

The soul of Mexico.
The eyes of Manuel Alvarez Bravo.

The Museum of Modern Art presents the first definitive exhibition of Manuel Alvarez Bravo, one of the most important living photographers of our time. Over 175 photographs examine all phases of Alvarez Bravo's work and allow us to see into the heart of a nation, while gaining a better view of ourselves in the process. Cemex is the proud sponsor of the Manuel Alvarez Bravo retrospective, and will continue to support artists who use their creativity as a bridge to greater understanding.

The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street,
New York, NY
For more information:
212 708-9400
www.moma.org

Centro Cultural Arte
Contemporaneo,
Mexico City
June - September 1997



La hija de los danzantes (The Daughter of the Dancers), 1933.
Collection: The Museum of Modern Art, Purchase. Gelatin-silver print.

Manuel Alvarez Bravo

A Retrospective

The Museum of Modern Art

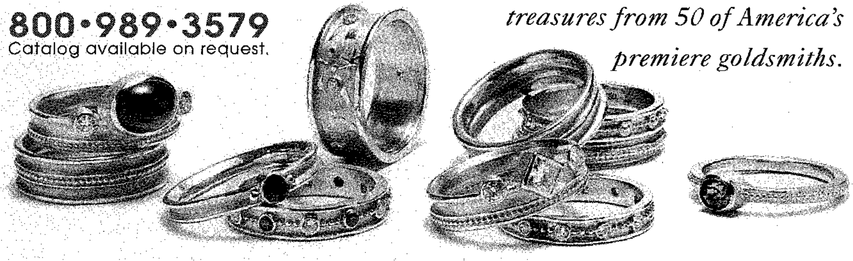
February 20-May 18, 1997

CEMEX
THE WORLD'S CEMENT COMPANY
Building a Better World.

THE CLAY POT
PARK SLOPE ◆ BROOKLYN
800•989•3579
Catalog available on request.

Wedding Bands

An exclusive collection of handcrafted treasures from 50 of America's premiere goldsmiths.

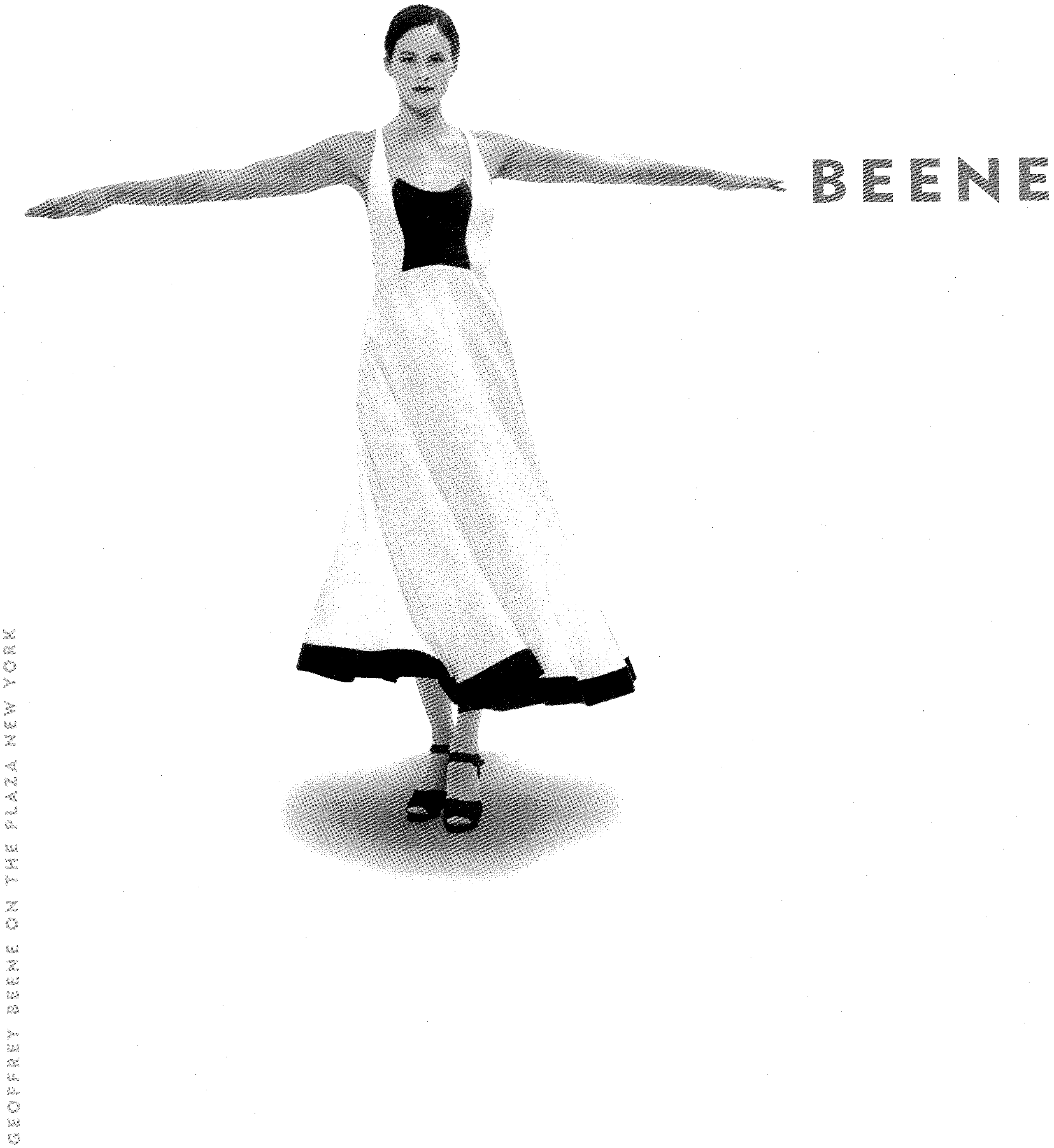


NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Caroline Miller
MANAGING EDITOR Sarah Jewler
EXECUTIVE EDITOR John Homans
NEWS EDITOR
Jeremy Gerard
DESIGN DIRECTOR
Robert Newman
PICTURE EDITOR
Margery Goldberg
FASHION DIRECTOR
Jade Hobson Charnin
DEPUTY EDITOR
Maer Roshan
SENIOR EDITORS
Susan Dominus, Phoebe Eaton
Hugo Lindgren, Matthew Weingarden
STAFF EDITORS
Ruth G. Davis, Kate O'Hara
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Suzanna Andrews, Susan Brenna
Rene Chun, John Connolly, Peter G. Davis
David Denby, Simon Dumenco, Jeffrey Goldberg
Gael Greene, Peter Hellman, Tony Hendra
Craig Horowitz, Bob Ickes, Karrie Jacobs, Mark Jacobson
Maura B. Jacobson, Peter Kaminsky, James Kaplan
Beth Landman Keil, Eric Konigsberg, John Leonard
Barbara Lippert, Mary Ann Madden, Michael Maren
Rebecca Mead, Deborah Mitchell, Chris Norris
John H. Richardson, Hal Rubenstein, Nancy Jo Sales
Luc Sante, John Simon, Christopher Smith
Mark Stevens, Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky
Guy Trebay, Mim Udovitch, Alex Williams
CULINARY EDITOR Gillian Duffy
BEST BETS EDITOR Corky Pollan
PHOTO DIRECTOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS
Jordan Schaps
SALES & BARGAINS EDITOR: Dany Levy
STAFF WRITERS
Maureen Callahan, Barbara Ensor
Linda Hall, Ariel Kaminer, Edith Newhall
Ethan Smith, Norman Vanamee
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Christopher Bonanos, Matthew McCann Fenton
Robert Patronite, Robin Raisfeld, Elizabeth Shepherd
PRODUCTION EDITOR
Deborah Gasiorek
ASSISTANT EDITORS
Alexandra Lange, Claire Perrault, Clay Thurmond
REPORTERS
Ondine Cohane, Patricia Falvo
Lucy Hawking, Michael Steele
DEPUTY ART DIRECTOR
Florian Bachleda
ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman
DEPUTY PICTURE EDITOR: Sabine Meyer
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: Jennifer Gilman
ASSOCIATE PICTURE EDITOR
Nakyung Han
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: Vita Parrino
DESIGNERS: Andrea Dunham, Pino Impastato
ART STAFF: Steven Davis, Anthony Funaro
Anton Ioukhnovets, Jennifer Procopio, Ellene Wundrok
COLOR PRE-PRESS MANAGER: Alejandro Gomez
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Deborah R. Slater
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Sarah Bernard, Laura Georgio
Vanessa Grigoriadis, Ariel Levy
PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR
Maury Rogoff
SYSTEMS MANAGER: Marty Reinert
ASSOCIATE SYSTEMS MANAGER: David Miller
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: James B. Reffler
ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Robert P. Wilkey
ASSISTANT PRODUCTION MANAGER: Bobbi Fischer
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Amanda P. Fellows

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist.

New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by K-III Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Telephone: 212-508-0700. **Copyright © 1997 by K-III Magazine Corporation. All rights reserved.** All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New York* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of K-III Magazine Corporation: William F. Reilly, Chairman; Charles G. McCurdy, Vice-Chairman; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman.


BEENE
GEOFFREY BEENE ON THE PLAZA NEW YORK

EXTENDED STAYS. EXCEPTIONAL AMENITIES.

THE PHILLIPS CLUB

AT LINCOLN SQUARE
A MILLENNIUM PARTNERS RESIDENTIAL HOTEL

1965 BROADWAY AT 67TH ST.
NEW YORK, NY 10023
212 835 8800, EXT 15 FAX 212 835 8850

HTTP://WWW.PHILLIPSCLUB.COM

- Luxury furnished apartments
- Preferential membership at Reebok Sports Club/NY
- 24-hour concierge and private doorman
- Steps from Central Park

The Talents of a Sculptor and The Skills of a Surgeon

For 30 years, Board Certified Plastic Surgeon and award-winning sculptor **Stanley Taub, M.D.** *has offered the finest in*

Cosmetic Surgery

- *Face, Neck and Eyelid Surgery*
- *Breast Enlargement and Reduction*
- *Male Breast Reduction*
- *Liposuction/Body Contour*
- *Rhinoplasty & Secondary Nasal Repair*
- *COSMETIC LASER SURGERY removes wrinkles, scarring, pigmentation, & tatoos*

Call for a Free Consultation

(212) 628-8585

737 Park Ave., NYC. Outpatient Surgical Facility

SANFORD SMITH'S 9TH ANNUAL

Works on Paper

Old Master to Contemporary

MARCH 7 - 9 Fri & Sat 11am-8pm • Sun noon-7pm

Admission $10 • Café • Wheelchair Accessible

PARK AVENUE ARMORY Park Ave & 67th Street, NYC

Information: (212) 777-5218 Fax: (212) 477-6490

NEW YORK

PUBLISHER
Amy R. Churgin
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Alan Katz
BUSINESS DIRECTOR: Betsy Cronen
SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER
Ginger Sutton
RETAIL MANAGER
Stefanie Feidelson
SALES REPRESENTATIVES
Amy Hochfelder Ball, Alexis Demetroulakos
Lauren Effron, Trish Considine Kirsch
Kira Krieger, Nina Leone, Claudia Ryan
Wendi V. Sanders, Leslie Weiss
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Michele L. Romano
SALES ASSISTANTS: Anne Marie D'Agostino, Leslie Bailey
Roy DeCaro, Evette Manners
Ahu Z. Resimcioglu, Cara Rubin
MIDWEST MANAGER: Sasha Mayoras, 312-616-1895
DETROIT: Karen Teegarden & Associates, 810-642-1773
CALIFORNIA: SD Media, 310-264-7575
ATLANTA AND FLORIDA: Stites & Fontaine, 770-491-1419
TEXAS: Tierney & Company, 972-625-6688
FRANCE/UK: S & R Media, 011-33-1-47-61-08-26
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-2-31-16-62
HONG KONG: Pacific Asia Media, 011-852-834-6128
ADVERTISING COORDINATORS
Sharon Y. Quinn, Michel Gilbert
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen
PROMOTION MANAGER: Gerry Napoli
CREATIVE SERVICES: Wendy Bronstein
SENIOR WRITER/MERCHANDISING: Lauren Paige Kennedy
SPECIAL SECTIONS: Christy Casamassima
SPECIAL PROJECTS: Cori M. Lorenzon
ART DIRECTOR: Ilene Segal
DESIGNER: Halle Spector
MARKETING COORDINATOR: Kathryn R. Hoffman
PROMOTION COORDINATOR: Danielle Unterman
RESEARCH AND MARKET DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR
Eileen P. Ronan
SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba
RESEARCH ASSISTANT: Peter R. Chiacchiaro
INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR
Nancy J. Fedder
CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor
SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli
SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER: Michelle Krell Kydd
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Dana Cohen
SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow
Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan
Debbie Horowitz, Chris Lutkin
Wendy Pusey, Denise Sisto
STAFF: Denise Fowler, Greta Turken
CONSUMER MARKETING DIRECTOR: Joyce A. Hansen
CONSUMER MARKETING MANAGER: W. Sean O'Connell
CIRCULATION PLANNING DIRECTOR: Thomas Masterson
CIRCULATION PLANNING MANAGER: Elizabeth Uzielli
CONTROLLER
David Rockefeller
ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Deborah L. Sheffey, CPA
MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero
ACCOUNTANTS: Michael Boyle, Michael Torres
A.P. SUPERVISOR: Kathleen Marney
COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Susan Haridas
STAFF: Aubrey Guio, Maribel Lopez
OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER
Mary Ann McCarthy
STAFF: Esther Gillyard, Priscilla Hood
Warren MacDonald, Joseph Markfelder, Angelo Molina
Omar Rowe, Virginia Spraggins, Sarah Wigfall
K-III MAGAZINES
CHAIRMAN: William F. Reilly
PRESIDENT: Harry A. McQuillen
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Charles G. McCurdy
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell
VICE-PRESIDENT: Curtis A. Thompson
PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING AND MARKETING: Janice Grossman
VICE-PRESIDENT: Brian T. Beckwith
VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER: Linda C. Jenkins
VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCIAL PLANNING & ANALYSIS: Jennifer P. Chu
VICE-PRESIDENT, CONTROLLER: David W. Whitwell
VICE-PRESIDENT, OPERATIONS: Steven R. Elzy
VICE-PRESIDENT, CONSUMER MARKETING: William I. Barber
VICE-PRESIDENT, SYSTEMS: Robert M. Cummings
VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Edward J. Egan
VICE-PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: Mark A. Peterson
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore

Get Real

Fashion-conscious or fashion-Nazis? Mixed reviews for our rather literary take on spring styles; another wine-list lament, plus a few suggested vintages.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT "REAL PEOPLE"; I'm a working mother of three, and if my clothes are buttoned, I'm lucky ["Spring Fashion," February 24]. "Unorthodox combinations" means a whole different thing when it's a result of 6 A.M. feedings, diaper changes, and general chaos. Aaaah . . . But Wayne Koestenbaum's article "Following Suit" is one of the most inspired pieces of journalism that I have read in years. Get that man on staff!

Tracy Wirth
BROOKLYN

"FOLLOWING SUIT" WAS VERY ENTERTAINING and informative. It's not easy to make men's clothing interesting, and Koestenbaum certainly managed that! He conveyed a very New York City mentality, which I appreciate, versus some watered-down, mainstream, white-bread sensibility. I read the whole article with a smile on my face.

Sharon Berlan
MANHATTAN

CAMILLE, I LIKE THE TITS AND ASS OF HOLlywood glamour as much as anyone else (much to my wife's amusement, I still carry a torch for Ava Gardner); however, I can't fault Meryl Streep for eschewing the time-consuming, high-upkeep business of offscreen glamour ["Pop Shots," by Camille Paglia, February 24]. She's an actor, and a fine one, who shuts the stage door and has made a quiet place for her family. Streep sells her acting, not her ass. Anyway, is there anything Sharon Stone does publicly that can't be equaled or bettered by RuPaul or his ilk?

Adam Honigman
MANHATTAN

YOUR "SPRING FASHION" ISSUE WAS THE worst *New York* I have ever seen. Not only were the clothes hideous, but having Wayne Koestenbaum and Camille Paglia writing articles was absurd. Is your magazine aspiring to compete with the "cutting edge" culture critics of the Modern Language Association? Will the Yale English department be asked to deconstruct summer fashion?

Alexis Indris Santana
PRINCETON, N.J.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

UPON VIEWING THE COVER OF THE "SPRING Fashion" issue with mother and homemaker Lisa Safir-Barness, we became alarmed at the portrayal of the so-called average woman. We are a group of concerned women in treatment for eating disorders. Considering the fact that the average woman is about five feet four and 140 pounds, this example serves only to encourage people to remain in the destructive patterns of anorexia and bulimia that are growing at an alarming rate in both women and men. For future issues, you might consider using women with more realistic bodies in Missoni sweaters rather than unhealthy-looking "typical" women who happen to fit the heroin-chic ideal.

Names Withheld, Eating Disorders Unit, Somerset Medical Center
SOMERVILLE, N.J.

Mad, Mad World

THE OFFICES OF THE *NEW YORK NATIVE* AND *TheaterWeek* were not the Manhattan headquarters of *The X-Files,* as readers of John Istel's February 10 "Media" column, "HIV-Negative," might conclude. Nor is Charles Ortleb the paranoiac recluse that Istel's kick-him-while-he's-down attack makes him out to be. Chuck is a demanding boss with a great sense of humor who's had many employees (besides me) continue to work for him for many years. We were a small company in financial straits—something we were honest about, even with our writers.

I hope that one of the enduring legacies of the *New York Native* will be my reporting on the similarities—yes, and possible link—between AIDS and chronic-fatigue syndrome. Unfortunately, Istel inaccurately used my reporting to paint my publisher as a nut. I'd suggest that next time, he try to finger the right lunatic.

Neenyah Ostrom
Managing Editor
TheaterWeek *and* New York Native
MANHATTAN

More Wining

LAST YEAR I TOOK MY PARENTS TO ALISON on Dominick ["Best Cellars," by Tony Hendra, February 17]. The wine list was terse enough to meet Hendra's expectations, but its brevity by no means meant quality. For $30, I selected an unknown 1990 Médoc, hoping that the strength of the vintage would help. While the beverage was not rancid, it was neither memorable nor enjoyable. At meal's end, our server asked about our satisfaction; I replied that our wine was disappointing and was promptly instructed that we had ordered a "low-end wine" for which only mediocrity should be expected. Perhaps the staffs of such establishments truly believe that one need pay upwards of $50 to enjoy a good bottle. In recent months, this city's stores have supplied us with a delightful $8 Barbera from Michele Chiarlo, a wonderful, fruity $10 1995 Dei Rosso di Montepulciano, and a fine 1994 Chateau Clairefort for $15. Even at a 100 percent markup, any of these wines would have been a superior and far less costly selection. In the words of blues musician Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, "I won't go there no more." Now, if we could just do something about the wretched music . . .

J. D. Schwartz
MANHATTAN

Green Day

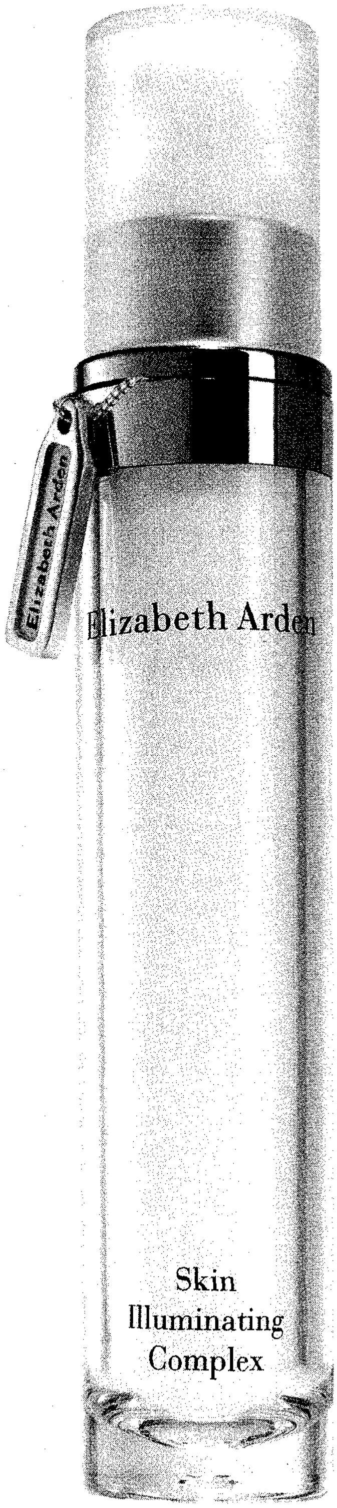
I FELT THAT THE GOTHAM ARTICLE "INTERnal Conflicts Leave a Party in Green Pieces" lacked balance [February 24]. Ed Shanahan quoted several Green Party of New York members who questioned whether a reporter should be allowed at the meeting, but no one who supported the reporter's right to stay. The article did not mention any of the accomplishments of the meeting: A plan was made to send representatives from across New York State to lobby in Albany on Earth Day; the Campaign Committee was reactivated to start searching for a Green gubernatorial candidate in 1998; and a federal lawsuit to force more-inclusive presidential debates was endorsed.

David Levner
QUEENS

Beyond skincare as you know it…

Skin Illuminating Complex

Our revolutionary retinyl complex transforms the look of skin. Latest research shows dramatic results:



In six days
Renewed clarity,
improved texture,
a fresher look.

In three weeks
Visibly diminished pores.
Improved color and tone.

In three months
A significant reduction
in the appearance of
fine lines and wrinkles.
Skin looks healthier,
more radiant – even
without makeup.

Dermatologist tested. Sensitive skin tested.

© 1997 Elizabeth Arden Co.

Elizabeth Arden

Bloomingdale's
(at participating stores)

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

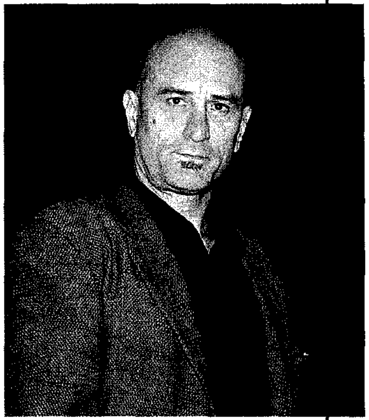
INTELLIGENCER

WINDS OF WAR AT CRAVATH, SWAINE

The controversial class-action suit by Holocaust survivors against Swiss banks isn't just poisoning American relations with Switzerland. It's also pitting lawyer against lawyer at the white-shoe firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore. Esteemed Cravath partner **F.A.O. ("Fritz") Schwarz Jr.** recently took on a new client—Credit Suisse, one of the banks accused of laundering gold for Hitler. Schwarz was hired to advise the bank on the formation of a new "humanitarian fund." But at the partners' regular Monday lunch, Schwarz's new client provoked "a lot of controversy," he admits. The concern: that Cravath's good name not be used to whitewash war profiteers. Soon after, managing partner **Sam Butler** sent around a memo to the entire firm explaining why Cravath had decided to represent the bank. That, in turn, precipitated *another* memo from a group of angry associates, and *another* meeting to discuss the issue. At a February 15 meeting, which about 50 associates and four partners attended, sources say that litigation head **Evan Chesler** explained that he was on a committee overseeing the matter—and warned that he would walk out, taking the litigation department with him, if he didn't like the way the case was being handled. Chesler says he didn't take notes but doesn't remember making that threat, adding, "It doesn't sound like me. . . . I was confident that Fritz and the firm would deal with this in a very responsible way." Any such threat, Schwarz insists, would be unnecessary anyway: He says he'd quit the case himself "if I felt at any time the client was doing something that was not consistent with the desire to reach a fair result."

LIAM NEESON'S *MISÉRABLES* ROLE

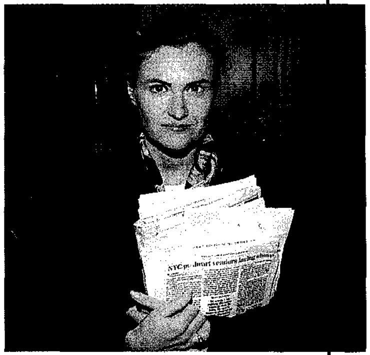
Just about every middle-aged leading man in Hollywood was angling to play Jean Valjean in the film version of *Les Misérables,* but the part has been snagged by Liam Neeson. The Irish actor beat out **Robert De Niro** and **Anthony Hopkins,** who were both considered for the part along with several other Hollywood heavyweights. "De Niro and Hopkins were both in discussion on the movie," confirms **John Jacobs,** president of worldwide marketing for Mandalay Entertainment, which is producing the film. "Once we cast Uma [as Fontine], all these guys were like, 'Hey, Uma, we'll be there.' People like working with her, for some reason." Jacobs says that while De Niro was under consideration for the film ("I mean, you couldn't cast **Brad Pitt** or **Tom Cruise**"), Neeson was hard to turn down. According to Jacobs, "Liam said he's been carrying the book of *Les Misérables* around since he was 8 years old. He says it has been his greatest passion."



Robert De Niro:
Won't sing *Who Am I*

BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

Was rock journalist **Fred Goodman** barred from the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame because his new book says unflattering things about some big-deal patrons? A local Cleveland TV show had recently arranged to interview Goodman, author of the new music-industry tell-all *The Mansion on the Hill,* at the museum. But at the last minute, museum honchos refused to let Goodman in. Turns out that two of the Hall of Fame's board members are **David Geffen,** whose temper tantrums are detailed in the book, and **Jon Landau,** who Goodman portrays as the "architect" of **Bruce Springsteen's** carefully staged man-of-the-people image. **Tim Moore,** a Hall of Fame spokesman, insists that the cancellation was unrelated to the book's content. "We had one day's notice, and we were swamped with the NBA All-Star Game," he claims. But another insider rebuts, "They were contacted three weeks ago, and they had no problem with it. But then I guess they read the book."



Cristyne Lategano:
Double duty

CRISTYNE STICKS TO HER GUNS

Cristyne Lategano's influence at City Hall is ever-expanding. The thirtysomething director of communications is now overseeing a larger staff, including **Rudolph Giuliani's** advance team and a "research group." What are they researching? "Donna," jokes one political wag. "Immigration, and, this week, gun control," says Lategano. But the mayor's favorite staff member shrugs off any suggestion that her new responsibilities are anything more than a practical matter. "After **Randy Mastro** became deputy mayor, there was a change in the advance staff, which is now reporting to me," Lategano confirms. And what of rumors that the mayor's top advance man, **Rick Freidberg,** husband of producer **Francine LeFrak** and son-in-law of **Sam LeFrak,** is on his way out? "We are crazy about Rick," insists Lategano. "He is staying in the mayor's office, we hope."

CROUCHING TOWARD (THE NEW) SCHOOL

One old dog recently let out to pasture by *60 Minutes* really *is* learning new tricks: **Stanley Crouch,** the jazz critic

Photographs: top, Agostini/Gamma Liaison; bottom, Richard B. Levine.

Estelle:
Read all about it

IS ESTELLE ON ANOTHER PLANIT?

"*What?* You're kidding!" gasped a mystified **Jan Planit** when asked if her client, French supermodel **Estelle,** was really trying her hand at writing. Could it be that Estelle was so busy with her TV series in Paris that she forgot to tell her IMG agent anything about her literary pursuits? Yes, says the Eurogoddess, who promptly showered Planit with apologies. Now it's confirmed: The blonde bombshell is following on the heels of fellow models turned authors Naomi, Claudia, and Kate. The book, to be published by Hachette this September, will be part career retrospective, part beauty advice, with lots of photographs. Though sources say Estelle has been toting around a copy of Naomi's tome, Estelle insists she's not out to write just another pretty book. "It will be something that women can sometimes look at, and read."

Stanley Crouch:
Back to basics

and political pugilist, has just enrolled in an introductory music class at the New School. "Music Theory and Reading" is designed "for persons with little or no background," according to the school's catalogue. Crouch, whose *60 Minutes* political commentary with **Molly Ivins** and **P. J. O'Rourke** debuted to great fanfare last year only to be axed within weeks, also consults for Jazz at Lincoln Center and has been writing a biography of saxman Charlie Parker for Pantheon. He says he signed up for the beginner course "to wage a more thorough war against certain areas of my own ignorance," and he has typically grandiose plans for his latest endeavor. "**Wynton Marsalis** and I are going to write an opera together in a few years," he says, "so I want to be as prepared as possible, musically, to deal with him."

TINA'S TOKEN; NEWMAN'S OWN

RAISING THE ROOF: Later this spring, it will become clear exactly what Met chief **Philippe de Montebello** means when he talks about "building from within." The museum will present its plans to increase gallery space to Community Board 8. Word is, De Montebello wants to turn the executive offices into Greek and Roman galleries (sneaking in a new suite of offices over the Great Hall), transform the existing restaurant into a Roman sculpture court, and adapt a section of the glass-domed Lehman wing for a new restaurant, an East Side version of Tavern on the Green.

SWITCHING PLACES: Susan Morrison, who ran the New York *Observer* before going over to *Vogue* in 1995, is making another change. She'll be joining the staff of *The New Yorker* as an editor in April. "*Vogue* has been great, but I miss the adrenaline and energy of a weekly," says Morrison, who was also a finalist for the *House & Garden* editorship landed by **Dominique Browning.**

HIGH-CHAIR PSYCHOLOGY: Leave it to **Tina Brown** to think of the perfect baby gift for the child who is about to have everything. When the editrix attended the Literacy Partners auction at Sotheby's in December, she had just learned that **Mort** and **Marla Zuckerman** were expecting a baby. Ever one to seize an opportunity, she outbid the other attendees on a letter from **Dr. Benjamin Spock.** Brown will present the as-yet-unwritten letter to the Zuckermans after the child is born.

***SPY,* THE SITCOM:** *Spy* magazine on television? We're afraid so. The formerly funny satiric monthly is being morphed into a half-hour network series by producer **David Permut,** Columbia/TriStar TV, and the magazine's current owner, **Jo Colman.** It's being pitched as *"Murphy Brown* with a lot of edge"—a line sure to distress founding editors **Kurt Andersen** and **E. Graydon Carter,** whose 1990 NBC special, *How to Be Famous,* featured a virtually unknown **Jerry Seinfeld.**

HORSE SENSE: Clea Newman—daughter of Hollywood royals **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward**—has chosen a slightly less glamorous career path than her parents: therapeutic horseback riding for the disabled. Now it looks like she will bring her talents to Manhattan's Chelsea Equestrian Center at Pier 63, where she and her staff are planning a once-a-week riding program for the physically and mentally disabled. Says **John D'Eri,** owner of the center, "I don't have enough experience to do this correctly on my own. I'm conceptual. Clea's practical."

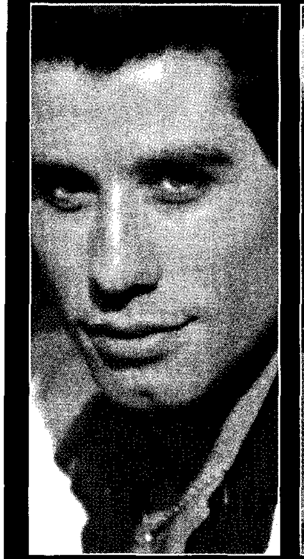
Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Zoe Wolff.

STUDIO 54'S DOME OF DOOM

Proving the maxim that those who can't do, teach, the high-concept, big-bucks renovation of Studio 54 planned by Blake Business School owners **Herb Marion** and **Rex Shaw** is starting to look as washed-up as the club's former revelers. The pair had envisioned a radical $10.5 million makeover of the legendary den of decadence—turning it into a "family-oriented cyber-disco" that would serve as a virtual arcade by day and a dance club by night. Such prominent players as Matthew's **Matthew Kenney** and B Bar's **Eric Goode** and **Serge Becker** were approached about coming in as partners. Not surprisingly, the whole thing started to unravel: Cyberdome vice-president **Steve Adelman** left the project, and sources report he is filing a $2 million breach-of-contract suit against the partners. When contacted, Adelman would not confirm or deny the lawsuit but said "the project was a total disappointment." For his part, Shaw insists that Adelman was just a consultant and that "the project is well underway. We purposely delayed the time line because we wanted to do this correctly." Maybe they should apply to Wharton.

Photographs: top, Cretinon/Orop/Outline; bottom, Darryl Estrine/Outline.

This Week, Join TNT
For a Special Week of New Classics...



SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
Wednesday
March 5 8 PM (ET)

STRIPES
Wednesday
March 5 10 PM (ET)

FLASHDANCE
Thursday
March 6 8 PM (ET)

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Thursday
March 6 11:30 PM (ET)

BACK TO THE FUTURE
Friday
March 7 8 PM (ET)

TNT℠
THE NEW CLASSICS

...and an Exclusive Look at the Next Classics.

Every week, TNT presents some of the most beloved films of our time... The New Classics, movies that inspired us to laugh, to cheer, to dance, to cry... And, every year, at ShoWest in Las Vegas, Hollywood studios launch a new line-up of blockbusters that they hope will match the success of these enduring mega-hits. Join Coca-Cola and TNT this week for live coverage of the film industry's major "insider" event: *ShoWest '97.*

Coca-Cola presents the ShoWest Awards on TNT

Throughout TNT's presentations of great New Classics, you'll go directly to ShoWest, where the industry's top stars and executives unveil their upcoming films to the nation's theater owners. If you like movies, you need to watch ShoWest Week, March 4th through 7th – it's a wild, unpredictable and eye-opening gathering, culminating in the first-ever live presentation of the ShoWest Awards, *Thursday, March 6 at 10 PM (ET).*

ShoWest Week on TNT March 4 - 7
The ShoWest Awards LIVE! Thursday, March 6 10 PM (ET)

© 1997 Turner Broadcasting System, Inc. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved.

The 1997 LS 400. Now with side-impact airbags.

33% Of All Car Accidents Are Side-Impact Collisions. Good Thing You Ran Into This Ad First.

Let's consider what you've just hit upon. A rather impressive safety feature known as the Lexus front seat-mounted side-impact airbag. Standard for both the passenger and driver in the 1997 Lexus LS 400.

Indeed, "seat-mounted" are the operative words here. Because unlike the traditional door-mounted side airbags, this configuration is designed to help provide side-impact protection that travels with you. Wherever you happen to place the 14-way adjustable, leather-trimmed seats. (How's that for comfort?)

Granted, side airbags are but one part of the LS 400's battery of safety systems. Including dual front airbags, a high tensile-strength steel cabin, rigid side-intrusion beams and three-point pre-tensioning front seatbelts.

And while these technological precautions are exemplary, they're no replacement for the best safety feature of all – the cautious driver. For more information, visit us on the Web at www.lexus.com or call 800-USA-LEXUS for the dealer nearest you. And please, be careful out there.

LEXUS
The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.

Always wear seatbelts. Always secure children in rear seat.

©1997 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Crash statistic source: National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, 1994.
Please obey all speed laws. Driver's, front passenger's and front seat-mounted side-impact airbags are supplemental restraints only.

GOTHAM

Here the barbarians ate their young—*Norman Mailer*

Work

ONE RM RIV VU, *CHEAP:* ONLY ARTISTS NEED APPLY

THE TEN-STORY FORMER CLOTHING warehouse at 526 West 26th Street was transformed two years ago into a luxury commercial property. But the super has been there for nearly four decades. So has the freight-elevator operator, who is legally blind. And if they aren't enough evidence that there's something different about this building, consider this: It offers space where young artists can work without going broke. "My last studio cost $900 a month, but I wasn't allowed to have a buzzer or garbage pickup," says mixed-media artist Matthew Weinstein, who has moved several times in recent years. "I felt like a squatter."

At the West Chelsea Arts Building, as it's officially known, a typical 750-square-foot studio rents for $750 a month, and tenants don't have to lift a finger. More than 200 painters, sculptors, and photographers have set up shop there, leaving behind spaces in TriBeCa, upstate New York, and Williamsburg.

The migration has not been accidental. "My ideas and hopes have moved this building," says the building's landlord, Raymond Naftali, a 69-year-old Romanian émigré. "Artists get pushed around, but I make sure they are listened to."

Rotund, with twinkling blue eyes and an Eastern European accent, he is known for his unhurried friendliness and an unconventional agenda: creating small, well-finished studios for serious artists in the burgeoning West Side art district.

An Auschwitz survivor, Naftali moved to America in 1948 and made his fortune in the garment industry, while studying R. Buckminster Fuller and befriending Bob Dylan. Naftali was flying off to Europe and Asia every other week on business until his retirement in 1993. As it happens, a building he'd bought in Chelsea twenty years ago to warehouse his goods now stood nearly empty. "So when this opportunity came about, my life really changed," Naftali says. "I started meeting artists, and I finally understood the influence of art over my lifetime."

Naturally, word about the building spread quickly. Publisher Peter Halley was one of the first to move there, two years ago, taking a space large enough to eventually accommodate his *index* magazine. Halley was influential in bringing in other artists, and within a year there was a long waiting list.

"We have artists who want to know who else is in the building," Naftali says. "They don't want someone better than them, or someone not as good as them. But I'm not their psychiatrist or their mother." The tenants include the Greene/Naftali gallery, which is co-owned by Naftali's wife, Gloria.

In Tim Rollins's studio, paintings are stacked against the walls; paper cutouts cover two tables and spill onto the floor. Sunlight pours through enormous windows that look out on the Hudson River to the west and the World Trade Center to the south. Rollins picked out his loft when it was still raw space, and was given the freedom to configure it any way he wished.

All the old, peeling hallways are freshly painted and brightly lit. Standing on the roof, with snow falling from darkening clouds and the neighboring warehouses looming like a *film noir* set, Naftali outlines his plans for a rooftop restaurant and theater. All that activity may exacerbate what so far has been the artists' only complaint, noise: the incessant buzzing for the manual elevator below, the constant swarms of bicycle messengers, and the comings and goings of a full roster of tenants.

Still, Naftali has been known to overlook the occasional unpaid rent bill and prefers chatting about art and philosophy with future tenants over checking their credit histories. "I have spent a lifetime in commerce, and I take pride in the fact that, even if I make a few mistakes, I can assess someone by just talking to them," he says. "If I like them, they're in."

MARINA ISOLA

The Law

TURNSTILE JUSTICE: ONE NIGHT IN THE SLAMMER

AT 11 O'CLOCK ONE RECENT MORNING, ACtress Karen Contreras and musician Eric Rabinowitz boarded the downtown No. 9 train, dragging two large bags filled with food. Announcing that they were volunteers for the Hunger Elimination Project, a nonprofit organization, the pair launched into their pitch, offering food to anyone who was hungry and then soliciting donations as small as a nickel or penny.

Suddenly, three people stood up, identified themselves as police officers, and arrested the pair, charging them with panhandling—a violation of rule

Unwarranted? Subway arrestees Rabinowitz and Contreras.

1050.6(b) of the Transit Authority Code. They were handcuffed and led to the Midtown South Precinct, where Rabinowitz was placed in a holding cell and stripped of his shoelaces and Contreras was handcuffed to her chair. After several hours, they were informed that the judge would not hear their case until the morning, and they were placed in separate cells with other prisoners for the night.

At six o'clock the following evening, more than 30 hours after her arrest, Contreras was released and, like Rabinowitz (who had been released a few hours before), was given an Adjournment in Contemplation of Dismissal certificate, meaning that should they avoid arrest for the next six months, their cases will be thrown out.

Mary Brosnahan, the executive director of the Coalition for the Homeless, is outraged by this and other, similar arrests. "First, it seemed we were at the point where the MTA was telling us to turn our backs on people in need," she says. "Are we now supposed to turn our backs on those trying to *help* those in need?"

Desk Appearance Tickets (DATs)—summonses to appear before a judge at a later date and receive a fine—or even mere warnings were once the norm for violators of "quality of life" laws. Now a more draconian approach is being adopted. In 1995, of the 229 recorded violations against quality-of-life codes, only 30 arrests were made. In the 199 other instances, summonses were issued instead.

Lately, however, the arrest option has seemed more appealing to the police. Thomas Tracy, the public defender who represented Rabinowitz and Contreras on behalf of the Legal Aid Society, says cases like theirs are far from rare: "I'm seeing people thrown in jail for things like jumping a turnstile, and they're kept overnight. DATs are a thing of the past." While official numbers for 1996's quality-of-life arrests have not been compiled yet, Tracy says the number of arrests he's handled in the past year has nearly tripled.

"Look at it this way: If you're a panhandler, a DAT is an occupational hazard," says one police officer. "When it comes to these guys, DAT stands for Dis-Appearance Ticket. Jailing them now means next time they'll know—if they ask for money on a train, they're gonna be out of circulation for at least that day and that night. And they're not going to get their money back once it's been confiscated."

Indeed, the donations collected by Rabinowitz and Contreras remain in police custody. And Tracy remains amazed at the Transit Authority's actions. "I have no idea why these cops couldn't just warn these kids and send them on their way," he says. "They were clearly doing a good thing." KATE COYNE

Sport

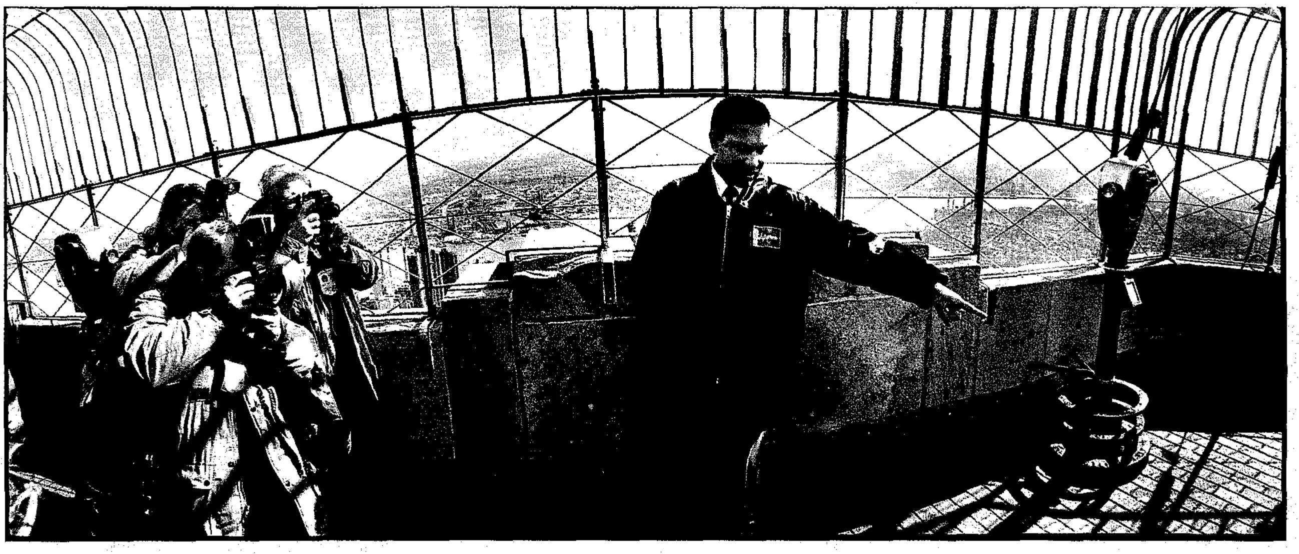
THE WATER-POLO PATH TO INNER (TUBE) PEACE

STEPHEN LEAPS INTO THE POOL AND PLOWS toward Cynthia, who squeals, splashes, and paddles furiously away. Her attempts to escape are futile; packed into an inner tube like a pecan in a shell, her arms and legs draped over the sides, she's better

THE SKINNY

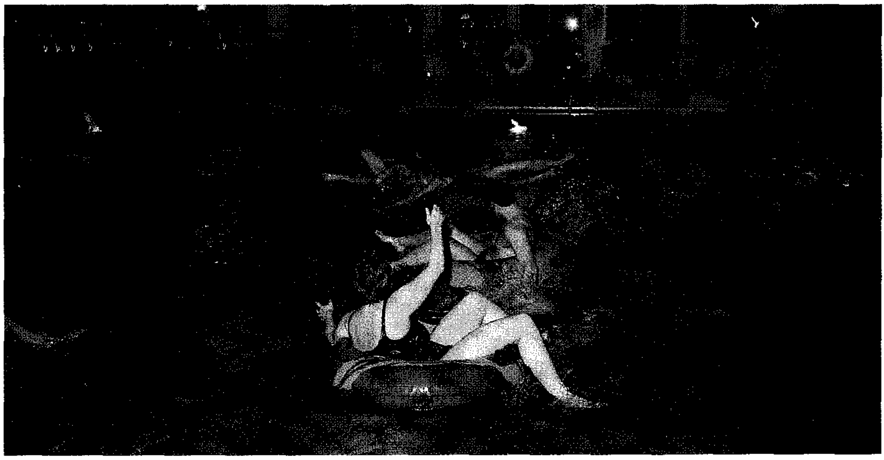
LEARNING CURVE Secretary of State Madeleine Albright courted the wrath of academe when she blamed her job for her recent troubles ("If I'd been a professor or unemployed, I would have looked at this"). "I think she meant, 'If I was inclined to do this sort of research,' and that she was not trying to reflect negatively on the professoriate," says Gary Brasor of the National Association of Scholars, diplomatically.

SHOT



Empire State Building, 86th-floor Observation Deck, 1:30 P.M., Monday, February 24, *photographed by Barry Munger.*

Photographs: top to bottom, Andrew Goldberg; Cori Wells Braun/Outline.



Splish, splash, takin' a bath: Coed Inner-tube Water Polo in Chelsea.

equipped to flail than to flee. Stephen dives, tips the tube over, and Cynthia Nestea plunges into the water. Stephen grins, turns, and charges after Pauline, wedged into the next inner tube over.

It may sound like summer camp, 1976, but the people who have gathered for the first bout of the Coed Inner-tube Water Polo League at the Chelsea Piers Sports Center have long since retired their Dr. Scholl's. Cynthia, 21, a petite Asian-American wearing a honeycomb-weave blue tank suit, is just out of college. Stephen, her buff persecutor, is 24 and sells insurance. Offside is called, a whistle blows, and Clemente Rivera, 23, a referee, flip-flops over in Velcroed Nike sandals to defend the rules of the game: "Um, there's no getting physical with people who don't have the ball," he explains. "And you can't tip someone over just because you want to." Stephen shows little sign of remorse.

Joe Siegel, the 25-year-old brain behind Manhattan's newest sports craze, concedes that inner-tube water polo is "not really a skill kind of thing." By day, the men and women in the league work as nurses, coaches, salesmen, and publicists. They spend a lot of down time here: As the athletic coordinator of the Sports Center at Chelsea Piers, Siegel oversees his fair share of cutthroat games—volleyball, basketball, boxing—and most of the men and women playing water polo compete in tougher sports as well.

As players trickle into the steamy pool area, emerging from the Sports Center's cavernous halls of stationary bikes, treadmills, StairMasters, and weights, a player named Jon fidgets impatiently on a deck chair. "It sounds so infantile I can't wait," he raves. "Best of all, no one will know if I'm really bad at it."

As the scoreboard goes up, two teams of seven assemble at different ends of the pool, seven in blue tubes, seven in orange, four men and three women per team, bobbing in front of regulation goals. It is the first time most of them have played the game, but as if by instinct, as soon as the ball drops onto the water, they spin around and paddle backward toward it. Seconds later, Fergus, on the orange team, gets a goal; Cynthia falls out of her tube; and John, the goalie, falls out of his. Lauren falls out of hers; Stephen falls out of his. A cacophony of shouts, whistleblows, splashes, and squeals bounces off the wall of windows.

Actually, the league doesn't need a rule book; it needs piña coladas with paper umbrellas. Jill, at one end, attempts to restore esprit de corps: "Grab the ball!" she barks, and a volley starts up, tube to tube. At the other end, Cynthia falls again. An hour later, the final score is Orange team 10, Blue team 9.

"I'll tell you the truth," Clemente confides. "In traditional water polo, people actually get hurt. The worst that happens to you here is, maybe you bump into each other like bumper cars in a carnival. After all, the water's only four feet deep."

LIESL SCHILLINGER

Publishing

HOLOCAUST BOOK OFFERS A RECIPE FOR CONTROVERSY

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT A MAJOR HOLOCAUST project comes under attack from the Simon Wiesenthal Center, but that's precisely what is happening with *In Memory's Kitchen: A Legacy From the Women*

SITE LINES

Lost in the Stars

The restored half of Grand Central Terminal's barrel-vaulted ceiling, with its 1945 mural of the autumn and winter sky, is the color of the Pacific Ocean on a clear day, more green than blue. The unrestored half is a hue that Metro-North spokeswoman Marjorie Anders labels "tobacco-juice brown." The contrast is stunning, but instinct suggests that the otherworldly verdure of the refurbished sky is perhaps a mistake, the result of overenthusiasm.

"What you see is the way it was painted," insists James W. Rhodes, director of historic preservation for Beyer Blinder Belle, the architectural firm charged with the makeover of the entire terminal. The starry sky isn't being repainted but washed with an art restorer's carefully tested home brew. Time, however, has shifted the cerulean-blue paint "a tiny bit toward green," acknowledges Rhodes.

Since October, a handful of trained restorers has operated from a platform 116 feet above Grand Central's concourse, swabbing away a 50-year accumulation of nicotine, diesel fumes, auto exhaust, and steel dust. To support this platform, construction manager Lehrer McGovern Bovis, Inc. devised a dramatic aluminum truss—it resembles the Outerbridge Crossing—that spans the width of the station. As the work proceeds, the truss is moved from east to west on two sets of rails.

Up top—ten vertigo-inducing stories above scurrying commuters—the magnificent celestial mural reveals its homely secrets: The fiberboard panels on which the sky is painted are affixed to the ceiling (directly over the original 1913 mural, destroyed by a leaky roof) with glue and giant staples. The Milky Way galaxy is a swarm of casual blotches of cream, beige, and white paint, the crudest sort of trompe l'oeil. And there are black holes, small ones, where key stars were once brightened with light bulbs ("They hadn't been changed in years," notes Anders).

Heaven, in this case, is most wondrous when viewed from down below.

KARRIE JACOBS

Across the Universe: Grand Central's ceiling.

Photographs: top to bottom, Angela Cappetta; Jason Schmidt.

Top, Bob Guccione Jr., Soundgarden's Chris Cornell, and NARAS president Michael Greene at the U.N. Above, at Arista Records's pre-Grammy party at the Plaza, Clive Davis, Martha Stewart, and Aretha Franklin.

Culture Wars

At the United Nations with Spin to announce plans for Sarajevo's cultural festival.

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

“IT’S VERY FUNNY,” BOB GUCCIONE JR. swore, explaining *Spin*’s unusual collaboration with Bosnia-Herzegovina’s U.N. delegation. “Mo called me up”—that’s Muhamed Sacirby, Bosnia’s foreign minister—“and said, ‘I don’t know who you are, but Bono’ ”—that’s Bono, U2’s front man—“ ‘raves about you.’ I said, ‘I don’t know who you are, but Bono raves about *you*.’ ”

The news that the same rock-and-roll degenerates who corrupt our children’s morals are now pulling the levers backstage at the U.N. (don’t they know there’s a war on?) could easily confirm any right-wing conspiracy theory, but the diplomats in attendance saw it as an opportunity. They lined up to meet Guccione, to press their cards into his hand, perchance to become a pop-culture cause of the moment. Meanwhile, on the platform just beyond the windows, black helicopters, shrewdly camouflaged with a coat of white paint, were landing and loading.

“They usually don’t let people like us in here,” said Alice in Chains’s Sean Kinney, unsure of his awesome power. “I should have probably gone to college.”

“Where people are living in less fortunate situations than I am,” said Soundgarden’s Chris Cornell, getting the hang of it, “everything is an issue on my mind.”

Of course, to Sacirby, the Balkans aren’t just an “issue.” He can’t afford to be a dilettante. “Mo has great taste,” said Guccione. “I’ve heard him play Nirvana.”

Clockwise from top left, Brendan Sexton III and Morgan J. Freeman at the Directors Guild of America's screening of *Hurricane*; Gregory Mosher and Sharon Hoge at the Supper Club, celebrating Circle in the Square's production of *Stanley*; Geoffrey Holder, Jannu Alain, and Cy Coleman at Life to see Alain's film *Taxi Bhaiya*; actress Anne Heche at the *Donnie Brasco* premiere.

---

of Terezin (Jason Aronson, $25). The book, which has won international praise and has been reviewed in the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, *Newsweek*, and others, is a compilation of 70 recipes written down by malnourished and starving women of the Terezin, Czechoslovakia, concentration camp. Despite the encomiums, bringing out the book outraged one prominent Jewish leader, who condemned its publication.

In Memory’s Kitchen was published as a historical document. Many of the recipes don’t work or are incomplete, and the original German and Czech, some of it misspelled, was translated verbatim to show how women at the camp attempted to remain sane. Penned in Gothic script on paper scraps (some of it discarded Nazi propaganda material) that were then sewn by hand into a volume, the original manuscript “is testimony to the women’s yearning to return to what life was like for them before imprisonment,” says Bianca Steiner Brown, the book’s translator and herself a survivor of Terezin.

The recipes include instructions for preparing game for elaborate family meals, as well as sweet cakes for afternoon kaffeeklatsches. The project, says Brown, allowed the women to believe they had a future beyond the camp.

Thirty-five publishers turned down the collection before Jason Aronson took it on. Efraim Zuroff, director of the Wiesenthal Center in Jerusalem, called the book’s publication “sick,” notwithstanding a forward by Michael Berenbaum, former director of the research institute at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, and an endorsement from Nazi hunter Beate Klarsfeld. “It’s beyond me why anyone would publish a cookbook of imaginary recipes,” Zuroff told the Jerusalem *Post*. “Is this going to compete with imaginary cookbooks from Auschwitz or Treblinka? I’m sure the imaginary recipes there were much more descriptive, as the conditions were far worse.”

Mark Weitzman, director of the Manhattan-based Wiesenthal Center Task Force Against Hate, disagreed. “I certainly did not have that reaction to the manuscript,” he told *New York*. “I thought it contributed to gaining a perspective on women who were involved in the triumph of normalcy over Nazi dehumanization.”

Since the publication of *In Memory’s Kitchen*, the book’s editor, Cara de Silva, has received letters and e-mail from readers around the world, detailing similar resistance practiced under capture. The book has also inspired a new area of Holocaust studies, she said, that has “caused people to view the Holocaust not only as a historical reality but as a human experience.”

BINYAMIN L. JOLKOVSKY

Make Smart Investing Simple.℠

For tax-smart investments, don't just ask your neighbor.

ASK CITI.℠ We'll tell you about all the tax-advantaged investments available through Citicorp Investment Services at Citibank. We have everything from mutual funds, from over 100 well-known fund families, to Unit Investment Trusts. All of these can help you grow your money faster. Our Investment Consultants can also help you develop a Personal Investment Plan for free. And you can stay on top of your investments and transfer funds 24 hours a day by PC, phone or at any Citibank ATM. So if you want to keep more of the money you earn, don't ask just anybody. ASK CITI.

ASK CITI℠

Call 1(888)ASK-CITI℠ ext.7412

tax-smart
investing
strategies

For more information, or to receive your free copy of our Tax-Smart Investment Strategy Guide, call 1 (888) ASK-CITI℠ ext. 7412.

THE CITI NEVER SLEEPS®

CITICORP INVESTMENT SERVICES
A CITIBANK COMPANY

Citicorp Investment Services, member NASD/SIPC, a subsidiary of Citibank, N.A., and an affiliate of Citibank (New York State), Citibank (Nevada), N.A., and Citibank, F.S.B. For more information about any mutual funds and Unit Investment Trusts, ask for a prospectus. Please read it carefully before investing or sending money. ©1997 Citicorp Investment Services.

INVESTMENT PRODUCTS
- **NOT FDIC INSURED**
- **NO BANK GUARANTEE**
- **MAY LOSE VALUE**

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Solo Act

Giuliani will seek re-election this year without his two top advisers from the '93 campaign—and probably without running mates. Can he make it on his own?

Alter, Badillo, Rudy in '93: Will the mayor find new playmates?

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER RUDY Giuliani was voted most popular in his class at Bishop Laughlin High School, but my hunch would be that he cut a fairly solitary swath, and so the Mr. Congeniality prize landed in more deserving hands. Can't you picture him—sitting in the cafeteria with one or two or three buddies at most, correcting other students' wrong answers in class, lecturing the collection of loners who followed him into the Opera Club on the true essence of Pagliacci's sorrow? In the cosmology of the tough guy, there is invariably a quality that silently but sternly keeps others at their distance, at least until their presence is required for some particular use.

Rudy certainly runs his administration that way. Oh, he meets with his commissioners, more often than David Dinkins did and far more aggressively. But when it comes to the serious decisions, he listens only to the smallest handful of people—deputy mayor Randy Mastro, communications director Cristyne Lategano, maybe Ray Harding and Herman Badillo, one or two other high-rankers sometimes, and that's about it. And when things get *really* serious, even that clique becomes disposable. His real inner circle consists of one.

How does such a man assemble a campaign team? With difficulty. Giuliani is not Bill Clinton, who presses flesh as naturally as he breathes; and though the mayor has political skills, it clearly taxes him to approximate the cheery mien that campaigns demand.

He will be running this year largely without the wisdom of the two men who are generally credited with doing much of the steering when he cruised to victory in 1993. Peter Powers, his old school chum, who undoubtedly was one of those two or three pals huddled with the future mayor in the cafeteria corner, left City Hall last August ostensibly to run the campaign, but it turns out he's not. He has some honorary title, and he'll be involved from a distance perhaps, but it's clear he's through with his *consigliere* phase. And David Garth, the media guru whose effective advertisements surely played some role in giving the mayor his margin, has taken a pass this time (Garth, a tough guy himself, is reportedly miffed at members of Giuliani's circle he considers something less than shrewd, particularly Lategano).

Filling their capacious shoes, respectively, are deputy mayor Fran Reiter, who'll be leaving her City Hall job around March 10 to run the campaign, and Adam Goodman, a youngish Florida-based consultant who built his business the old-fashioned way (he inherited it).

Reiter should not be underestimated. For a woman whose former day job was selling television syndication rights, and who received her position solely because she was Harding's lackey in the Liberal Party, Reiter has earned a pretty good reputation around town. She's assembled a sharp staff, and she's developed her office's priorities in a sensible way—Reiter, more than anyone else in this administration, has pushed the notion that the city cannot survive on a white-collar job base alone, a crucial change from the regnant Democratic worldview. But whether she can do politics remains to be seen. As one politico remarked to me the other day, "A campaign manager has to know the answer to one question: Where, precisely, is the 50 percent plus one coming from?"

As for Goodman, little is known. It's likely that he'll be taking direction from Frank Luntz, the Arlington-based conservative pollster who is considered something of a wunderkind in the business and who bears responsibility for cobbling together the Contract With America (which, supposedly, is not exactly up Rudy's ideological alley; oh, well). Goodman told the *Daily News*'s David L. Lewis that he wants to bring out Giuliani's "great gentle spirit." Hmmm. If Giuliani ends up losing this election, I smell fall guy.

So it won't be '93 all over again. Which brings us to that campaign's most salient feature. Back then, Giuliani, realizing he seemed minatory and harsh (and was a member of a shrinking demographic group), put together a ticket. Badillo ran as his candidate for comptroller, and for public advocate, he lassoed—quick; what was her name?—former Brooklyn councilwoman Susan Alter. Neither won, but these two longtime Democrats gave cover to the notion that Giuliani's was a "fusion" candidacy of the LaGuardia-Lindsay variety. They appeared everywhere together. Dutifully, Giuliani never failed to invoke their names—Badillo's with vigor, and Alter's, by the end, as if it were an abscessed molar that had to be yanked out of his mouth with pliers. Still, they were, as these things go, a team.

Sources report that ticket discussions are under way, although no decisions have been made. There's plenty of time;

Photograph by Allen Tannenbaum/Sygma.

Badillo and Alter didn't sign up last time until late May. But general opinion seems to be that Giuliani will go it alone.

"The first time, it was important for him to have a lot of high-profile people," says Republican councilman Tom Ognibene of Queens. "Now his record's an open book. And if there's a good book, you don't need a fancy cover."

"I don't think he needs another candidate this time to help him promote his agenda," says Republican assemblyman John Ravitz.

"Before, he was using it to show he was both human and ecumenical," says NYU's Mitchell Moss. "But now he's such a strong personality that he doesn't need that."

They're right. Why does an incumbent with a well-publicized record, a man about whom the voters obviously hold strong opinions, need a team? He doesn't. And remember that in 1993, the offices of comptroller and public advocate were essentially up for grabs; now no one is going to beat Alan Hevesi or Mark Green, so why waste the money—Rudy's money, since these candidates, whoever they may be, won't be able to raise much? And suppose he chooses someone who ends up having a skeleton or two in the closet. Not good for our Mr. Clean.

And yet, there are arguments in favor of a slate. Giuliani will need, for example, every Latino vote he can get his hands on. He will also have a gender-gap problem to deal with, especially if the Democratic nominee is Ruth Messinger. It is in the gender-gap context, incidentally, that Reiter's elevation should be examined. Don't think she hasn't thought once or twice about moving into Gracie Mansion herself someday. "The ticket," says Moss, "is Reiter."

Furthermore, if Giuliani intends to build a local Republican Party that means anything, running candidates, even losers, is one way to do it. One GOP operative reports that some local Republicans will be smarting if Giuliani either doesn't assemble a ticket or does assemble one made up of Democrats. "There is a school of thought out there," this person says, "that the nominating process is the one area where rank-and-file Republicans have a smattering of an impact, and if there's going to be any semblance of a Republican Party, this is the place to do it."

A fair point. But Giuliani's commitment to his party is open to question indeed. Chances are this loner will stay true to form, and the decision will be made by that inner circle of one. ■

Wendy AMERICA'S FINEST ANTIQUES SHOWS
PRESENTS
Mount Sinai Medical Center
Dept. of Obstetrics, Gynecology & Reproductive Science
Benefit Preview
Wednesday March 12th 4 to 9PM
AT THE NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW
MARCH 13-16
7th Regiment Armory, Park Avenue at 67th Street
Benefactor, Patron & Sponsor Preview 4 to 9 PM.
Tickets $500, $250 & $150.
Friends Preview Reception, 6 to 9PM. Tickets $75.
For information & reservations call (212)241-4340

BEFORE
AFTER
LET YOURSELF BLOSSOM!!!
THE ULTIMATE HEAD-TO-TOE MAKE OVER!
Image Workshops • Colors • Hair • Make-Up • Clothes • Skin
As seen on Oprah, Sally Jessy, Today, Good Morning America, People, N.Y. Times, Wall St. Journal, Bazaar, Town & Country, Mirabella, Allure
"THE BEST MAKE-OVER SYSTEM EVER!"
—Ladies Home Journal
Also... GIFT CERTIFICATES AVAILABLE
David Kibbe
(212) 459-9210

ANDREW L. SHAPIRO

The New Old Media

Internet entrepreneurs are finding that the Next Big Thing is . . . branching into "old" media to make a buck. Isn't it ironic.

IT'S COMING-OF-AGE TIME IN SILICON ALLEY, THAT AMORPHOUS downtown hub where the Young Turks of new media churn out Websites, CD-ROMS, and all things interactive. The boundless idealism, fluid cash flow, and fierce independence that characterized New York's online industry in years gone by—that is, last year and maybe the year before—have given way to hard-nosed pragmatism, tight financial reins, and a willingness to forge strategic alliances with big business.

What's more, there seems to be a newfound respect for old media, or at least the profits that can be made there. In fact, many cash-strapped content producers are trying to translate their nascent Internet identities into traditional media products. "The holy grail right now is to take a Web brand and leverage it in other media, like print, radio, and TV," says Jason McCabe Calacanis, editor and publisher of the *Silicon Alley Reporter,* an industry newsletter.

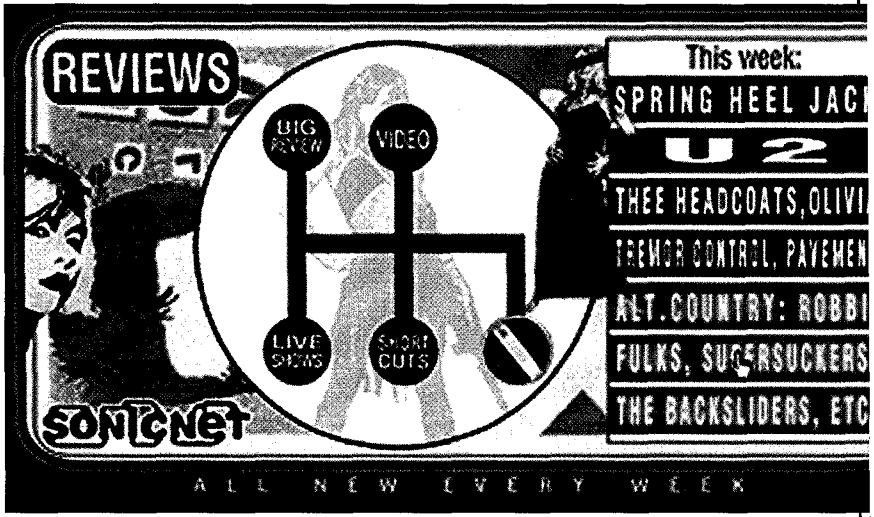
Maybe that's what *multimedia* meant all along. Yet not long ago, the digerati found old media to be, well, old. Books, magazines, shows, films—these ways of communicating were expensive, slow, and centralized. They weren't interactive or digital or conducive to self-publishing the way the Web was. They weren't the Next Big Thing.

By now, though, new-media entrepreneurs have realized that there isn't much money yet to be made in Internet content. (Things have been better for companies providing Net-related technology, software, and consulting.) The main problem is that there aren't enough eyeballs online to satisfy advertisers, who have approached the Web cautiously, spending about $320 million during 1996—less than one percent of what they spent on TV ads. (What's more, the biggest advertisers on the Web turn out to be other Websites, creating even more of a financial vacuum within the industry.) The other basic way to make money online is via subscriptions, but few customers are yet willing to pay for content on the Net. So what's a pioneer of online culture to do? Quite simple: Hedge your bets and go offline.

"At this point, I wouldn't even entertain a project that only had a life as an online property," says Tim Nye, the ambitious 30-year-old head of Sunshine Interactive Network. Nye recently sold a dramatic episodic series called *The Vanishing Point* to Microsoft for use on its online network, MSN. But Microsoft is also allowing him to develop a television version of the show, which revolves around a secret society, and he says he's near a deal with one of the big three TV networks. "We're not betting the farm on any one medium," Nye says.

Others agree, saying there's a need to spread the cost and risk associated with online media to offline ventures. N2K is an Internet-based entertainment company that sells CDs via the Web. Led by three veteran recording executives, the Silicon Alley company attracted attention last September when it persuaded David Bowie to release a single exclusively over the Net. Some 240,000 copies were downloaded—for free—by listeners in 87 countries, according to vice-chairman Jon Diamond. Revolutionary? Yes. A big moneymaker? Not really. So it's not surprising that N2K is expanding into traditional media. In November, it started a record label with legendary producer Phil Ramone at the helm.

SonicNet, an acclaimed alternative-music Website based in lower Manhattan (founded, but no longer owned, by Tim Nye), is developing radio programming and a campus tour of rock and hip-hop acts. Music-oriented books, syndicated print, and TV programs are also in the works. Editor-in-chief Nicholas Butterworth (note the old-media title) says the fact that SonicNet already delivers audio and video online means that "the jump from what we do to radio and TV is not that big." Indeed, the company's ability to bring its growing audience of young, urban, affluent consumers to traditional media was one factor that made it an attractive acquisition for Paradigm Music Entertainment, an upstart record and radio company that bought the two-year-old SonicNet in January. Butterworth hopes to use his analog efforts to attract new customers to SonicNet's digital home on the Internet, but notes that the real prize in old media is money. "You can't support a Web business on advertising alone. You've got to look elsewhere," he says.



You've seen the Website; now check out the radio show and look for the book.

THE DESIRE AMONG THESE DOWNTOWN COMPANIES TO BE PLAYERS in paleomedia may not be surprising given that New York is a global center for all publishing and entertainment. Yet Silicon

Alley is actually taking its cues from industry leaders outside New York who've already begun blazing the path from new media back to old. The creators of America Online's Motley Fool financial service have published a best-selling book outlining their investment strategy and, until recently, ran a monthly column in *Smart Money.* Yahoo, the Web's first popular search engine, now boasts a magazine, *Yahoo! Internet Life.* Microsoft's e-zine *Slate,* which canned its plans to charge online readers, is offering a print version—for $70 a year. CNET, a Web-based news company, has launched four syndicated television shows about cyber life. And Wired Ventures, publishers of *Wired* magazine and the online service Hotwired, recently started a book-publishing imprint, a television show, and a news wire.

In one sense, the direction of all this movement seems counterintuitive. Just months ago, the buzz was that loyalists of traditional media were signing up for the digital revolution. (See, for example, Michael Kinsley leaving CNN for *Slate,* or MTV founder Bob Pittman going to AOL.) In another sense, though, there's a logic to it. It's not so much that talent is moving from one media sector to another but that various media categories are blurring. Already, "push" and "Webcasting" technologies—which bring images directly to your computer screen, instead of waiting for the mouse's all-powerful click—are making the Web a lot more like TV. And with developments like interactive digital TV and channels like MSNBC, it's hard to say where TV ends and the Internet begins.

There's even a reluctance among new-media start-ups to be identified solely with the Internet. Dan Pelson, a co-founder of the online literary magazine *Word,* chooses his terms carefully when describing his new venture, Concrete Media, which so far has two Web-based properties: "We're not an Internet company. We're a media company that happens to have its expertise on the Internet."

The crossover from new to old media can also be seen as part of a larger recent trend in contemporary entertainment toward multiple-medium, synergistic marketing. Particularly for megaconglomerates, it's not uncommon to take one story line and make a film, release a soundtrack, spin off a book, launch a TV show, maybe put up a Broadway show. Cyber folk just seem to be catching up.

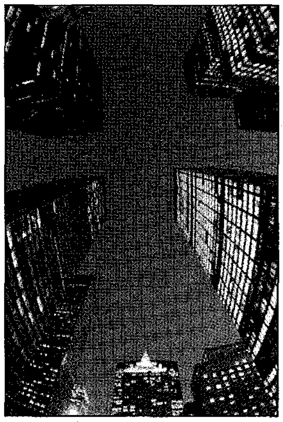
Or so it would seem. Some in new York's new media scene claim they always saw the Internet as a cheap way to establish an identity that could be leveraged in other venues. "I never thought the Net could sustain us," says Aliza Sherman, creator of a number of women-centered sites, including an online cartoon called *Cybergrrl.* "The technology is too primitive." Sherman, who launched her business from her Manhattan apartment, now has a book deal and is considering TV offers.

This integration of old and new media may turn out to be a financial boon for the Web. But it may also be a sign that the Internet is entering an age of diminished expectations. Steven Johnson, editor of the successful online journal *Feed,* maintains that sites like his have attracted a solid audience and substantial advertising by being realistic about the medium's limitations and capitalizing on its unique features (for example, the ability to build community online and the use of hypertext links to expose visitors to a wide array of material). Unlike some starry-eyed companies that added scores of staff members overnight and expected to generate Microsoft-like earnings, Johnson and *Feed* co-founder Stefanie Syman have hired few employees, established relationships with a variety of e-zines and with the New York *Times* online, and kept a sense of perspective. For example, while some analysts expect new-media companies to be profitable in twelve to eighteen months, Johnson and Syman note that it takes most start-up magazines and newspapers three to five years to make a profit—and *Feed* expects to be in the black after only two years.

It's hard to argue with *Feed*'s level-headed approach. But with all the savvy cross-platform strategizing now underway, one wonders about the fate of small Websites that lack the clout to enter traditional media and reap profits. Will they be able to survive until the Web matures? It's also not clear whether their bigger, synergy-minded counterparts are even planning to wait it out, or if they just see the Web as one big marketing tool to be discarded once other old media products take off.

No doubt, some good may come of this cross-pollination, but the fear of new-media die-hards is that those who go offline will fall prey to traditional-media weaknesses: a tendency toward homogeneity, passivity, and dumbed-down material. Worst of all is the possibility that the Web will be reduced to simply another outlet in which—or from which—to exploit "branded content." If this occurs, much potential will have been squandered, and what's supposed to be the cutting edge of our cultural expression may get painfully dull. ■

If you think the buildings are big in New York...



Wait until you see the size of a Manhattan East suite.

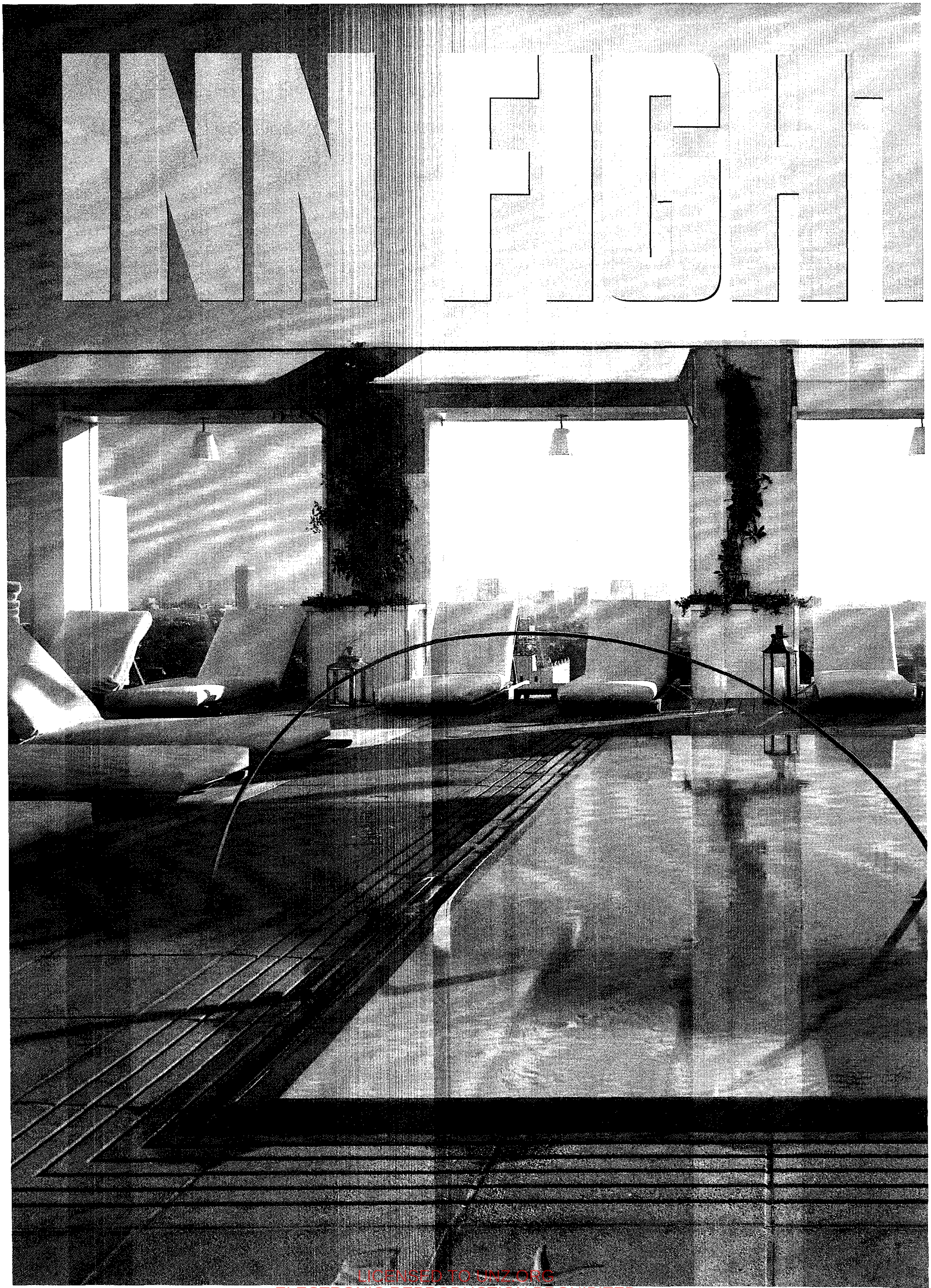
At Manhattan East Suite Hotels, you'll experience one of New York's greatest luxuries. Space. You'll stay in an apartment-sized suite with room to relax, a kitchen and full-service amenities – all for the price of an ordinary hotel room. And with nine hotels to choose from, you're sure to find one close to where you want to be.

For reservations or a brochure,
call your travel agent or
1-800-ME-SUITE, Ext. 24.

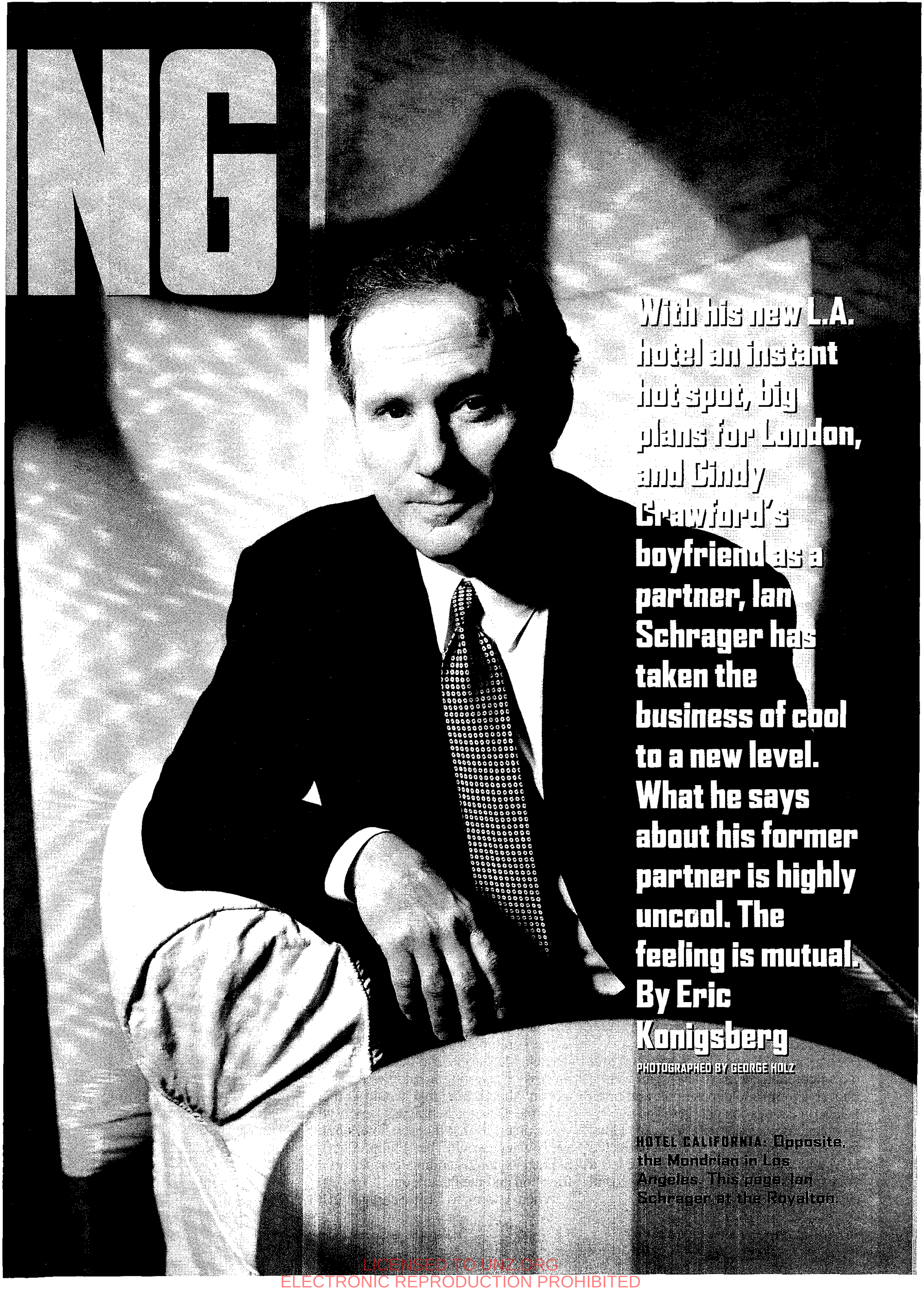
NINE DISTINCTIVE LOCATIONS
MANHATTAN
EAST SUITE
HOTELS
Get the better of New York.SM

© Manhattan East Suite Hotels

INN FIGH



ING



With his new L.A. hotel an instant hot spot, big plans for London, and Cindy Crawford's boyfriend as a partner, Ian Schrager has taken the business of cool to a new level. What he says about his former partner is highly uncool. The feeling is mutual.

By Eric Konigsberg

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE HOLZ

HOTEL CALIFORNIA: Opposite, the Mondrian in Los Angeles. This page, Ian Schrager at the Royalton.

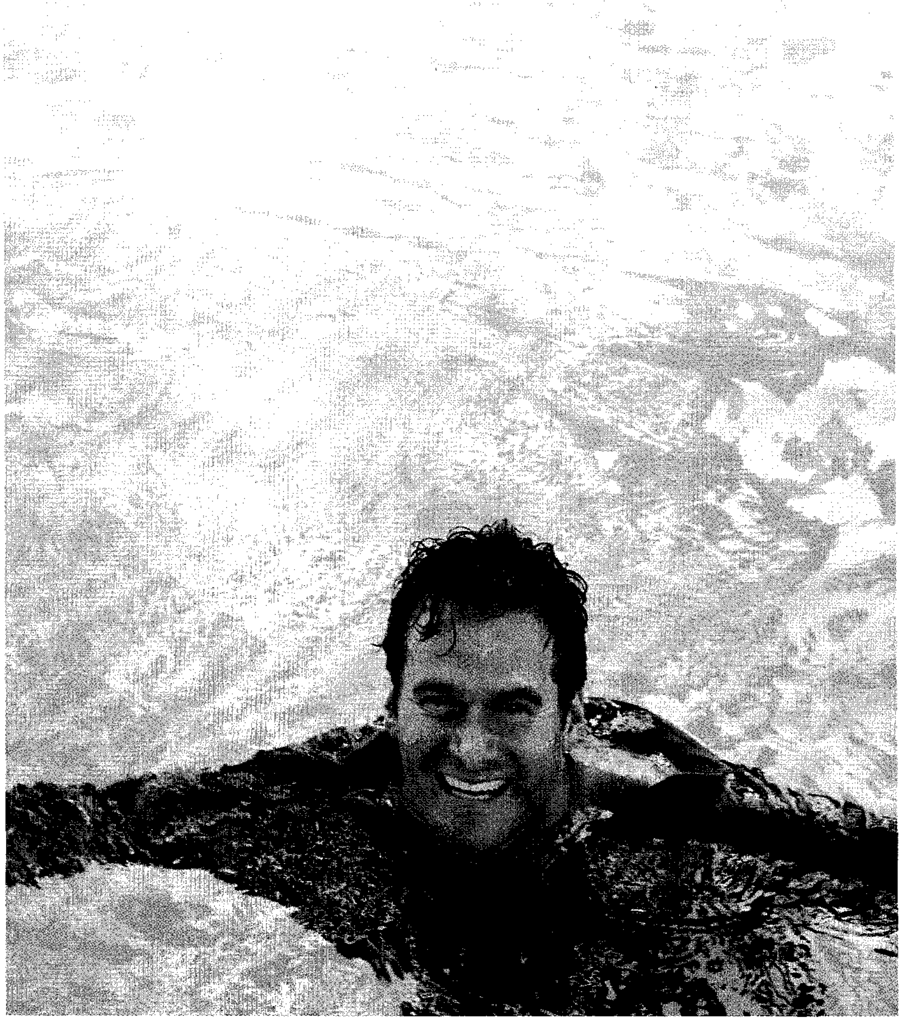
FOR A MAN WHO MAKES his living as perhaps the world's most famous professional host, Ian Schrager is surprisingly shy. And awkward. Like the time on the flight to Los Angeles two weeks ago when he knocked over a dish of cocktail nuts and picked them up from the floor and kept them in his hand for twenty minutes because he didn't want to bother the stewardess for a trash bag. Or the time, a little later on the same flight, when he spilled his Diet Coke all over his seat and wiped it up with a little square napkin and sat down on the sticky cushion for the next five hours because he didn't want to bother the stewardess for a towel.

Schrager says he is only comfortable talking about himself when he is flacking his business, but even in the virtual greenroom of his Mondrian hotel in Los Angeles, about to be interviewed on the local morning news, he studies the press kit for his own company, reading his own bio. "I get nervous," he says. "I worry I'll push a button and the wrong things will just start coming out."

It makes sense that a person such as this has always relied on a frontman, someone smoother, more polished than he, someone at ease courting the celebrities who are so important in drawing in the rest of Schrager's customers. Steve Rubell was the first. It's been twenty years since Schrager and Rubell created Studio 54, and though it lasted for a mere 33 months, the tale of its proprietors is almost as legendary as the club itself. The boys were common as a head cold. They met at Syracuse, where Stevie was the captain of the tennis team and Schrager was president of Sigma Alpha Mu. They went into business a few years out, and converted Rubell's thirteen-restaurant chain of Steak Lofts into the party of the century.

At Studio 54, Rubell was the operation's Mr. Outside, playing host every night to the grand parade—Halston, Loulou de la Falaise, Warhol, Capote, Bianca Jagger on a white horse. Schrager was the financial mastermind, and the conceptual wizard behind the sound and the lighting and the giant moon face that lowered from the ceiling every night to snort twinkling stars from a spoon.

Then, in 1978, the FBI knocked on Studio's door, and the next few years were a blur of lawyers and depositions, and finally jail, on tax-evasion charges. The two relaunched their career with Morgans Hotel in 1985, but Rubell had already contracted HIV, and when he died in 1988, he left a void that Schrager has been trying to fill ever since.



The first to walk in Rubell's shoes was Brian McNally. In 1989, he took the helm of "44," the restaurant in Schrager's Royalton Hotel, and it quickly began to function as the point at which the worlds of publishing, fashion, and design all collide. Steve Rubell, however, he wasn't.

MCNALLY IS A SHAGGY AND ERUDITE MAN OF Jewish-cockney provenance who seems to know everyone who is anyone in the city—a perfect foil, one might imagine, for Schrager. But over the past few months, a couple of items appeared in gossip pages that hinted obliquely at a rift between the two of them. Last fall, Schrager selected Coco Pazzo's Pino Luongo—and not McNally, as he had originally planned—to head the restaurants at the Mondrian and at the Paramount in New York. Then, in January, McNally let slip that he was in the process of investing in another hotel project in Miami, one that would compete with the Delano, Schrager's hotel; what was worse was that the new hotel's principal owner would be Philip Pilevsky, Schrager's long-standing partner in the Royalton and the Paramount.

When I went to visit Schrager in the spare offices he keeps at the Paramount, it was ostensibly to talk about his European expansion. His businesses are on sound footing, at least on paper—total revenues are on the order of $150 million a year. Morgans, the Paramount, and the Royalton, his three New York hotels, are doing steady business. His newest properties—the Delano in Miami Beach and Los Angeles's Mondrian, which he bought and then reopened in December—are averaging occupancy rates above 90 percent. He now owns and is renovating the Clift, in San Francisco. In February, he announced plans to open four hotels in London within the next two years, and he is considering either taking his company public or selling it to a larger outfit. Plans are also in place for an entire line of furniture, housewares, and linens bearing the brand of Ian Schrager Hotels.

In short, there was plenty of upbeat news to report, plenty for Schrager, now 50, to crow about. But no sooner had I likened McNally to Rubell—the ones with the social skills to attract Schrager's desired clientele—than he was off and running in another direction. Rubell and McNally—who could even mention them in

Photographs: previous spread, left page, Todd Eberle; this page, David Jensen; styling by Kathleen Beaton.

> **"Brian doesn't like thinking of himself as a restaurant guy," said Schrager. "He let his ego get in the way. He could have been running a company."**

LEADING MEN: Clockwise from far left, Rande Gerber at the Mondrian; Brian McNally; Schrager and Steve Rubell.

the same breath? "For a long time, I thought Brian was that kind of person, and he's not," he said.

"After Steve died, I was very unsure of myself, and the idea was to get Brian in there and have a personality in the restaurant. The place came to life under Brian—Anna Wintour and Tina Brown and all those. But Brian was never a businessman."

When Schrager first made overtures back in the late eighties, McNally's career was in the weeds. His last restaurant, 150 Wooster, had gone belly-up. "He was really down on his luck at the time," Schrager said. "I gave him a break. He blew it."

He continued: "Brian seems like an articulate and well-read guy, but I wonder if that's all fake."

Then Schrager said: "His brother Keith"—the proprietor of Lucky Strike, Pravda, and others—"is the good one. Great operator, talented guy, Keith. Calvin Klein always says to me, 'Ian, you chose the wrong McNally.' "

Finally: "I will never, ever, work with Brian McNally again. Except to let him continue at '44,' which is doing fine."

MCNALLY'S SUCCESSOR IS SITTING AT HIS PRIvate table in the Skybar of the Mondrian in an indoor-outdoor tiki hut that overlooks downtown Los Angeles. Rande Gerber is six-three and tan, with a jawline of granite and eyelashes like a giraffe's. Rande used to be a model, discovered by the Ford agency at the age of 16. More important, he's dating Cindy Crawford—he's actually rumored to be *engaged* to Cindy Crawford, *house-hunting* with Cindy Crawford, though he's very careful not to mention her—which makes him the king of the current crop of model-bar impresarios.

"Rande is able to attract to my places the kind of people I want," Ian Schrager told me. "He knows how to get the right crowd. At my hotels we want smart and stylish, but we don't want 'in.' In places don't stay in for very long. They come and go. It's that whole nightclub mentality."

"I'm not about nightclubs," says Rande.

Tonight is a Friday, Skybar's best night. Rande's table is in the front corner, a farrago of young Hollywood. Three girls in miniskirts hover, Pretorian-guard-style; Russell Simmons of Def Jam confers with *Vanity Fair*'s Elizabeth Saltzman; also present are a baby-faced chiropractor in an Armani suit, whom Rande met when the two were modeling in Europe; Stuart Lerner, a fiftyish psychiatrist to the stars ("I'd say the Skybar is a place where everybody knows your name, but then you'd think Kelsey's my patient, which would mean Frasier's based on me when all we do is play golf together"); there are two women whom Rande's younger brother Kenny Gerber, one of the Skybar's many "managers," describes as "ladies from Orange County who made a point of coming by here on a Monday night and getting to know me"; Woody Harrelson's brother; and Waldo, a fellow whose full-time job is doing George Clooney's hair.

Waitresses at the Skybar wear sarongs. They all have tan stomachs you could bounce a silver dollar off. "The sarongs were my idea," Rande says. "Everything here is my idea."

He points to a blonde in stretch pants, with a cashmere cardigan from Kookai on her arm. She has fierce eyebrows and tanned, angular deltoids. "Let me introduce you to a friend of mine," he says. "You've got to hear this accent."

"Rande," says the girl with the accent (French-Canadian). "I didn't know you wear a Speedo." The *Globe* recently published pictures of Rande and Cindy Crawford—topless—walking on the beach.

"I was naked, and they must have painted the Speedo on me," he says. "To look like I wear one of those is even more embarrassing. It's better that everyone sees my balls."

Peter, another manager, sidles up to Rande. "Elisabeth Shue is here, and she really wants to meet you," he says.

Rande drinks his drink—an orange-flavored Stoli. "Tell her five minutes and then bring her over." He takes another sip.

THE FEUD BETWEEN IAN SCHRAGER AND BRIAN McNally went public with McNally's de-

Photographs: top to bottom, Kenneth Chen; Ron Galella.

parture from the Blue Door, the restaurant in Miami's Delano in which Madonna was also a partner. McNally says he left of his own volition, but in his office, Schrager told me an entirely different story.

He said he had been in favor—mildly—of keeping McNally, but Leon Black and the other partners at Apollo, the real-estate concern that owns a 50 percent share in the Delano, insisted on giving him the ax. (Schrager does not actually have controlling interests in any of his hotels; he is a part owner of each, and his company manages them.)

The relationship deteriorated further when McNally and Pilevsky, of all people, joined forces behind Schrager's back to open a hotel blocks from the Delano. Schrager described that venture to me as "the biggest joke in the world. Pilevsky's not a developer, and Brian's never built or done anything in his whole life."

The irony in this increasingly bitter situation is that although McNally owns only one restaurant—in only one of Schrager's hotels—many attribute Schrager's ascendancy to him. "Ian knows that without the Royalton, he wouldn't have gotten the crowd he wanted," says a restaurateur who knows both men. "Without Brian at '44,' the Royalton would be nothing more than an interesting artifact of eighties design."

Schrager offered McNally the chance to run all of the bars and restaurants in his hotels. "Brian doesn't like thinking of himself as a restaurant guy," he said. "He let his ego get in the way. He could have been running a company with five restaurants, taking in 50 to 60 million. I mean, Brian's my age. He's not independently wealthy."

Schrager waved his hands in small circles. Every so often he'd get to talking so fast that he'd run out of breath and then, to fill the pause left in the room while he inhaled, he made a fist and rubbed his nose up and down with the fleshy part of his thumb and forefinger. Now, having fully defended himself against the charge that McNally didn't need him, he moved quickly into new territory.

McNally, Schrager said, has been running "44" so inefficiently that although the restaurant grossed $6 million last year, it did not turn a profit. Same for the Blue Door, which grossed $8 million. "Brian's inept," he said. "In order to do a restaurant with Brian, you've got to cut his wings off and not give him any room."

Schrager was right about one thing: McNally hasn't entirely outlived his financial troubles of the late eighties. Madonna nearly backed out of her $200,000 stake in the Blue Door when she learned of a $448,000 judgment then outstanding against McNally from Prince Michael of Greece, an investor in 150 Wooster, McNally's failed restaurant. Schrager had to promise her he would cover any payments McNally might default on.

Schrager might have forced McNally from his post at "44" but for the fact that Schrager is not actually an owner of the restaurant and is technically its landlord; he is paid rent and a percentage of the gross, numbers that aren't affected by McNally's profit margins. Anyway, he says, "I have a tight noose around him. He can't sign a single check without my co-signing it."

I STOPPED BY THE ROYALTON AFTER LUNCH one afternoon to see McNally. His suit was rumpled, and his tie was knotted loosely at around the second button. We took a lime banquette, and he asked for a scrap of paper so he could doodle.

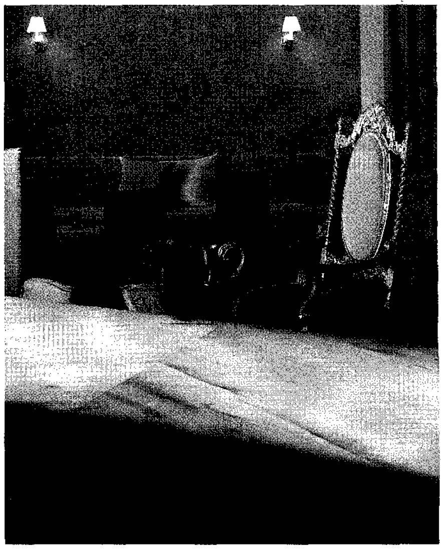
"I want to talk about Ian Schrager," I said.

"Right," McNally said. "Your photographers were in here with him earlier today. The restaurant's looking great. I just put in $300,000 worth of renovation on it myself."

"So you left the Delano."

"Right," he said. "It's no hard feelings with Ian. I was planning to do a project of my own all along."

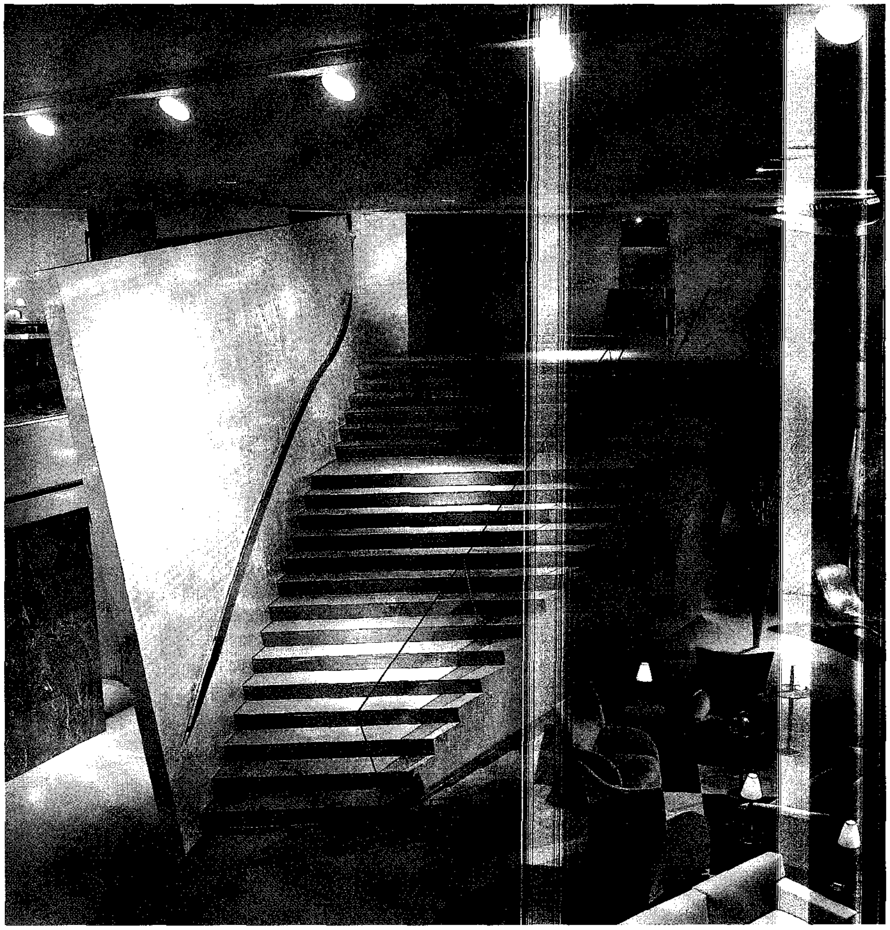
So I ran some of Ian's greatest hits by McNally: that the Blue Door was losing money despite high grosses, that Brian was thrown out of his partnership in the Blue Door. That "Madonna bad-mouths Brian all the time."



All this time, McNally's face remained still as a pond. At the mention of Madonna, his knees began to bounce furiously under the table. "Madonna hates Ian," he said. "And I had dinner with her brother Chris Ciccone just last week. We had a great time."

As for the business relationship, McNally's version is somewhat different. The lease Schrager devised for the Blue Door, McNally said, "made it impossible for us to make any money. For the first several months, Ian withheld from us all the money from room charges"—meals that hotel

Photographs: counterclockwise from top left, Todd Eberle (2); Peter Mauss/Esto Photographics.



BEDTIME STORIES: **Clockwise from above left, the Delano; the Paramount; Morgans Bar.**

guests billed to their rooms rather than paying for separately on the spot. "For that whole year," McNally said, "we got nothing but our expenses."

"All the while, he's saying, 'Don't worry, buddy.' But we had no cash flow. We ended up paying COD, and even retail sometimes, for food and supplies. We got farther and farther into the hole."

McNally said that he wasn't thrown out of the Blue Door—in fact, as a principal partner, he *couldn't* have been.

It turns out that other of Schrager's restaurateurs have had similar experiences. Philippe Lajaunie, who opened the Brasserie des Théâtres in the Paramount in 1992, agreed to co-finance the construction of the restaurant with Schrager but found himself running short three months before the opening. For Lajaunie, Schrager arranged for a loan from his brother, Bernard Schrager—at a 20 percent interest rate—and demanded a $45,000 finder's fee. The restaurant closed after a year when Lajaunie couldn't make the rent.

Why would Schrager devise such counterproductive measures for his tenants? For one thing, hotel restaurants typically lose money—but a restaurant is a feature all hotels must have. Farming the restaurants out, in effect, is a way for Schrager to reduce his operating costs.

At the Royalton, I asked McNally why, given the degree of insecurity a partnership with Schrager seems to involve, he continues to run "44."

"I make a living," he said.

FLYING INTO LOS ANGELES, Schrager riffled through a folder marked BUSINESS IDEAS. Mostly it was full of clippings from business and design magazines. He stared for a while at a handwritten sheet. It was a list of all his ventures, beginning with the nightclubs and running through his current and projected hotels. Studio 54 came first, of course, but was numbered 0, rather than 1. Number 1 was the Palladium. "Studio doesn't count," he explained. "It was beginner's luck."

He pointed to a blank line between Studio and the Palladium. "Do you know what happened there?" he asked.

Well, of course I did.

"Jail," he said. "There was nothing between 1977 and 1985. I was only in jail for a year, but I feel like I've lost eight years, with all the legal problems and trying to rebuild my reputation. It means I'm only where I should have been when I was 42."

Jail was the last thing that Schrager and Rubell were thinking about. "We just got totally intoxicated with the success. We thought it was okay to steal a little bit."

On visits from Long Island, "Rande was the one who got us past the doorman, who started chatting up chicks for us," a high-school friend said.

He made a face. "Look at me," he said. "Of course it was a lot of money. But we thought there was no way we were going to get caught."

In December 1978, Studio's offices were raided by the FBI; among other irregularities, the agents found garbage bags full of cash hidden in the ceiling of the basement. "Even then," said Schrager, "to show you how off we were, we weren't concerned about the taxes or going to jail. We were concerned about losing our liquor license."

Rubell's initial defense strategy, launched as he was being interrogated, was to accuse Hamilton Jordan, at the time Jimmy Carter's chief of staff, of having used cocaine at Studio. (The charges were unsubstantiated.) "Can you imagine that?" Schrager said to me. "The thought was that Hamilton Jordan could be traded for freedom. I mean, the arrogance. To think you're going to fight with the president of the United States, to think that you're going to fight with the IRS. And our only weapon was, 'You're not getting into Studio 54.' "

Serving thirteen months in prison, Schrager read every book about architecture he could get his hands on, and all of David Halberstam's works ("Inspirational. I found that most of the great men he wrote about had not come into their own without suffering some kind of exile or enormous setback").

When he and Rubell got out, they opened the disco Palladium and Morgans Hotel, and quickly set off a mini-revolution in the hotel industry, having the prescience to hire avant-garde designers (first Andrée Putman, then Philippe Starck). Schrager's hotels are colorful, arch, geometrically playful. They are designed to attract "a specific caliber of guest," a phrase that doesn't necessarily mean rich—in fact, most of the hotels are priced in the middle of the market. Schrager built his business on a certain kind of customer—young, stylish, hopefully in the movie or media businesses. It makes perfect sense that he promotes his hotels like nightclubs.

WHEN I VISITED MCNALLY AGAIN, HE WAS loaded for bear. Just after our first meeting at “44,” Phil Pilevsky had called Schrager and had two frantic conversations. “Phil is very nervous now, too,” McNally said. If Schrager is indeed going to put up all of his hotels for a public or private offering, Pilevsky—though he is no longer investing in any new projects of Schrager’s—would still be a partner. He later told me Schrager’s behavior toward McNally has him considering putting a stop to any such deal. In any case, Pilevsky feared any public feuding could hurt the company’s value.

“I don’t know why Ian has decided to start slagging me off,” McNally said. “We do still work together.”

McNally had arranged for John Evans, a partner in McNally and Pilevsky’s Miami hotel, to meet us. He’s English, something of a dandy, with red hair pomaded back and a white silk pocket square. “Ian looks at life as though it is a zero-sum game,” Evans said. “He thinks there is a finite amount of money and publicity, and if Brian is getting some, then he is losing some.”

McNally doodled away, crosshatching words and names that were coming up in conversation. “It’s a very resilient character that can make it through what Ian has without some scars,” he said. He ran through Ian’s litany of trauma—losing both parents before he was 30; losing his sister and being made guardian of her daughter, who suffers from cystic fibrosis; prison; Rubell’s death. “I don’t mean to sound girly about it, but when he’s tired and gets sort of reflective, he can be a decent guy.”

A maîtresse d’ waved to McNally from the front of the room. “Ian’s on the phone for you,” she said.

McNally giggled.

“Christ,” said Evans, rolling his eyes. He wondered aloud why Schrager seemed to consider McNally a competitor at all. “Brian has one restaurant. Ian has ten hotels. It’s completely fucking ridiculous. Brian shows that he doesn’t need him. So Ian tries to establish that he was the one who did Brian the favor. The truth is, Brian saved him. When he came, ‘44’ was failing. It was a dismal place.”

McNally returned. “Ian’s in his car, and he’s going out of his mind,” he said. “I can just see him there in the back seat telling his driver to go around and around while he makes phone calls trying to calm himself down.”

“What’s he saying to you?” Evans asked.

“He says, ‘I think you hurt me.’ ”

Evans slapped the table. “Oh come on!”

“Yeah, yeah. Ian just said, ‘I think if you and Phil were going to do something in Miami, you should come to me to let me know first.’ ”

GIRLS’ NIGHT OUT: Above, Amber Valetta, Rande Gerber, and Kara Young at Morgans. Right, Schrager with his wife, Rita.

“That is without price,” Evans said.

“Like he’s some godfather in a back room on Sullivan Street.”

“The *capo de tutti capi.*”

McNally’s assistant appeared.

“It’s Ian again.”

“Oh, Christ.”

This time, it turned out, Schrager was calling to apologize.

“Ian’s already started putting down Pino,” said McNally, sitting back down at the table. “Telling me Pino doesn’t get the spirit of running a restaurant. ‘He’s not exciting like you, Brian.’ He’s going to burn out with Pino and with Rande Gerber.”

“He’s a bit thick, Rande Gerber,” Evans said.

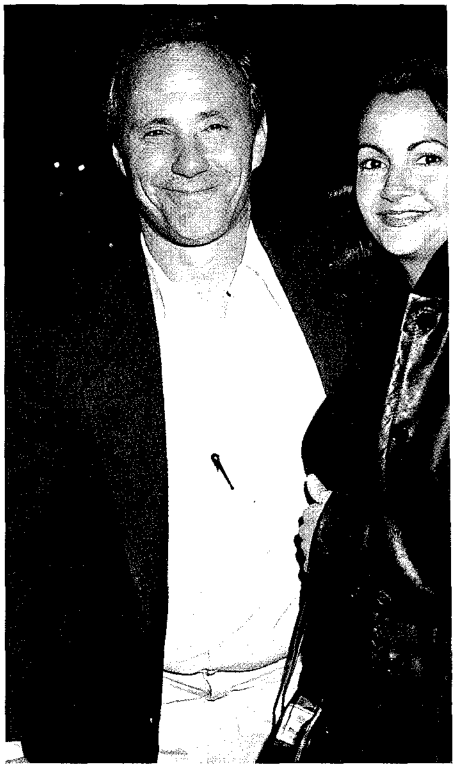
“*Duh,*” McNally said. “Thick as a brick.”

Already, word had spread in the restaurant business that Schrager and Gerber refused to appear with each other on the cover of this magazine. Schrager didn’t consider Gerber a peer; Gerber doesn’t want to be too closely identified with Schrager.

“I think Rande called his publicist,” Evans said. “He asked her, ‘What page is the cover on?’ ”

MIDNIGHT AT THE SKYBAR. RANDE GERBER makes his way past the pool, which Starck says he designed to resemble the deck of a cruise ship and which might if David Salle had directed an episode of *The Love Boat.* There are white-duck pillows stacked along the ground, a bare mattress that sleeps twelve, sixteen-foot palm trees in enormous terra-cotta planters, a floor of open wooden slats.

The bar’s doing so well that it’s mostly just those on the 250-person “permanent list” who get in. “Either that, or you have



to be staying in the hotel,” Rande says. “A lot of people were paying for a $190 room and trying to split it up three ways and get in. So we say even if you’re in the hotel you can only bring one guest.”

Every now and then, says Gerber, someone really, really famous gets turned away. “They’re usually standing there yelling, ‘Do you know who I am?’ I hate to do it, but I never want the place to be crowded.

“Otherwise,” he says, “it would be like a nightclub.”

At the door, three large men with walkie-talkies and clipboards, men who might be called bouncers if they worked at a nightclub, make way for Rupert Murdoch’s son Justin, a disheveled figure in enormous black eyeglasses. He grabs Rande around the shoulder as he glides in. “Hey, dude,” Rande says.

Two blondes with fierce eyebrows and tanned, angular deltoids are denied entrance. “We’re friends of Rande’s,” one of them pleads.

Rande smiles. “Who?”

Gerber comes from a background that is more privileged than Ian Schrager’s but equally unremarkable. He and his brothers were raised in the Long Island town of Hewlett by their father, Jordan Gerber, a Seventh Avenue garmento who successfully ran a couple of low-priced jeans companies. Rande was a jock, but he often drove into the city with his friends on weekends, hanging out at Studio 54. “We always let Rande lead the way,” his friend Rob Cohen, now a real-estate broker in Manhattan, told me. “He was the one who got us past the doorman, the one who would start chatting up the chicks for us.” Another member of Gerber’s posse was Roy Lieben-

Photograph: right, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

thal, who has since gone on to found Cafe Tabac and the Lemon and date Christy Turlington and Tatiana Patitz (and Bridget Hall, when he was 31, she 16).

"We would talk about going into the world and starting our own nightclubs," Liebenthal says. "It was a very heady time, all the beautiful women around, and look at who he's dating now. I mean, Rande Gerber from the Five Towns. We went to each other's bar mitzvahs."

The difference between Rande and the other model hounds with liquor licenses—the Bowery Bar's Eric Goode, Match's Billy Gilroy, Frederick Lesort at Buddha Bar, Liebenthal—is that Rande doesn't seem to try. "He's the natural," says his younger brother Kenny.

Friends say it's the normalness of his pedigree, in fact, that gives Rande his appeal and helped him get the girl. "Rande's got a quiet confidence that comes from being loved as a child," says the stylist Kate Harrington, one of Crawford's best friends. "It's what makes him so lovable."

"Rande was the one who waited for her while she was running off with Val and Richard," says *Vanity Fair's* gossip diva George Wayne, a friend of the couple. "Finally, she saw that true love had been right in front of her the entire time."

Oliver Crowell, a general manager of the Skybar, turns from the door and cocks his head toward Rande. "The guy with the Bentley just tried to give me $1,000 if I'd let him in," he says.

"You could get a pretty good hooker for that kind of money," Rande says. "A thousand dollars to get in here, and you still have to work for it."

LIEBENTHAL ACCOMPANIED RANDE to the University of Arizona, where they spent their afternoons riding motorbikes. They spent the early nineties at Peggy Sue's, the seminal sweaty-walled dive at 13th Street and University Place popular with men in search of blondes with fierce eyebrows and tanned, angular deltoids. By then, Rande was working as a broker for Edward S. Gordon, a developer.

It was by chance that, in 1989, Ian Schrager happened to hire Gordon to approach the proprietors of trendy clubs and try to find someone to run the bar at the Paramount, and chance that Rande was the broker put on the project. "I knew a lot of that crowd from Peggy Sue's," Rande says. Over the next year, he marched around Eric Goode, Terry Quinn, and Liebenthal. Ian didn't want any of them.

"That's typical of me," Schrager says. "I'm very indecisive, very superstitious." Finally, Rande offered *himself* to Schrager, along with Terry Quinn (Quinn backed out; Paul Montana, who owns Big Sur, was brought in as a partner). "The fact he could bring so many of these guys to me to begin with was what mattered," says Schrager.

Now Rande has the majority stake in the Paramount's Whiskey bar and owns and operates eight others—including those at Morgans and the Mondrian, the Sunset Marquis, and five Emporio Armani cafés. He will soon take over the bars at the Delano, the Clift, and all four of Schrager's London properties.

Life for Gerber at times can seem like a Bud Light ad. One of those was when he got a call from his high-school buddy Michael Gruber, who happens to be Cindy Crawford's agent at CAA, asking if he could help him out and be Cindy's date at Gruber's wedding.

Cindy seems to make Rande's friends jealous. "Rande's being shy—that's an act," says Paul Montana. "All these guys opened bars so they could get chicks, but to Rande it's a real business," Rob Cohen says. "The funny thing is, Rande's the one who ends up with Cindy Crawford."

Montana himself may soon bring a lawsuit against Gerber for withholding substantial profits he says he's owed from the Paramount bar. Although the two are its co-owners, they no longer talk. "Rande had a falling out with Terry Quinn too, the other person he got into this business with," says Montana. "That kind of tells you something about Rande."

> **What drives Schrager? "The fear that I am somehow a fraud," he said over breakfast at Coco Pazzo. "How do I know whether I've earned my success?"**

Even so, working with Schrager takes a fortitude his peers do not possess. "I admire Ian, but I couldn't do it," Roy Liebenthal says. "Most of the guys doing this need our freedom." The union is all the more surprising given what went on between the two in 1992, when Schrager sued Gerber for failing to pay rent on the Paramount's Whiskey bar (Schrager is said to have doubled the rent on the 800-square-foot bar, ratcheting it up to $22,000 a month) and for permitting the Whiskey's customers to use the bathrooms in the hotel lobby, raising Schrager's toilet-paper costs. Schrager also cut off the water to the Whiskey's ice machine. Gerber and Montana ran up legal bills of $150,000.

The feud was eventually settled, and Rande says Schrager apologized; Montana says Gerber's father was brought in to mediate. "Ian treats Rande like a child," Montana says. "But Rande's stayed with him because he realizes it's a vehicle." It is a funny partnership. I saw them together twice, and both times, Schrager mostly just smiled at Rande, Rande mostly just smiled back. When I asked Schrager what he thought Rande's strength as an entrepreneur was, he said: "Rande's smart. He knows what's good for my hotels is good for his bars. And because he listens to me, I know he knows how to do what's best for him. It shows me he's mature."

Rande may not last long either. Schrager has been telling friends of his interest in luring Ken Aretsky, of '21' and Patroon fame, to one or more of his hotels. And Schrager is said to have already dumped Rande as his choice to run Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, a dormant disco in the Paramount basement.

Commitment has always been difficult for Schrager, whose romantic relationships have been almost as tempestuous as his business relationships. He says his jail sentence cost him a likely marriage to the designer Norma Kamali. In 1990, he was set to marry Debbie Hughes, a publicist for Carolina Herrera, but changed his mind the day of the wedding ceremony. "I put on a black dress and had lunch with everyone," Hughes says. "Ian stayed in the bedroom."

Schrager was finally married two years ago to Rita Norona, until recently a dancer in the New York City Ballet; they have a daughter and another child on the way.

SCHRAGER AND I HAD BREAKFAST AT COCO Pazzo in the Mondrian, and he was eager to show me a profile of Pat Riley he'd torn from that morning's *USA Today.* Two weeks earlier, I'd asked Schrager what drove him—admittedly, an imprecise and silly question—and he'd fumbled for an answer, saying something about respect. "I finally figured out where it all comes from, my ambition," he said excitedly. The article quoted Riley as saying, "I've always had this feeling I'm not good enough at anything."

"That's it—the fear that I am somehow a fraud," Schrager said. "That the only product of mine I'm selling is my instinct. How can you count on that for the rest of your life? How do I know whether I've earned my success?"

"I always had Steve's instinct to trust. I just worked hard. I don't trust anyone the way I trusted him." ▬

I CAN

SEE CLEARLY NOW

LASER EYE SURGERY IS A MEDICAL SENSATION. BUT CAN WE TRUST THE SUBWAY ADS? A "FLAP AND ZAP" SURVIVOR EXPLAINS WHY SEEING IS BELIEVING.

BY MELINDA BLAU

ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1996, THE PHRASE *MIRACLE OF MODERN SCIENCE* TOOK ON NEW MEANING for me. I am in a stark, dimly lit room, wearing a shower cap and my street clothes, reclining on a surgical BarcaLounger, fully awake and alert. My right eye, numbed by anesthetic drops and held open by a speculum, peeks out from the opaque white plastic drape that covers my other eye and the rest of my face. Next to me is a huge, sleek hybrid machine—part laser, part microscope, part computer—that casts a red dot surrounded by a halo of tiny white lights onto my eyeball. Dr. Mark Speaker, a celebrated New York eye surgeon, is about to sculpt my right eye—and, in doing so, change my life. ■ The procedure, officially termed laser-assisted in-situ keratomileusis (LASIK)—better known as "flap and zap"—takes minutes. It is considered dangerously experimental by some, the wave of the future by others. "Vision correction by laser surgery will become as common a rite of passage among middle-class consumers as braces,"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAX AGUILERA-HELLWEG
FOR *NEW YORK*

predicts Dr. Marguerite McDonald, a former New York ophthalmologist now practicing in Louisiana.

Analysts call this surgery the "most widely marketed medical procedure in history"—it's hard to miss the subway ads and infomercials—but New Yorkers, conservative, skeptical, and demanding by nature, are not impressed by the hard sell. So although the practice has taken off in other parts of the U.S. and in Canada, it's just catching on in New York. Doctors in California do four operations for every one performed here.

Dr. Speaker, who calls the technology "the most exciting I've worked with," has done this procedure around 400 times to date—ten to fifteen a week, probably more than any other practitioner in the tri-state region. Director of corneal and refractive surgery at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, Speaker also teaches other doctors how to do it. Fewer than 10 percent of the area's approximately 1,200 ophthalmologists currently perform refractive laser surgery, and of those, a handful of talented doctors stand out—Marc Odrich and Steve Trokel at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center East; Ken Moadel and Sandra Belmont at Manhattan Eye and Ear; Peter Hersh in Teaneck, New Jersey; Eric Donnenfeld in Nassau County. Speaker himself is listed in both *America's Best Doctors* and *New York*'s 1996 "Best Doctors in New York" survey.

I try to keep this in mind when he picks up his first instrument—a device resembling a tiny apple slicer that puts ink marks on my cornea. As he places a suction ring over the marks, Dr. Speaker warns that the world will go black. It does. Then, using a microkeratome—a miniature carpenter's plane—he carefully slices a pancake sliver of my cornea, leaving a piece intact: the "flap." Those ten seconds feel like forever.

He peels back the flap and dries the underlying tissue with foam swabs. Guided by a computerized contour map of my eye, he vaporizes the too-high elevations of my cornea with a cool ultraviolet beam of light. The rat-a-tat of the machine—the "zap"—is accompanied by a faint smell of burning flesh.

It's over in minutes. The only pain is the sting of adhesive tape as Dr. Speaker lifts the drape, which seems to have been Superglued to the skin around my eye. This time, at least, I am prepared. At once a veteran and a pioneer, I had my left eye done the day before.

I sit up slowly; Dr. Speaker holds my arm as I slide onto my feet and walk twenty steps into an examination room. Before my surgery, I couldn't see the big *E* on the eye chart. Now I can read the next-to-last line. The staff gives me a pack of eye drops I'm to use for the next week, and five minutes later, walking down Second Avenue, I am almost giddy. Through a clear plastic shield on the newly zapped eye and a pair of giant nonprescription sunglasses, I can read street signs and see the faces of passersby—without contact lenses or Coke-bottle glasses. I am no longer legally blind.

"THE PHILOSOPHY IN THE NORTHEAST IS DIFFERENT," SAYS DR. JEFFREY COOPER. "THIS IS NOT A GROUP THAT RUNS OUT AND SAYS, 'CUT ME UP AND MAKE ME BEAUTIFUL.' "

IF I HAD BEEN BORN A SLAVE DURING THE ROMAN EMPIRE, I WOULD have been considered defective and sold at a discount. I was 5 when our kindly family optometrist diagnosed "progressive myopia"—galloping nearsightedness. Twelve years later, he wrote on my college medical form "fingers at ten feet" to describe my off-the-chart vision. In 20/20 terms—"20/20" being average—my eyesight was worse than 20/1,200. What most people see at 1,200 feet—four football fields—I couldn't see clearly at 20.

About 100 million Americans are nearsighted, although only 10 percent of those are as visually impaired as I was. In a normal eye, which works like a camera, the light streams through the clear cornea and lens (the focusing elements of the eye) and travels to the retina (the film), which processes the image and sends it to the brain. But with myopia, the eyeball itself is elongated and/or the cornea is too steep or shaped like a football instead of a basketball (which causes astigmatism as well as myopia). The light does not enter the eye correctly, so the image falls short of the retina and the brain perceives distant objects as blurry. In hyperopia—farsightedness—the eyeball is too short, the image overshoots the retina, and anything close is unclear.

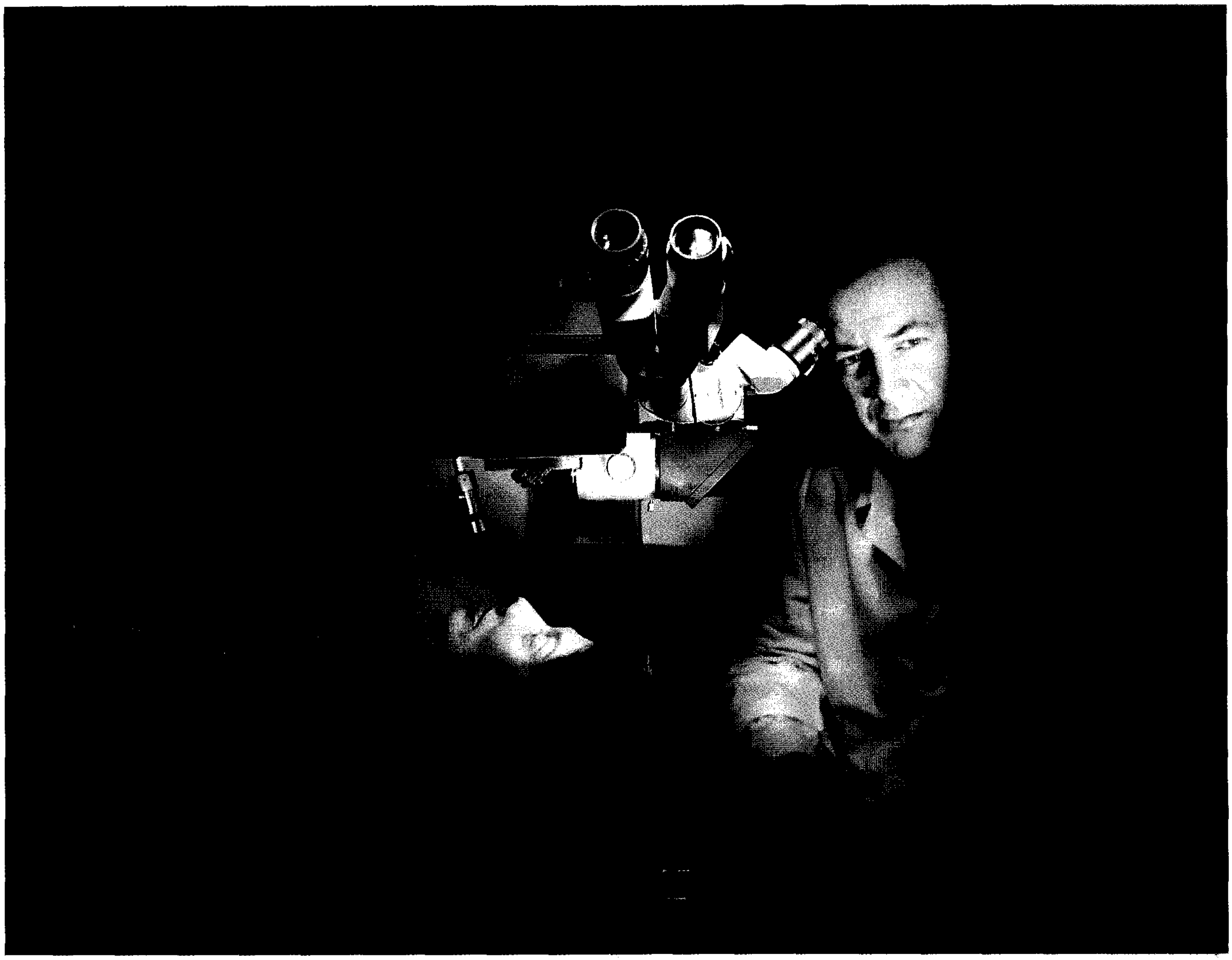
Such refractive errors are expressed in diopters—which measure how much the light must be bent in order for images to land directly on the retina. When an optometrist (O.D.) or ophthalmologist (M.D.) writes a lens prescription, a "minus" number indicates nearsightedness, a "plus" farsightedness. (Second and third numbers, if any, denote the degree and direction of an astigmatism.) The bigger these numbers, the worse your uncorrected vision. For example, I was a minus eleven. Glasses and contacts corrected my vision, in effect, by altering the way light entered my eyes. Laser surgery did the same thing by changing the shape of my corneas.

DO I SEE PERFECTLY NOW? NO, BUT I'M LIKE SOMEONE who's been in a wheelchair her whole life and now walks with a slight limp. I'm still one diopter nearsighted, but I don't need reading glasses (no mean feat at 53!) and, except for night driving, I function without any vision correction. All the same, refractive laser surgery is hardly as simple and risk-free as the ads and infomercials would have us believe. But if you're nearsighted, have tried contacts, and don't like glasses, it's certainly worth investigating.

The technology that made my surgery possible—the excimer laser—was invented by military physicists in the late seventies and refined in the early eighties at IBM to etch computer chips. So exact was its cool ultraviolet beam, the excimer also could "etch" a human hair, 50 microns thick, a fifth of a micron at a time. Dr. Trokel of Columbia, who visited the IBM labs in 1983—reportedly toting a bucket of cow eyes—was the first to write a paper suggesting the excimer's potential as a tool for sculpting corneal tissue without scarring or damaging the surrounding area.

Partly because the technology itself was so stunning and partly because the nation's 16,000 ophthalmologists were feeling the squeeze of managed care, a natural marriage transpired between eye surgeons and industry. Radial keratotomy (RK), in which a surgeon flattens the cornea by cutting spokelike slits with a scalpel, had already demonstrated that some types of nearsightedness could be corrected surgically. But photorefractive keratectomy (PRK), the procedure Trokel suggested, promised far greater accuracy. Like RK, PRK flattens the optical zone but does it with the precise ultraviolet pulses of the excimer. In 1987, after experimenting on animals and blind eyes, Dr. McDonald did the first PRK on a healthy but nearsighted human eye. The rest, as they say, is history.

BY THE EARLY NINETIES, EXCIMER-DRIVEN SURGERY WAS BEING hawked aggressively throughout the world, touted as the greatest innovation in eye-care history. In late 1995, buoyed by early clinical trials—with 95 percent of PRK patients achieving 20/40



READY, AIM, FIRE: Dr. Mark Speaker, one of the top eye surgeons in New York and a true believer in laser technology, prepares to zap the eye of author Melinda Blau—and free her from Coke-bottle glasses forever.

vision or better—the FDA gave the green light to two companies, Summit and Visx, to market their excimers. Doctors were allowed to perform PRK on patients with mild to moderate nearsightedness (up to minus seven diopters) and with no more than minus 1.5 astigmatism.

By then, a smattering of surgeons, eager to treat higher myopes, had begun experimenting with LASIK, which combined PRK (the "zap") with microkeratome surgery (the "flap"), a technique ophthalmic surgeons had been using since the sixties. Instead of ablating the surface, or epithelium, of the cornea, LASIK reshapes only the tissue underneath the flap. Officially, LASIK is done under "practice of medicine" rules, which permit doctors to use FDA-approved technology in new ways, as long as it is in an individual patient's best interests.

According to industry watcher Irving Arons, managing director of Spectrum Consulting, approximately 100,000 refractive laser surgeries (including both PRK and LASIK) have been performed since FDA approval—far short of early projections, which estimated between 300,000 to 500,000 a year by now. "It's taking longer because of the FDA restrictions, the need for training doctors, and the cost," Arons explains. Each machine costs half a million dollars to buy, and about $60,000 a year to maintain. With such high overhead—and the controversial $250 "royalty fee" paid to Summit and Visx, which jointly profit every time a doctor zaps an eye—doctors need between 550 and 600 eyes a year just to break even, and 760 to 800 to realize a profit, according to Dr. Kenneth P. Taylor, director of the medical-and-ophthalmic-consulting unit at Arthur D. Little, Inc.

PRK retails for between $1,350 and $2,500 per eye, LASIK slightly more, and most insurance companies won't reimburse, deeming this "cosmetic" surgery—a point someone in my shoes would be quick to argue. In any case, for high myopes like me, cost is not a factor. Considering the cost of a couple of pairs of expensive glasses and contacts and all the paraphernalia needed to maintain them, the investment is made back in no time.

Still, there are naysayers. "I just can't recommend this procedure to my patients," insists ophthalmologist Cynthia MacKay, associate clinical professor at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. She puts the "need" for such surgery right up there with that for liposuction and is appalled by the risks. "Have you read the consent form?" she challenges before I can blurt out that I'd already had LASIK. To be sure, the ten-page document, listing every possible side effect from minor vision problems to blindness, is a bit daunting.

The medical culture of New York, in any case, has been resistant to refractive surgery. Neither patients nor practitioners embraced RK, and we've been only slightly more receptive to PRK and LASIK. Around 3,000 to 4,000 PRKs and 1,200 LASIKs have been done here to date—a scant 5 percent of the national total. "The philosophy in the Northeast is different from anywhere else in the U.S.," says Dr. Jeffrey Cooper, my Manhattan optometrist for the past twenty years, who recommended LASIK but never RK. "Unlike consumers in the Sun Belt, this is not a group that runs out and says, 'Cut me up and make me beautiful.' "

Of the 400 excimer lasers in operation in the U.S., New York has only fourteen machines so far, New Jersey four, and Connecticut two. Some are owned by hospitals, some by private practitioners, and some by corporate entities—wannabe Wal-Marts of the new technology. But most local lasers are "underutilized," says Dr. Speaker. Indeed, only 10 percent of those who come to seminars at Crystal Vision actually have the surgery, says a disappointed Dr. Steve Joffe, an Ohio ophthalmologist and president of LCA Vision, which owns one laser center in Manhattan, one in Westchester, and seventeen others nationwide.

"It's growing slowly," Dr. Speaker acknowledges, "but it's beginning to reach critical mass." The busiest machines, not surprisingly, are those used by the best surgeons. For example, the machine Dr. Speaker uses at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary—owned by 20-20 Laser, a network of O.D.'s and M.D.'s sharing operating costs and profits—is responsible for a third to half of all LASIKs done locally.

Certainly, with 50 percent of the population in glasses or contacts, vision correction is big business. Some 24 million Americans wear contacts—another 10 million have tried and failed, or worn them and abandoned them. This is especially common among boomers, once heavy consumers of contacts. And although glasses are by far the safest alternative, a recent survey by LensCrafters indicates that a third of the patrons they surveyed strongly agree with the statement "I hate wearing glasses."

WHETHER LASER VISION CORRECTION WILL SOMEDAY BEcome a "rite of passage" is open to debate. But it's already clear that these new procedures are reasonable options for at least some people. The question is, how do you know if you're one of them?

The first step is to educate yourself: Read about the procedure—at the library, online—and talk to patients. Many doctors offer demo videos. Mark Speaker goes so far as to invite prospective clients into the operating room, which can have a calming effect—or not. I stood by in utter awe as the woman on the table, having her second eye done, cracked jokes and traded stories with him.

"People have to go into this with their eyes open," says Franette Armstrong—no pun intended. A writer excited about her own PRK, Armstrong compiled the incredibly informative and comprehensive *Beyond Glasses! The Consumer's Guide to Laser Vision Correction.* "It can wreak havoc in your life if you don't do the research, go to the right place, get the right support," she says.

Ask yourself—as I did a hundred times—why am I doing this? I had worn lenses for 39 years, but my eyes were getting drier with age. The possibility of having to wear glasses all the time pushed me over the edge—a function of both vanity *and* vision. I simply didn't see as well with glasses, and I felt extremely vulnerable whenever I wore them.

WHEN I CALLED ONE PARK AVENUE OPHTHALMOLOGIST AND INQUIRED ABOUT "LASER SURGERY," THE RECEPTIONIST ASKED, "FOR VISION CORRECTION OR WRINKLE REMOVAL?"

Some patients, like Clare Ferraro, 47, publisher of Ballantine Books, chose surgery because they ran out of options. A minus eight who had worn hard contact lenses for almost 30 years, she developed dry eyes and, after trying twenty different types of soft lenses, took the plunge. (Her post-surgical enthusiasm led her to publish a primer on the subject, *The Eye Laser Miracle,* by California ophthalmologist Andrew Caster.)

Photograph courtesy of IBM.

Others elected to have the surgery out of concern about eye infections and other long-term implications of wearing contacts—or they simply no longer wanted the hassle. *Sports Illustrated* editor Paul Fichtenbaum, 36, a self-confessed "baby" when it comes to surgery, had been wearing lenses for fifteen years to correct his minus-four vision. "It's the little things that other people take for granted—like when I take a shower and put my 14-month-old son in the playpen, not being able to see him across the room," he told me days before his surgery.

The worse your vision, the greater your motivation. But if you're only slightly nearsighted and don't mind glasses or contacts, risk may outweigh gain. One of the few disgruntled PRK patients I talked with was only a minus three before surgery. She experienced severe discomfort for two weeks after the operation and was so disappointed with the results, she not only refused to have the second eye done but was considering suing the surgeon. Still, when I told her how nearsighted I was, she said, "Oh, your case is different. I'd have the surgery if I were you."

It's important to remember that many of the vocal supporters of the excimer laser are often the same surgeons who did clinical trials for the manufacturers; many M.D.'s and O.D.'s are heavily invested in equipment. It's not a bad idea to ask a practitioner about his or her personal stake in the technology. Get a second opinion—from someone up-to-date on all types of vision correction. I went to Barry Farkas, a Manhattan contact-lens specialist, who agreed I'd be a good candidate for LASIK.

DON'T EVEN *THINK* ABOUT BLINKING: Metal forceps hold open Blau's eye so the laser can work its magic. At left, a human hair etched by the excimer laser.

Beware of slick advertising or places where surgery is the only "product" sold. "It felt like a meat market," recalls Debra Ervolino, 32—a minus six in one eye, minus seven in the other—who works in sales on Seventh Avenue. She had been following PRK since she read about its being done in Russia and Germany. When the FDA finally approved the procedure here, she went to Crystal Vision's free seminar: "It was rush, rush, rush—*We can do it for you right now.* I had questions, and they just weren't very sympathetic." The supermarket approach is not uncommon. When I called one Park Avenue ophthalmologist and inquired about "laser surgery," the receptionist asked, "For vision correction or wrinkle removal?"

Based on your prescription and your goals, the surgeon will propose either PRK (just the zap) or LASIK (the flap *and* zap). According to Dr. Robert Maloney of UCLA, one of the principal investigators in an ongoing national study, the two procedures have comparable results—although the vision of LASIK patients improves more quickly, and they have less or no post-op pain. LASIK, however, requires a higher degree of surgical skill. In unsure hands, or with a poorly functioning microkeratome, the flap can be sliced off or get caught in the machine and end up wrinkled; it can be relaid off-center; particles can get caught underneath. With PRK, which is technically less demanding but far from foolproof, the epithelial layer is zapped directly. It can result in corneal haze, scarring, a halo effect at night, or a central island (a bump on the cornea).

If you're extremely nearsighted, you may not have a choice. Given the currently approved excimers, LASIK is the only procedure done on patients whose vision is worse than minus seven. If you have a greater-than-minus-1.5 astigmatism, you'll have to wait for the Visx "Star" laser, already approved for nearsightedness, soon to be approved for astigmatism up to minus four diopters. And if you're farsighted, hyperopic excimers and the even newer holmium lasers are a few years away from approval.

No surgeon can, or should, guarantee 20/20 vision. In fact, one of the risks of both surgeries is under- or overcorrection. The more correction one needs, the harder it is to hit the target. Five to 10 percent of undercorrected PRK patients go back for an "enhancement," as do 10 to 25 percent of LASIK patients—admittedly, higher myopes who have more to correct. Overcorrection, which makes you farsighted, is more difficult to remedy. At worst, either surgery could cause "irregular astigmatism"—a wrinkled cornea—which only rigid contact lenses can correct.

The most honest surgeons admit that it's impossible to predict the idiosyncrasies of healing. After my first operation, I could see across the room. The bad news was that I couldn't read anything—a problem Paul Fichtenbaum also experienced. Although Speaker and Cooper assured that "the reading vision takes longer to come in," I, who make a living with words, was not convinced. By the next morning, though, I glanced at my sister's copy of the New York *Times* and, like an excited first-grader, exclaimed, "I can read!"

I had virtually no discomfort with the left (first) eye. But the morning after the second operation, I woke up in pain. My right eye was tearing profusely, as if something was in it. At Dr. Speaker's office, his associate confirmed that my cornea had been slightly abraded by the suction ring. Within three hours—and after several doses of anti-inflammatory drops—the pain was a distant memory.

Still, no one warned me about the dryness. There I was, in the lens wearer's version of *No Exit*—feeling as if I had left my contacts in too long and was unable to take them out! The discomfort was instantly relieved by wetting drops, but for the first week to ten days, I had to hose down my eyes every fifteen minutes.

There was some psychological adjustment as well: I became totally obsessed with my new eyesight, its nuances, its deficiencies at night, my lack of depth perception. I tired easily and wasn't "back at my desk in a day or two," as some claimed they were. But gradually, my vision improved, and I got used to it. Today, I don't have a moment's regret.

Most trailblazers in the brave new world of laser refractive surgery are equally delighted with the results. But the first tier of customers have been mostly the rare Mister Magoo types, like me, for whom the surgery was hardly cosmetic. The question is, will the average Jane or Joe buy into this technology, take the risk of having an operation, and shell out five grand in the bargain—just for the privilege of not wearing glasses? Laser-stock speculators predict a future of storefront clinics where one can simply drop in for a quick vision fix. The technology itself, already earning high marks for safety, is bound to get even better and doctors more proficient. And as more and more people cast aside those Matsuda frames and queue up for the Zap, thick, cumbersome glasses may become a twentieth-century relic. ▬

You’ve Com Long

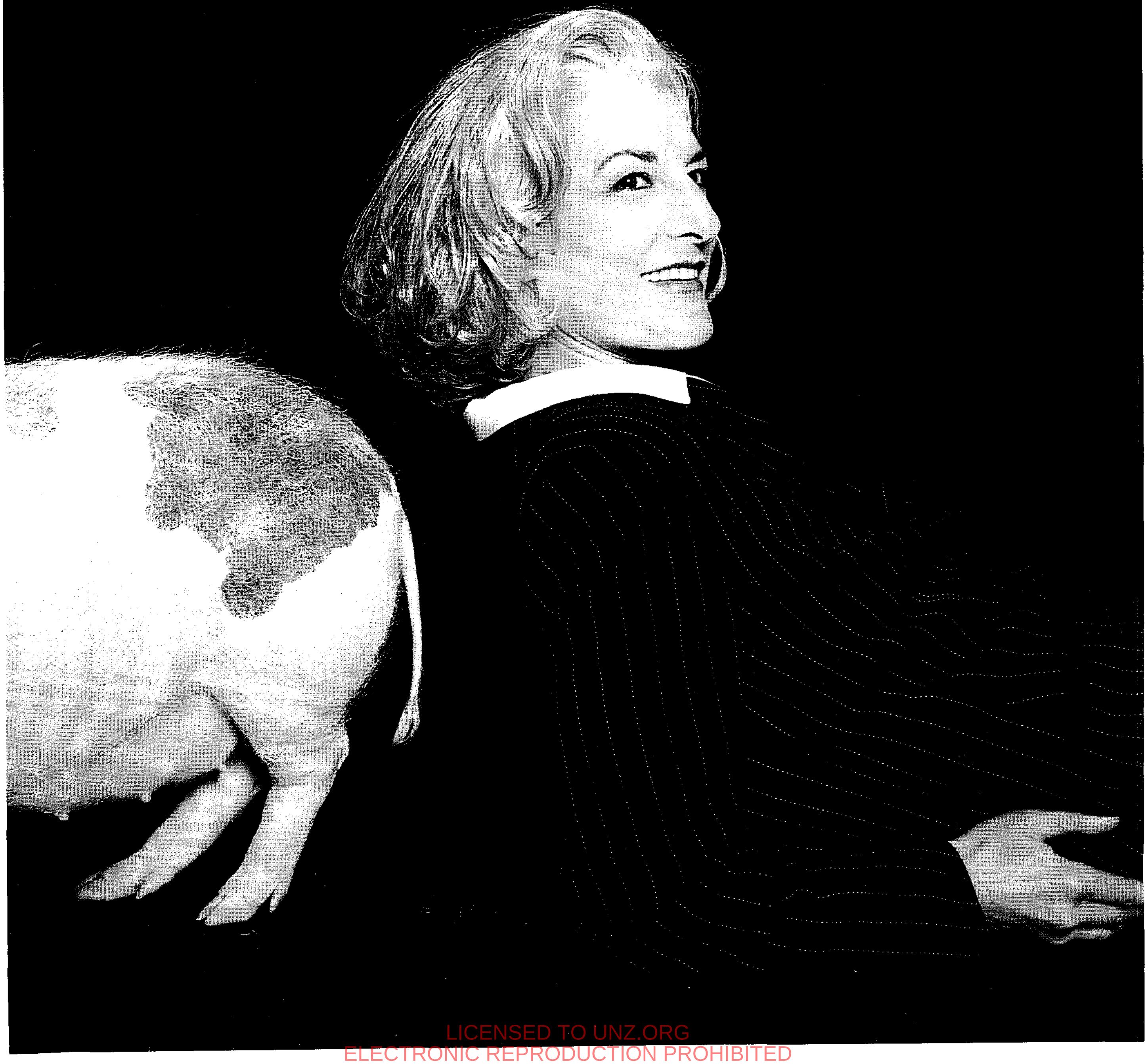
Jacoby & Meyers, the firm whose TV ads made it a legal laughingstock, is 25 years old and back on the air with a campaign that aims to have the last laugh. Can top partner Gail Koff win respect for her lawyers with a spot starring a bankrupt pig?

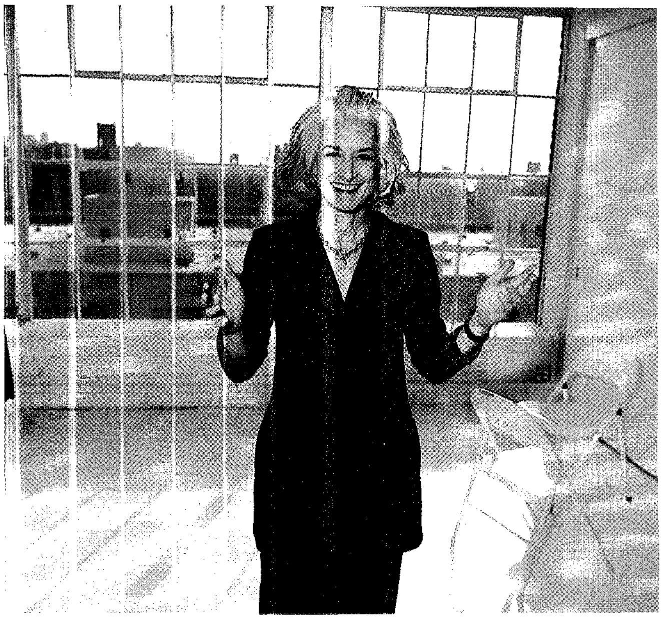
By Rob Walker

‘HAVE THEY TAKEN the pig out?” Gail Koff addresses this question to no one in particular as she glides across the soundstage in Long Island City, where she is overseeing an attempt to remake the public image of Jacoby & Meyers, the law firm that has figured in more punch lines than any other in America. And it seems that this pig—a fat, pink, eighteen-inch-high object with movable facial features, crafted

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS BUCK
FOR NEW YORK

e a
Way, Babe





Gail Koff became the firm's third partner in 1978. "People here haven't gotten the credit they deserve," she says.

"by an expert pig-maker in Los Angeles," Koff says—has a role to play in her scheme.

Not surprisingly, considering that Jacoby & Meyers is practically synonymous with lawyer advertising, that scheme's centerpiece is a new series of television spots designed to stand out from the parade of portly guys in bad ties promising to get you all the money you deserve. The pig (which a slot on the back reveals to be a piggy bank) now being lifted gingerly out of its box by a set designer will soon be placed on a fake window ledge, where it will be filmed in various attitudes of despondency. Later in the production process, a piteous violin soundtrack will be added. Once it's clear that disuse has driven this little piggy to contemplate the great beyond, its lonely image will be replaced by titles: "Bankruptcy? Our lawyers have an average of 15 years' experience. Call 1-800-97-LEGAL. Jacoby & Meyers. Problem solved."

This commercial—along with three similarly cheeky spots about divorce and personal injuries, all filmed over two days in the same Queens studio and airing in New York last month—is as good an indicator as any of what's to become of Jacoby & Meyers after Jacoby and Meyers. California-based Leonard Jacoby, who in 1972 co-founded with Stephen Meyers what would become a chain of legal storefronts, formally split with the New York firm in 1995, in a messy public divorce that culminated in a lawsuit, a wave of humiliating publicity—and some new punch lines. Meyers, who had made New York his home since 1984, died in a car wreck last April. Now, as the firm celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary, what comes next is largely up to Gail Koff. She became the firm's third partner upon founding its New York City office in 1978, a bit too late to see her name added to the legal profession's most vigorously marketed brand.

A slender 51-year-old with thick silver hair cut in a stylish tousle, Koff grew up in Westchester, spent her college years at Berkeley, and got her law degree from George Washington University. Advocating yoga, herbal medicine, and justice for all, Koff has a disarming confidence that seems more naturally suited to a Woody Allen set than to a Queens soundstage. She smiles often and becomes exasperated easily, particularly when discussing Jacoby & Meyers's unfortunate reputation. "A lot of people in the firm haven't gotten the credit they deserve," she complains. "They do great work for sixteen or eighteen years—and David Letterman makes a joke about them." Koff draws out her next words for emphasis: "And . . . that . . . bothers . . . me."

"We needed something new,"

says Koff—something that showed the firm was "approachable, warm, *human*."

To set things right, Koff awarded her firm's roughly $3 million advertising account last December to an edgy downtown agency called Mad Dogs & Englishmen. "Our ads were tired and old and we needed something new," she says—something that showed the firm was "approachable, warm, human." The pig ad and its counterparts will kick off this campaign in mid-February. Over time, Koff hopes, the campaign will more explicitly spruce up the image of Jacoby & Meyers in particular, and convince people that lawyers are not, in general, swine. But at this point, she is simply hoping that for once, viewers will be laughing *with* the firm instead of *at* it.

A FRIVOLOUS WAY FOR THE HEAD OF AN 85-LAWYER FIRM TO SPEND her time? To think so is to miss the whole point of Jacoby & Meyers. Advertising built the firm that Koff now runs. In fact, the philosophy of the firm Meyers founded with Len Jacoby in a small office in Van Nuys, California, back in September 1972 is most neatly summarized in a TV spot the firm aired within months of a 1977 Supreme Court decision that cleared the way for such commercials: "If you've got a legal problem and you're rich, you can afford any attorney. You're poor, you get free Legal Aid. But if you're in the middle, you should know about the legal clinic of Jacoby & Meyers."

That ad was a huge success. Over the next two decades, other ads placed the firm's name squarely in the pop-culture lexicon. "If you stop people on the street and ask them to name a law firm," says Douglas Lyons, who has handled Jacoby & Meyers's criminal work in New York for seven years, "they don't say 'White & Case' or 'Shearman & Sterling.' " The firm's bread-and-butter work in those early days—divorces, wills, and the like—wasn't exactly the stuff that makes great war stories. Its first client was a man who'd had his car repossessed. Nevertheless, its blue-collar marketing strategy ended up having profound effects on the practice of law. "We set out to revolutionize the legal profession, and we accomplished it," Jacoby says now. "Today, twenty years later, with lawyer advertising, consumers are so much more educated," Koff agrees. "The consumer is really in the driver's seat in terms of accessibility and availability."

The legal Establishment, however, tended to look down on the spectacle of lawyers shilling for business like used-car salesmen. Conrad Strabone, who runs the firm's Rego Park office, remembers going before judges who would "almost twitch" when the name Jacoby & Meyers was announced. That sort of reaction has largely faded in the bar, but in an era when lawyers in general are perceived as greedy, ambulance-chasing sharks, "Jacoby & Meyers" still serves as a sort of comedian's (and even journalist's) shorthand for low-rent attorneys at their most ridiculous.

In 1991, *The Manhattan Lawyer* recounted Sammy "the

Hair and makeup by Eric Spearman for Zoli Illusions NYC; Violet the pig by Dawn Animal Agency.

Bull" Gravano's playing wise guy to a judge, joking that he'd had trouble lining up a new lawyer while he was in prison because "Jacoby and Meyers don't come there." Just this past September, *The Late Show With David Letterman*'s list of "Signs the New Trial Isn't Going Well for O.J." was topped by: "His new dream team: Jacoby and Meyers."

This sort of attitude drives Koff and her lawyers crazy, and it's true that Jacoby & Meyers attorneys are far more experienced and competent than the monologues would have you believe. But part of what's made the firm into a comedic staple is its own untidy history.

AT ITS EIGHTIES PEAK, JACOBY & MEYERS EMployed 300 lawyers in 150 offices over six states, and reportedly grossed $20 million or more a year. But a legion of imitators matched the firm's prices, and before long it became clear that the economies of scale that allow, say, a fast-food chain to snuff out local rivals simply do not apply in the business of law. So the firm's ruling triumvirate began eyeing the potentially lucrative personal-injury market. "It's another way of protecting consumers," says Richard Schnall, who joined Jacoby & Meyers eight years ago to found its New York personal-injury unit.

It was also a way, if the firm won some big cases, to make a considerable profit—an area where Jacoby & Meyers's record has been rather undistinguished. Thus, in the early nineties, the firm shuttered dozens of branch offices even as it met the "huge start-up costs" associated with building a personal-injury (PI) practice, Schnall says. Meanwhile, the two co-founders, living on different coasts, had long since ceased seeing eye-to-eye on their firm's future. "The difference that Steve Meyers and I had," Jacoby says, "is that from about 1992, he felt that we should be exclusively a personal-injury law firm." Jacoby disagreed. "The accomplishment of providing across-the-board services to middle-income people was important," he says. "Steve Meyers lost interest in that." Things finally devolved to the point that in October 1995, Jacoby sued Meyers and Koff for breach of partnership, fraud, and emotional distress. The following January, the *Wall Street Journal* examined the feud in an embarrassing front-page story that lawyers at the firm still complain about.

"Did it affect business? It did, frankly, for a while," says Strabone. Phone calls slacked off noticeably for a good two months, he says, and lawyers and judges were asking him, "Well, what are you gonna do now?" But within the New York firm, estrangement from the West Coast office was such old news that the formalization of Jacoby's exit was hardly a cause for concern or even surprise. Jacoby insists that he keeps "an interest" in the firm, but he was notably absent from its twenty-fifth anniversary party, on February 11, which featured an Abraham Lincoln impersonator, Geraldo Rivera (Koff just closed a deal that will have Jacoby & Meyers providing legal support to any *Geraldo* guests who need it), and several hundred others. Koff said it would have been "too confusing" to have him at the event.

Though Jacoby's departure caused some problems, what was shocking—and what actually has had a much more tangible effect on the firm—was Steve Meyers's death in a car accident while en route to his Connecticut country house. The tragic event brought to an abrupt end any uncertainty about the firm's structure. "Steve was a PI guy," Strabone recalls. "Gail is, I think, more responsive to the needs of the regional offices. She's made it clear to everybody that we're going to sink or swim together." And make no mistake about it, he adds: "Gail *is* the firm."

AT THE END OF JANUARY, GAIL KOFF RECORDED A NEW MESSAGE FOR Jacoby & Meyers's 800 line. "Instead of having a canned voice operator," she explains, "I've got my own voice saying, 'I'm Gail Koff, founding partner of Jacoby & Meyers, and I appreciate your call and I want to get you to the office that's going to get you the attention that you need.' "

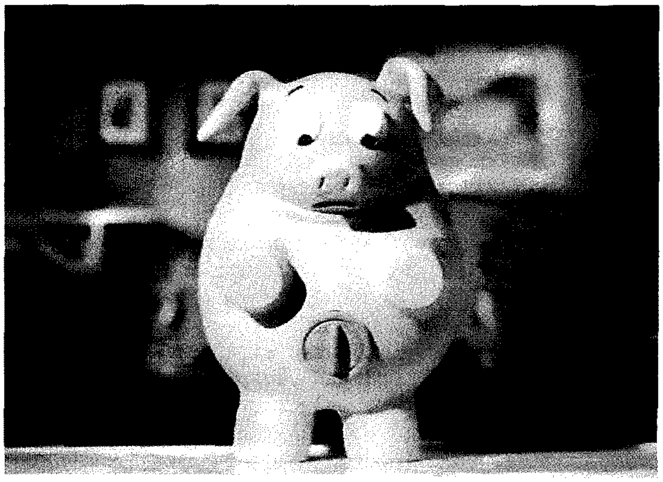
The onetime Skadden associate was never a silent partner, of course, but in the past nine months, she's begun to firmly put her imprimatur on the firm. Administrative-staff cuts have put more responsibility in the hands of lawyer-managers. More recently, she's tried to back up her new emphasis on customer service by sending fake, undercover customers to various offices to evaluate how lawyers treat clients. She's even planning a corporate retreat.

After "some bumpy years," says Koff, the firm is more stable than it's been in some time. The survivors of the early-nineties cutbacks are some of the firm's best and most experienced people. And the risky move into personal injury no longer seems like something that could sink the firm financially. Managing attorney Schnall points to recent victories like a $1.2 million settlement won by the family of a Bronx boy disfigured in a botched *Bris*. And the firm recently filed a $72 million civil suit against the Boy Scouts of America on behalf of four boys who say they were sexually abused at a Scout summer camp.

JUST FIVE YEARS OLD, MAD DOGS STYLES ITSELF AS A MAVERICK, anti-advertising agency. Its specialty: provocative, counterintuitive, even biting campaigns—its ads for Thom McAn, for example, had the shoemaker apologizing for its unhip offerings in the past. Its politics: unabashedly progressive—from doing pro bono work for NARAL to turning down business from Domino's. So isn't a middlebrow law firm an odd addition to a client roster that includes the likes of MTV and *Out*? "We mentioned in an agency meeting that we were going to a meeting with Jacoby & Meyers, and there was an 'Oh, my God, we're not going to do *that,* are we?' kind of response," concedes Mad Dogs president Robin Danielson. But the agency ended up competing aggressively after that first meeting with Koff, largely because, as chairman Nick Cohen says, "She was really cool."

Moreover, the Mad Dogs crew liked the idea that the firm helped democratize the law. "Jacoby & Meyers was responsible for starting the whole thing that, in the end, has given lawyers a bad rap," Cohen says, referring to the dial-a-lawyer ad phenomenon. "So it's kind of appropriate that [they] do something that's a bit more defining. They're a great company, and they deserve to do well."

Last year, Koff brought a group of Jacoby & Meyers lawyers to the Mad Dogs Flatiron loft to hear the agency's ideas. One involved a series of ads that would tell *(continued on page 88)*



Jacoby and Meyers turned to an edgy ad agency, Mad Dogs, to produce its new spots, which will hit the air this month.

FREEDY AT LAST

With his dark lyrics and upbeat tunes, singer proves that catchy can be complex. People are taking note.

BY CHRIS SMITH

SORROW, EMBARRASSMENT, SKEPTICISM. ALL THOSE feelings hit, in one rush, when Freedy Johnston begins crying in front of me.

Then I'm laughing. A quick, nervous *uh-heh-heh.* Here's a singer-songwriter whose work I admire, someone my age, sobbing without warning in the middle of an empty bar on a sunny Thursday afternoon. Worse, it's another *guy*.

As if that weren't confusing enough, before Johnston finishes wiping his eyes, he gets angry. "Don't do me wrong and put this in the article, that I got all emotional!" he snaps. " 'Cause that is really not fair. My feelings are genuine, but they're not a hook to sell records. I'm doing all right. I got a lot of stuff in my past, but hey, man, I have no interest in retailing my pain. I say enough in the songs."

Great—now I get to add guilt to my tangle of reactions. Clearly this isn't icky, Tori Amos–style weepiness. But what is it? Johnston won't explain his tears.

Later, when we're both dry-eyed and our beers are empty, I attempt a question about his late father, a pilot. Johnston, short and lean, has been prickly whenever I edge near the biographical. But this time, a story emerges fully formed: "I remember it very well, going up in a Cessna with my dad. He and my brother, who is two years younger, loved to fly. My brother would egg him on—'Do some kind of move!' And he'd do a bank turn, and another bank turn." Johnston traces gentle rolls with his hands.

"I was just screaming and crying. And Dad was getting annoyed with me: 'Shut up! What's your problem?' Certainly not fun at all. I guess that's my one wish in life, to never have to get into an airplane. Flying in an airliner is at least fairly comfortable; the movements aren't terribly dramatic. But in a small plane, it's terrible. You feel everything."

Johnston's gift is that he can distill hurt, desire, and all the complicated shadows in between into an electric-guitar tone and a couple of vivid phrases. It makes listening to his new album, *Never Home,* a rich and turbulent ride. You feel everything. But Johnston has to live with all those churning currents.

AS 1994 BEGAN, THE PRESIDENT OF VH1, JOHN SYKES, PREDICTED three big winners in the upcoming rock-and-roll year. His first choice was a tough babe who'd been a backup singer for Michael Jackson; his second was a cuddly bar band from South Carolina. Sheryl Crow and Hootie & the Blowfish went on to do just fine.

Sykes's third pick was Freedy Johnston. His album *This Perfect World* collected spectacular reviews, and *Rolling Stone* named Johnston its songwriter of the year. But Freedy proved a much tougher sell at Wal-Mart, for good reason: *This Perfect World* is full of darkly literary writing that combines the nuanced texture of a Walker Evans photograph with the prairie ache of a Merle Haggard tune. Pleasant pop melodies cloak disturbing little tales of murder and suicide. Plus Johnston, 36, has a high, quirky voice and the hairline of a middle-aged accountant. He would seem a true long shot for mainstream success.

"Well, I still believe in him," Sykes says. "You can close your eyes listening to Freedy and see a John Sayles movie or a Larry McMurtry novel. He's one of the great American storytellers—he finds the real flat parts of life and gets in between them, emotionally. It takes time to see the genius in his music. No matter how well he's doing now, his songs will easily outlive him."

That's the kind of double-edged compliment Johnston can appreciate. *Never Home* contains some of the sunniest material Johnston has ever written. "It's kind of strange to me, because I had a really difficult year in '96," he says. "A death in the family, combined with the pressure of working on a record—it just made it horrible. The worst year. Just the worst. And yet, some of these really upbeat songs came out of that. Maybe it was a reaction. I just got so tired of being down."

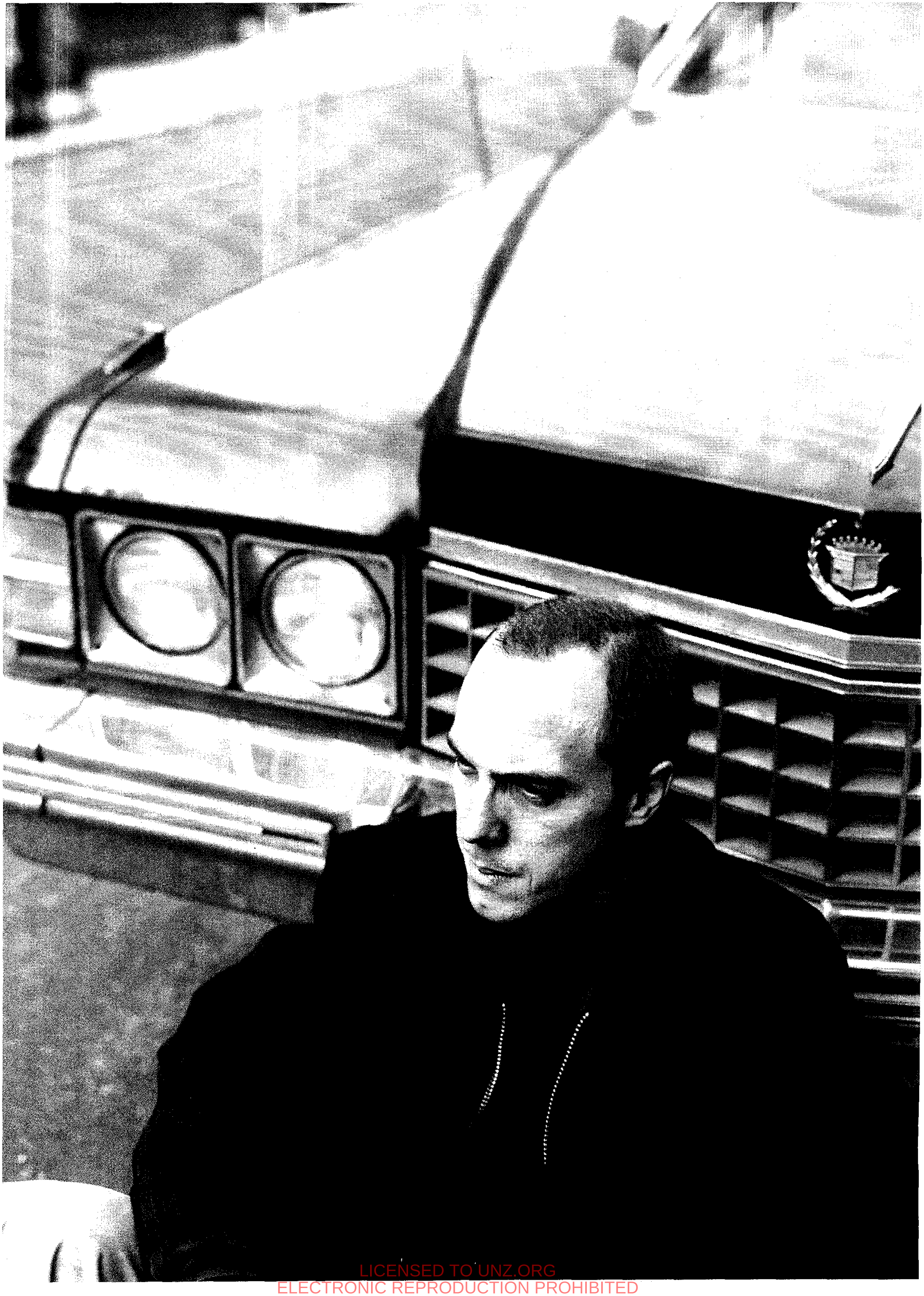
Born in Kinsley, Kansas, a speck of a farming town, Johnston grew up as Fred Fatzer, a shy, smart kid with glasses and a vague sense of isolation. That feeling deepened when he was 7 and his parents split up. He lived for a time with his grandparents in the arid suburbs of Phoenix. Listening to seventies AM radio, he built a dream out of Steely Dan, Elton John, and Led Zeppelin, and nurtured it with a mail-order guitar.

Johnston spent eight years writing songs and playing them into a four-track tape machine, telling hardly anyone, even after he moved to New York. For his new town, he styled himself Freedy, his mother's playful twist on Fred; Johnston was her maiden name (his mom, who died last fall, was proud of him though "she didn't quite get what I was doing"). He was an office boy for a midtown architect when a distant cousin's roommate heard a few of Johnston's songs and volunteered to pass a tape to an editor he knew, Julie Just at *The New Yorker.* Just told her boyfriend, music journalist Michael Azerrad, who passed the tape to Bar/None, a small, adventurous record label in Hoboken.

After two indie albums drew a passionate cult following, Elektra signed Johnston and released *Perfect World.* Intense reactions to it still move him: "Somebody will come up to me after a show and say, you know, 'I really understand what you're saying.' People go through all kinds of shit. You know how tragic life is. And they look for little things to make, uh"—this is where the unexpected tears began—"to make sense of life. It's probably gonna sound pretty hokey if I keep saying this in successive interviews, but it's a really gratifying thing, to be able to help people."

For *Never Home,* Johnston teamed for the first time with guitarist-producer Danny Kortchmar, a veteran of James Taylor's best seventies work as well as records by Don Henley and Neil Young. "Kootch and I agreed that the greatest songs ever, the most successful songs, are songs that are understandable right away," he says. "You *get* it—like 'I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry,' or 'Tracks of My Tears.' Lyrically, the pull into the song is very clear. Kootch said, 'I want to be able to come to the studio at the start of the day, read the lyrics, and get the song.' So that was hard. It's hard to be poetic—not poetic, that's an

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN CHAVKIN
FOR *NEW YORK*



LAST CALL . . .

40-50%

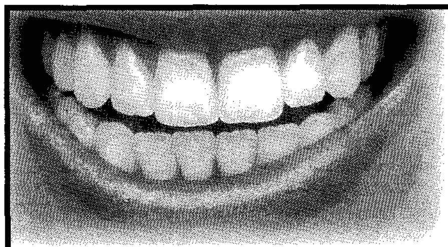
OFF REG. DISC. PRICE With this ad thru March 20

ENTIRE MILLION DOLLAR
IMPORTED & DOMESTIC
COAT & SHEARLING
WINTER COLLECTION

New Spring Arrivals Daily
Suits, Dresses, Sportswear
Coats, Rainwear, Shoes & Bags
TAKE AN EXTRA
20%
off orig. disc. price
OUR DRESSY SPRING SUIT COLLECTION
with this ad / thru March 20

287 7th Avenue, Cor. 26th St.
New York, N.Y. (212) 924-6656
BROOKLYN: (718) 438-2636
LIVINGSTON: (201) 992-8777
Hours: Sun.-Thurs. 10-6:30 Fri 10-3:30, Closed Sat.

S&W



DENTAL IMPLANT CENTRE

RONALD A. BULARD DDS
BOARD CERTIFIED DIPLOMATE
American Board of Oral Implantology/Implant Dentistry

166 EAST 61ST STREET
(bet. 3rd & Lexington Ave.)
NEW YORK, NY 10021
(212) 371-3488

FULL SERVICE DENTAL IMPLANT PRACTICE
- SURGICAL PLACEMENT AND RESTORATION
- MAINTENANCE AND REPAIR

cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway? Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs? Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
How about dinner after the show? Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

CUE-The weekly guide to everything that's worth seeing and doing in the most exciting city in the world. See it every week in

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

empty word—to have subtle language and yet still make sense. That was a different way of working for me."

That Johnston has stripped down the imagery and retained the complexities of feeling makes *Never Home* a major success. "He Wasn't Murdered" is both a surging, crank-it-up rocker and a precise, *noir*-ish short story. "On the Way Out" is shoplifting set to a Buddy Holly beat. Johnston, though, still seems to be waging a debate in his head. When I wonder whether listeners who loved *Perfect World* for its mysteries will be disappointed, Johnston's jaw tightens. "For the die-hard fans who want me to write Elvis Costello–level complicated lyrics, or Mekons-type lyrics where it's like, 'Oh, I get that! I finally get it!'—that wasn't my goal," he says. "I wasn't going to put in some vague, bullshit, throwaway non sequitur just because it sounded cool."

Yet when I praise "You Get Me Lost," a gorgeous, unabashedly simple ballad, Johnston slumps, glum. "Ohhh," he exhales. "I wrote the lyrics early on, and they just never—nothing else ever presented itself. I wish they were more profound."

Other musicians find plenty of depth in Johnston's work. Stars like Pete Townshend and Joan Osborne gush compliments (at Osborne's request, Johnston is writing a song for her). Johnston is more likely to hang out with Jeff Tweedy of Wilco or lesser-known folks from the East Village–Hoboken brainy roots-music scene, including Marshall Crenshaw, Syd Straw, and Kevin Salem, and he occasionally plays with a loose band called the Know-It-All Boyfriends in downtown bars. The Lakeside Lounge, an Avenue B joint with prime George Jones on the jukebox, says Johnston, is "my living room."

NEVER HOME IS FULL OF LEAVINGS, TURNINGS, and losings, of solitary men driving into the rain with faraway women on their minds, all set to sneakily catchy roots-rock melodies. The ballad "Western Sky" needs only two lines to draw the listener irretrievably into the lonely landscape: "A pilot's son won't fly / So it's a two-day drive."

"I'm a guy who lives on his own, so that's my general viewpoint," Johnston says. "And yet I think this time I've tried to expand it. Every guy on the album isn't a lonely, confused guy. But that's been my experience in life."

Years ago, he wrote a song around his anguished decision to sell the family farm to feed his fledgling band. A good investment, but a bittersweet sense of dispossession still weaves through his music. Johnston has now lived in New York longer than anywhere else. He loves the East Village, considers it home. He's looking to buy an apartment, settle down. Just as soon as he gets back from the road. ■

Can The Laser Everyone's Talking About Correct Your Vision?

Ask An Expert.

Everyone's talking about the simple, precise laser vision correction procedure that can reduce or even eliminate your dependence on glasses and contacts. In recent studies, it improved distance vision for every patient. In fact after one year, 98% of them are seeing 20/40 or better. But is it right for you?

Find out by calling 20/20 Laser Services. Our New York area network of doctors includes some of the nation's most experienced laser vision correction experts. And all 20/20 doctors are trained above and beyond the most stringent FDA requirements. So call for more information, or a free consultation with one of our experts today.

T
W E
N T Y
TWENTY
LASER SERVICES
SM

Free Consultation

20/20 Laser Services 1-800-LOOK-2020

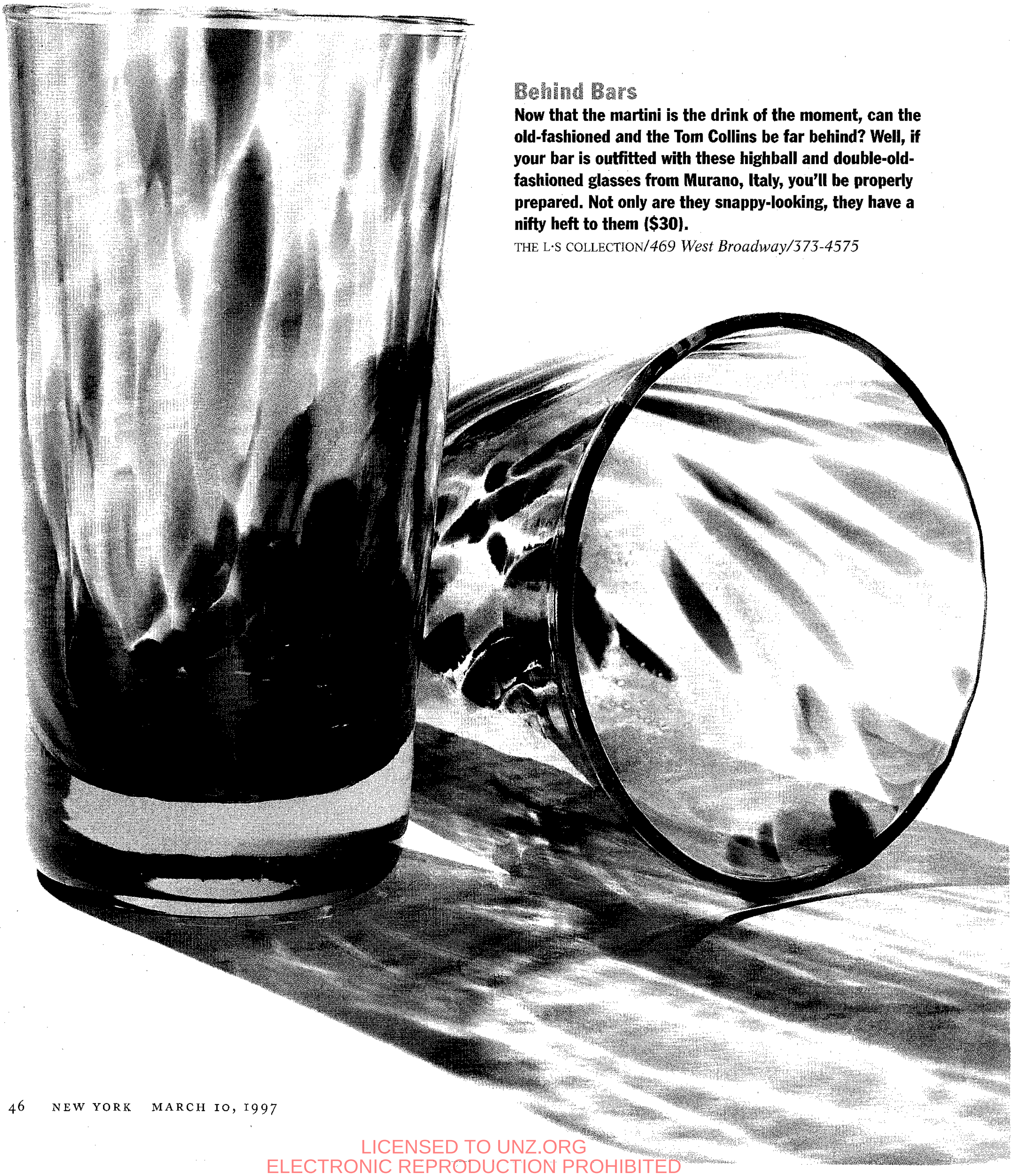
Manhattan Garden City White Plains Fair Lawn Somerset

All respondents will receive a complete description of laser vision correction's risks and benefits. Our free consultation is not an annual or complete eye exam.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

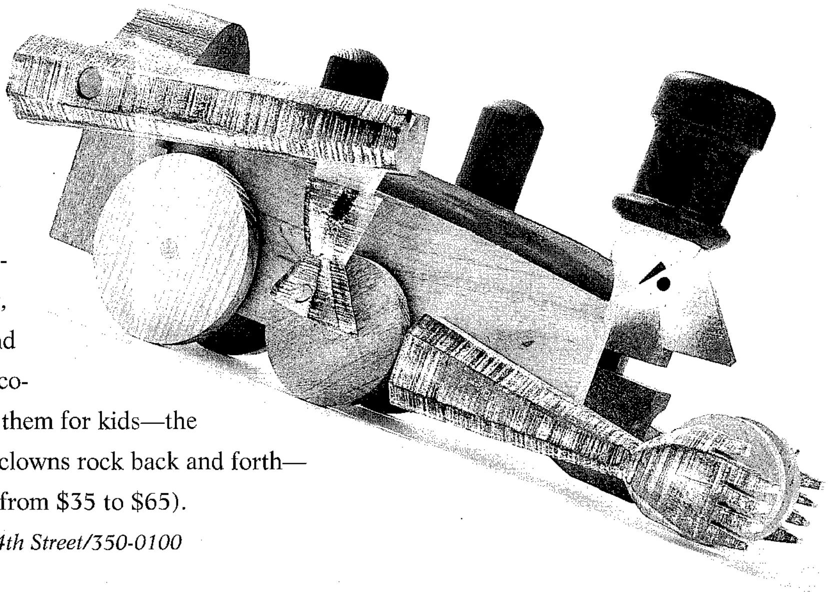


Behind Bars

Now that the martini is the drink of the moment, can the old-fashioned and the Tom Collins be far behind? Well, if your bar is outfitted with these highball and double-old-fashioned glasses from Murano, Italy, you'll be properly prepared. Not only are they snappy-looking, they have a nifty heft to them ($30).

THE L·S COLLECTION/*469 West Broadway/373-4575*

Chiseled Creatures



It's not surprising to learn that Miroslav Trejtnar was trained in puppetry: The faces on his wooden playthings have that sweetly demented Punch-and-Judy look. Trejtnar, an award-winning Czech artist, hand-carves his toys from beech and linden, then decorates them with eco-friendly paints. Though he created them for kids—the wheels actually go around and the clowns rock back and forth—parents may have trouble sharing (from $35 to $65).

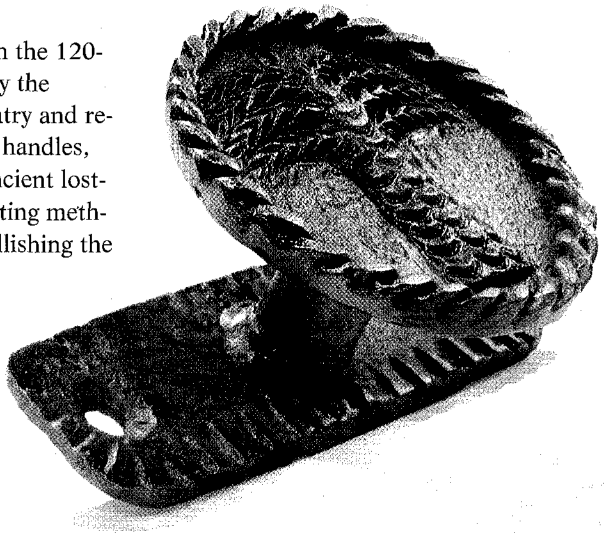
TAKASHIMAYA/*693 Fifth Avenue, near 54th Street/350-0100*

Mod Hatters

Jody and David Rodriguez began their careers designing hats for L.A. club kids. They've since moved to New York, so now their chapeaus are sort of whimsically hip: La-La Land meets SoHo. At Casa de Rodriguez (their store and showroom) the couple like to work with traditional shapes—the pillbox, fez, beehive, jockey cap, and musketeer. But they redefine these classics, using such unlikely fabrics as rubberized burlap, terry cloth, chenille, corduroy, even vinylized picnic tablecloths. Inasmuch as the store is also their workroom, the pair can customize a hat in an hour, changing the fabric and the size (from $45 for a knit cap to $85 for a burlap Tyrolean to $350 for a python-skin-and-vintage-corduroy fez).

CASA DE RODRIGUEZ/*150 Spring Street/Third floor/965-1927*

Pipe Dreams



Ghanaian artisans have taken detritus from the 120-year-old brass plumbing system installed by the British during their occupation of the country and recycled it into rather splendid knobs, pulls, handles, and escutcheons. The craftsmen use the ancient lost-wax technique, one of the oldest metal-casting methods, hand-sculpting each mold, then embellishing the resultant hardware with traditional motifs. These brass artists are members of Aid to Artisans, a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping craftspeople around the world (from $18 for a pull to $52 for an escutcheon).

SIMON'S HARDWARE & BATH/*421 Third Avenue, near 29th Street/532-9220*

THE GOODS EVA POMICE

Coming Clean

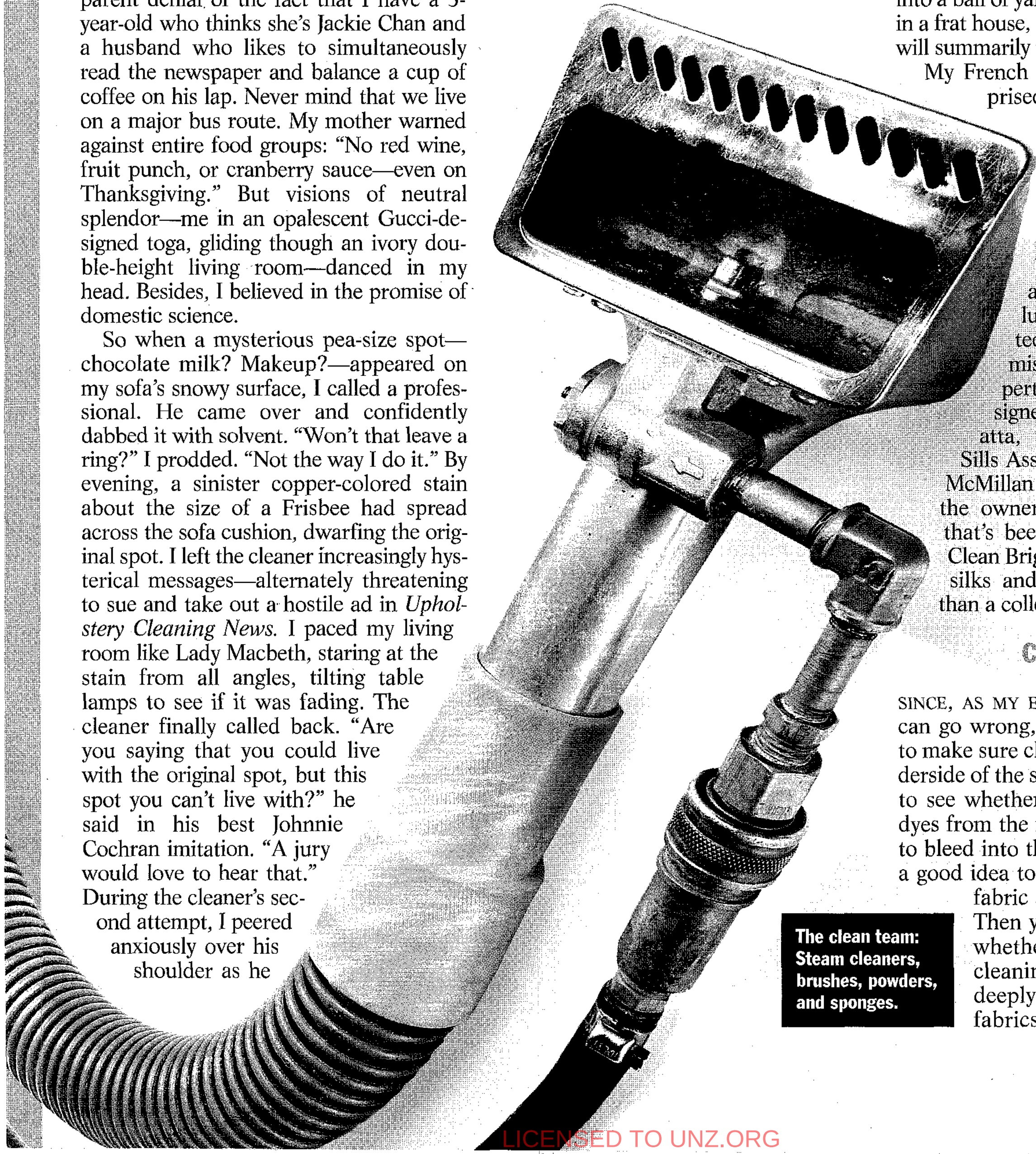
What happens when red wine meets white sofa? A down-and-dirty guide to **furniture cleaning** *and* **stainproofing** *in the city of grime.*

THEY TRIED TO STOP ME, BUT I bought it anyway: a white sofa. “Whaddaya think, you’re Lana Turner?” my friend Donna quipped. “Moving to Florida and you forget to tell us?” my grandmother asked. To them, it was the ultimate folly, a transparent denial of the fact that I have a 3-year-old who thinks she’s Jackie Chan and a husband who likes to simultaneously read the newspaper and balance a cup of coffee on his lap. Never mind that we live on a major bus route. My mother warned against entire food groups: “No red wine, fruit punch, or cranberry sauce—even on Thanksgiving.” But visions of neutral splendor—me in an opalescent Gucci-designed toga, gliding though an ivory double-height living room—danced in my head. Besides, I believed in the promise of domestic science.

So when a mysterious pea-size spot—chocolate milk? Makeup?—appeared on my sofa’s snowy surface, I called a professional. He came over and confidently dabbed it with solvent. “Won’t that leave a ring?” I prodded. “Not the way I do it.” By evening, a sinister copper-colored stain about the size of a Frisbee had spread across the sofa cushion, dwarfing the original spot. I left the cleaner increasingly hysterical messages—alternately threatening to sue and take out a hostile ad in *Upholstery Cleaning News.* I paced my living room like Lady Macbeth, staring at the stain from all angles, tilting table lamps to see if it was fading. The cleaner finally called back. “Are you saying that you could live with the original spot, but this spot you can’t live with?” he said in his best Johnnie Cochran imitation. “A jury would love to hear that.” During the cleaner’s second attempt, I peered anxiously over his shoulder as he doused the stain with more chemicals. “This purified peroxide formula should release the oxygen in the fabric, which will allow it to return to a neutral state,” he explained. “Watch now as the ring vanishes.” A regular David Copperfield. The stain fizzed, turned bright white, then brown again. “Hmm,” he mused. “I’ve never seen that reaction before.” My couch was turning into a chemistry experiment.

Undefeated, I had the whole sofa cleaned to get the ring out. The ring came out, but the sofa turned yellow. I had it bleached. The fabric rotted and a few months later turned yellow again. Now if you were to pull on a loose thread, my sofa would turn into a ball of yarn. It looks like it once lived in a frat house, the kind of furniture Goodwill summarily rejects for pickup.

My French friend Sandra wasn’t surprised by my experience: “In Paris, when they say they know how to do things, they know.” In New York, anyone with a spray bottle and a van can go into the upholstery-cleaning business. And if your sofa is an unwitting victim, good luck getting redress. To protect myself from future mishaps, I sought out some expert advice, asking the top designers who they use. Mario Buatta, Mark Hampton, Stephen Sills Associates, David Easton, and McMillan all sent me to Bob Kleber, the owner of Clean Bright, a firm that’s been in business since 1956. Clean Bright routinely cleans delicate silks and damasks that cost more than a college education.



The clean team: Steam cleaners, brushes, powders, and sponges.

CLEANING

SINCE, AS MY EXPERIENCE REVEALS, A LOT can go wrong, Kleber advises customers to make sure cleaners run tests on the underside of the sofa’s skirt or a back corner, to see whether the fabric is colorfast or dyes from the interior stuffings are going to bleed into the material when wet. (It’s a good idea to know the content of your fabric and keep a swatch handy.) Then your cleaner can determine whether to use a water-based cleaning method, which cleans deeply but can damage delicate fabrics, or a dry-cleaning one, which is safer but cleans only the fabric's surface. "The challenge is to remove the dirt," says Kleber, "but preserve the original appearance and feel of the material."

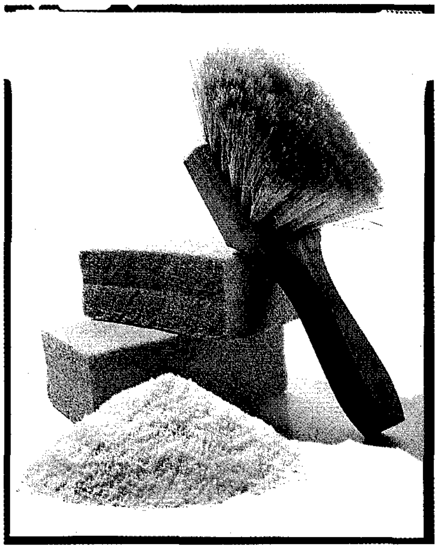
Once you've found a good cleaner, resist the temptation to overclean. "With upholstery cleaning, the less, the better," says Kleber, who recommends cleaning upholstered furniture once every other year or, if you're very hard on it, once a year. Jay Rothman, Classic Sofa's in-house designer, is even more conservative. "I don't believe in cleaning unless you've really gotten the sofa wrecked," he says. "It's no different from cleaning your clothes. The more times you clean it, the quicker the fabric loses resiliency and body."

The easiest fabrics to clean are synthetics, especially the -ons—rayon, nylon, Herculon, and so on—and cotton and wool blends, because they tend to be stable and colorfast. Leather is relatively easy to clean, but needs to be treated with a moisturizer afterward to prevent cracking. Many other all-natural fabrics, especially fine cottons, silks, and velvets, should be cleaned with great care since although stains might well come out, the fabrics could cave under pressure. It's sometimes better to live with a spot than to risk exposing them to harsh chemicals. Multicolored fabrics, appealing because they hide stains, can also be tricky to clean because the dyes may bleed into one another when wet.

"Hmm," the cleaner mused. "I've never seen that reaction before." My couch was turning into a **chemistry experiment.**

Some stains that may not budge: red wine (my mother was right), Kool-Aid, ink, newsprint, pet stains—especially from cats—and chocolate. Interior designer Libby Cameron recalls a new white chair fatally mauled by a child's chocolate-covered fingers. "It was hopeless," she says. "Speaking from experience—I have three children and three dogs—there are a lot of stains that don't come out. They give your house character and a broken-in look."

But even in the hardscrabble upholstery-cleaning trade, there are moments of inspiration. For Jim Hoey, president of Rainbow Carpet Cleaning, it came the day a client forgot she was dyeing her hair and leaned back in a chair. "Brown hair dye on a white velvet chair," says Hoey. "I was merely going through the motions of cleaning it. But it came right out. I didn't want her to know I was more surprised than she was."



PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEDJELJKO MATURA
FOR *NEW YORK*

DOING IT YOURSELF

THE WORST CLEANING SINS ARE OFTEN COMmitted by overzealous do-it-yourselfers. This is not the time to see whether peanut butter gets out grape juice. "Recently at a client's house, I put some club soda on a stain. And all it did was spread the thing more. Then I tried taking the fabric off, and it came apart in my hands," says Mario Buatta. "These days, you have no idea what the content of the fabric is. You can get yourself in a lot of trouble."

In an emergency, blot the stain with a clean white cloth. Rubbing it will only make things worse. A few over-the-counter spot cleaners will do in a pinch, especially if you plan to throw your sofa out as soon as you move to a bigger place. "There are a lot of decent upholstery cleaners in the supermarket, like Resolve and Woolite foam," says Classic Sofa's Rothman. "I've used them and had good results." But don't use soap and water. "On most fabrics, they'll make a black circle and leave a ring that's very difficult to get out."

STAINPROOFING

IF ONLY FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL PURPOSES, IT'S worth stainproofing fabrics, although the cleaning cognoscenti scoff at the notion. All treatments rub off with time, sometimes even in weeks. (Some fabrics are chemically treated during the manufacturing process to the point of being nearly indestructible, but they're often more geared toward commercial than residential use. Think waiting-room sofas.)

Fiber-Seal, a fabric treatment applied by a company of the same name, is recommended by Classic Sofa and interior designers Mariette Himes Gomez and Juan Montoya. Unlike Scotchguard, which sits on the surface of the fabric and wears off with use, Fiber-Seal permeates the fabric. But it, too, has a limited lifetime, and the company suggests that you have your furniture treated every year and a half, and always after cleaning. Libby Cameron swears by Pro Seal Plus, a company that treats fabrics before they are used for upholstery. (The fabric is shipped to Pro Seal, which then sends it to the upholsterer.) Pro Seal claims its treatment lasts through eight or ten cleanings because it has a chemical rather than a water base. "You can pour coffee or motor oil on a fabric treated by them and you have a good chance of getting it out," says Cameron.

For cost-effective stainproofing, Buatta suggests buying a few cans of Scotchguard and spraying it on yourself.

LOW EXPECTATIONS

EVEN WITH THE MOST ADVANCED CLEANING and protection methods at their disposal, New Yorkers in particular shouldn't expect miracles. "New York has the worst dirt of any place I've every seen," says Bob Kleber. "It has the dirtiest dirt and the grimiest grime." And we are "the hardest-living people." According to Kleber, there are more individual "sitdowns" per chair in this city than anywhere else in the country.

As for my own shell of a sofa, after considering everything from another cleaning attempt to slipcovers to a full-tilt re-upholstering, complete with fringe and piping, I've decided to simply wait until it disintegrates. More than once, the mere sight of it has stopped me from another act of decorating hubris. ■

Details

Price estimates are for a seven-foot sofa.

- **Mario Buatta, Mark Hampton, Stephen Sills Associates, David Easton, McMillan, and other top designers all recommend Clean Bright (283-6400), which charges about $175 to clean a standard sofa and a third of the overall price to Scotchguard.**
- **Fiber-Seal (888-1070) charges about $140 to stainproof a sofa and for eighteen months afterward will send a technician to spot-clean stubborn stains free of charge. For overall cleaning, Fiber-Seal recommends Cohen Carpet, Upholstery, and Drapery Cleaning (663-6902), which charges about $140 to clean a sofa.**
- **Classic Sofa sends clients to Delmont Cleaners (513-7500), which charges about $105 to clean a sofa; Scotchguard is an additional $25.**
- **For cleaning, designer Libby Cameron prefers Carpet Patrol (398-5574), which charges $125 to clean and Scotchguard; for stain protection, Pro-Seal (800-754-0381), which charges $2.35 per yard of fabric.**
- **Parish Hadley suggests Buff-Away of Manhattan (477-7100), about $140 to clean and Scotchguard.**
- **ABC Carpet & Home uses Kevin Griffin of Designer Upholstery and Furniture Service (718-461-0906), $120 to clean a sofa; $75 extra for stainproofing.**
- **Gomez Associates recommends Rainbow Carpet Cleaning (718-347-5560), which charges $126 to clean a sofa; $60 for Scotchguarding.**

SALES & BARGAINS DANY LEVY

B-Wear

Things worth making a beeline for: Bendel's **bargain bins**, *boxers and briefs, a* **book membership** *for bibliophiles, and bags for the buying spree.*

THE FOLKS OVER AT BENDEL'S ARE culling merch from all six of their locations to stock their biannual warehouse sale. With prices at 60 to 80 percent off retail, you can finally indulge in that snappy little sweater vest you've been hemming and hawing about. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., near 40th St. (call 704-7414 for info); A.E., M.C., V.; preview Mon. 12–7 for Henri Bendel cardholders and invited guests; Tues.–Wed. 8–7; Thurs. 8–8, Fri. 8–6; 3/3–3/7.*

Mane Idea

HAIR-CARE AFICIONADOS: THE PIETRO SAlon is now seriously discounting all Phyto, Aveda, Nexxus, and Paul Mitchell products by 40 percent. For example, Phyto 7, was $18, now $10.80, Aveda cherry-almond bark conditioner, was $13, now $7.80; Nexxus Humectress, was $16, now $9.60. Phone orders are welcome. *Pietro Salon, 1590 First Ave., near 83rd St. (517-9713); checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 10–7; 3/3–3/31.*

Must Have **Those with a serious chocolate libido should get to know the TruffleMistress, whose handmade confections sell at the Barefoot Contessa and at Agata & Valentina. Now addicts can have the goodies delivered monthly, bimonthly, or quarterly or buy boxes of her gold-dusted truffles singly. Usually $25, they're now $21.25. *TruffleMistress, 780-9771; 3/3–3/21.***

Brief Story

UNDER WARES, THE DEFINITIVE OUTPOST FOR underthings for men, is now having a sale: Calvin Klein mesh underwear, was $10, now $7; Schiesser knit-cotton boxer shorts, were $35, now $17.50; Hanro colored V-neck shirt, was $57.50, now $25. Also on sale are Adidas and Calida lines and Speedo swimwear. *Under Wares, 210 E. 58th St. (838-1200); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–7, Sat. 10–6; Sun. 12–5; 3/3–3/9.*

Midtown Gowns

KAVANAGH'S—A TROVE OF USED DESIGNER clothing situated in the otherwise bleak shopping terrain of the East Forties—is owned by the former director of personal shopping at Bergdorf Goodman. Most of her impeccably selected stock is now on sale: Hermès pea jacket, was $900, now $450; Valentino three-piece suit, was $720, now $360; and all fall Chanel merchandise is marked down at least $200. *Kavanagh's, 146 E. 49th St. (702-0152); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–4; 3/3–3/31.*

Book Club

THE GENERAL SOCIETY LIBRARY, A nookish haven in midtown that was recently refurbished by a grant from the Brooke Astor Foundation, usually sells yearly memberships only, for $35. But for the week of March 3–10, new subscribers can get a three-month membership for $10. *General Society Library, 20 W. 44th St. (921-1767); checks accepted; Mon.–Thurs. 9–7, Fri. 9–5; 3/3–3/10.*

Carry-All

GOLDPFEIL, MAKER OF CHOICE leather goods like handbags, briefcases, and luggage, is closing its New Jersey warehouse. So the entire collection is 50 to 80 percent off: Edition Collection Kelly bag, was $782, now $391; Oxford Collection briefcase, was $1,453, now $726.50; wallets and small accessories run $20–$100. Catalogue orders are welcome. *Goldpfeil, 777 Madison Ave., near 66th St. (472-4500); A.E. M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 3/3–5/3.*

Cut Rates

SAM WONG HAIR—A SOHO SALON EVERY bit as minimalist-sleek as its environs—is clipping its prices. For the month of March, new clients can get haircuts, usually $55, for $38.50; haircuts with Sam, usually $75, now $52.50; Goldwell single-process color, was $55–$65, now $38.50–$45; highlights, were $125, now $75. Manicures are free with a haircut on Fri. and Sat. *Sam Wong Hair, 112 Mercer St. (219-9833); cash only; Tues.–Sat. 11–7; 3/3–3/31.*

Lights on Lex

CALGER LIGHTING, A SHOWROOM USUALLY open only to interior designers and architects, is moving its New York Design Center showroom up a flight. So, for two weeks, it's open to the public, with lamps priced 50 to 60 percent below retail. For example, table lamp, was $660, now $275; wall sconce, was $300, now $75. *Calger Lighting, 200 Lexington Ave., Suite 801, near 32nd St. (689-9511); checks accepted, merchandise held till they clear; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5; 3/3–3/14.*

Hide Away

CORTINA LEATHERS, SUPPLIER OF ITALIAN upholstery leather to spots like the Gap, J. Crew, and Ralph Lauren, has an overwhelming stash of black leather to clear out. Normally $4.95 per square foot, it's now $2.95. *Cortina Leathers, by appointment (463-0645); 3/3–3/31.* ▬

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photograph by Minh + Wass.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Socks and Violence

John Patrick Shanley's 'Psychopathia Sexualis' is a salty boulevard comedy with a bittersweet theme; Alfred Uhry revisits his old turf in 'Ballyhoo.'

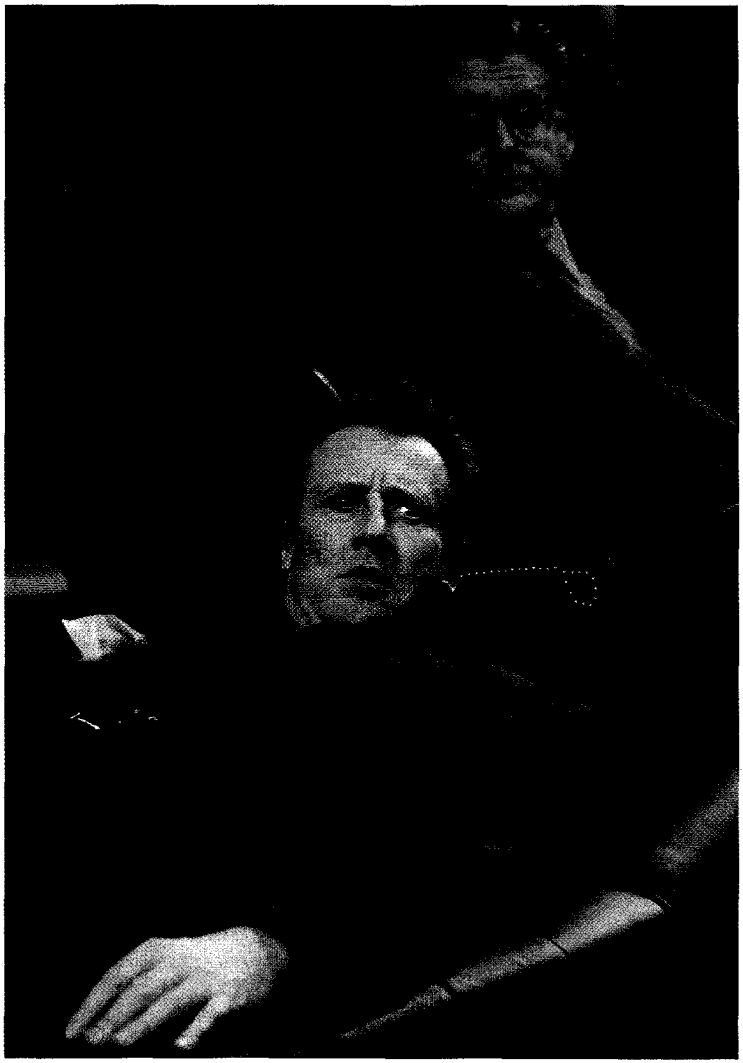
JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS UNSAFE (AFTER *Missing/Kissing*) to go to another John Patrick Shanley play, along comes **Psychopathia Sexualis,** and the case is altered. Not only is Shanley's craft not ebbing, but it is actually at high tide. Krafft-Ebing believed that masturbation led to aberrations, but if *Missing/Kissing* can lead to the current play, the good doctor must have been wrong.

Shanley has written what on the surface is a deft boulevard comedy, but one with thought-provoking depths. The insecure Arthur, about to marry the iron-butterflyish southern belle Lucille, cannot have sex without socks—his father's argyles, to be exact—not on his feet, just close at hand. But Dr. Block, a Freudian, after six years of analysis, has confiscated the not-so-guileless argyles. Will this prevent Arthur from marrying Lucille or make him a more fit husband? And what of his best friend, Howard, who is to be his best man, and whose marriage to Ellie is itself on shaky footing?

Howard quit his lucrative job as an international stock analyst (non-Freudian) to enjoy early retirement, but neither psychologically nor economically has this proved a good move. He is snappish with Ellie, who seeks refuge in a creative-writing course at that well-known center of healing the New School, where her current project is writing a poem in the Kipling mode. This elicits Howard's disgruntled "And if you can keep your lunch while all about you lose theirs," but Ellie, unfazed, keeps rippling, or Kipling, on.

Oh, but their marriage! A three-month cruise they took resulted in Howard's nervous breakdown, endless scribbled memos, disturbing dreams, and burrowings in books by Freud, Jung, and Reich. Our man is now full of unsalutary savvy, as Dr. Block points out when Howard, in turn, comes to see him. But I don't want to tell you more about the screwball plot, which is as prepossessing as it is preposterous, and full of impudent dialogue that shuttles between crackerjack repartee and pyrotechnic monologues.

All this, however, is at the surface. Underneath are big questions whose answers keep changing. How much truth can a body take? Is therapy a big hoax? If not, what kind is best? Are love and friendship merely delusions? And even if so, can we survive without them? There are no final answers, as the overtly fairy-tale ending makes whimsically clear. What clinches the play's success is a supreme example of theatrical teamwork. Daniel Sullivan, the excellent director, has read and directed between the lines as well as in them. Thus many fumbling gestures or portentous silences prove as action-packed as what is written. Although the director never calls undue attention to himself, his presence is discreetly ubiquitous. And he has cast the five roles with an ensemble rightness matched only by the fingers of a hand.



Edward Herrmann (background) and Daniel Gerroll in *Psychopathia Sexualis.*

Daniel Gerroll turns Howard into someone both dapperly unnerving and, when challenged, adolescently discombobulated without ever letting the whole fly apart. As his beleaguered but unbowed spouse, the ravishingly mischievous Margaret Colin gives us an Ellie any man would give anywhere from one to two eyeteeth for. Andrew McCarthy puts his early experience in teenager movies to good use: His Andrew is a boy-man full of engaging hesitancy and no less engaging impetuosity. As Dr. Block, Edward Herrmann blends his awesome tallness and impishness of manner into witty-wise clowning of Shakespearean voltage. And as Lucille, Park Overall—of flawless timing, flavorous intonations, and devastating expressions—earns her niche in the gallery of

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

timeless comic creations. For acidulous sweetness or knuckle-duster demureness, there is nobody like her.

Let us not forget Derek McLane's elegantly tongue-in-cheek scenery, Jane Greenwood's canny costumes, and Pat Collins's toney lighting, all of them awash with participatory glee. *Psychopathia Sexualis* may be more socksy than sexy, but either way, it socks it to us with a catholicity whose one size fits all.

IN **The Last Night of Ballyhoo,** ALFRED UHRY returns to the Atlanta Jewish milieu of his *Driving Miss Daisy,* but though the play is polished to looking-glass smoothness, funny and sentimental in artful fusion, it never attains the luminous humanity or calm transcendence of the earlier work. Of course, except in a few brief flashes, it doesn't try to: With this feel-goodish crowd-pleaser, Uhry settles for contrivance where there could be revelation.

Adolph Freitag—in the Atlanta of 1939, with Hitler a distant rumble—is a prosperous bedding manufacturer, having inherited the business from his more gifted brother, whose widow, Reba, shares his nice house. So, too, does Boo Levy, his widowed sister, whose bumbling husband was carried along by the Freitags, and whose flighty daughter, the gawky Lala, has joined them upon washing out of college for emotional reasons.

Reba's daughter, the enlightened and very *shiksa*ish-looking Sunny, is a successful junior at Wellesley and comes home only for vacations. Both the Freitags and the Levys are assimilated German Jews; into their midst comes Joe Farkas, a bright young New Yorker whom Adolph has hired as an assistant. Joe is "the other kind," a passionately up-front Jew from the East, whom these Westernized Jews have problems with, though not nearly so much as he with them.

Ballyhoo approaches: a great Atlanta Jewish festival that ends with a big dance, for which the wallflowerish Lala desperately seeks a date, and her mother moves heaven and earth to find her one. At first Lala makes a play for Joe, but he falls for the visiting Sunny, and she for him. I won't go on, but you can tell that this material lends itself to tragicomedy, serious comedy, or the light comedy Uhry chooses to make it. The first act, more witty than sticky, works well enough on that level. But in Act Two, Uhry gets progressively more intramurally Jewish, as various forms of Judaism duke it out, and also more saccharine and, finally, all gooily religious. At this point he lost me, though not the ecstatic audience.

It is all highly competent, well crafted, and utterly facile. With clever direction from Ron Lagomarsino, solid décor by John Lee Beatty, incisive costuming by Jane Greenwood, and the caressing lighting of Kenneth Posner, *The Last Night of Ballyhoo* gets all the needed trimmings; and then, what a meat-and-potatoes cast! As the edgily overprotective Boo, capable of volcanic fire for her daughter and polar ice for all others, Dana Ivey gives another of her bravura performances, taking comedy to spectacular peaks and precipices but also managing some subdued, achingly felt moments. As the down-to-earth, unflappable Reba, Celia Weston gives a superbly modulated performance of exquisitely timed hilarity. And as the wise, melancholy-tinged but playful Adolph, Terry Beaver is irresistible, perfectly realizing what may be the hardest assignment.

Paul Rudd and Arija Bareikis, as Joe and Sunny, are properly intense, sensitive, and vulnerable; as the more farcical couple, Lala and Peachy (the funny fellow she hooks or is hooked by), Jessica Hecht and Stephen Largay may be a bit broad, but that's how they are written. The ending is both too sweet and too parochial, but then, the entire play is preaching to the converted—or is it the unconverted?

"...David Rabe's 'A Question of Mercy' is a **fact-based story of doctor-assisted suicide,** *with a couple of dramaturgical tricks up its sleeve."*

DAVID RABE'S **A Question of Mercy** IS A FACT-based story of doctor-assisted suicide, with a couple of dramaturgical tricks I cannot reveal up its sleeve. It happened to Dr. Richard Selzer, who wrote up the original story: A young man, Thomas, persuades him to supervise the suicide by pills of his lover, Anthony, whom AIDS has racked with pain and who has resolved to die. But both Thomas and Dr. Chapman, as he is called here, have difficulties with that, and only partly because such assistance is against the law. It is also a hard thing for a lover to be party to, and for a surgeon, even a nonpracticing one, to reconcile with his conscience. Eventually, a woman friend, Susanah, joins the project, and Dr. Chapman becomes more amenable to instructing and overseeing.

Why doesn't this work? Because part of it plays like dry journalism, and part like a playwright trying to make Literature. The awkwardly stitched seams constantly interfere. Also because the "literary" part feels forced and flatfooted for so mighty a subject. And because, save for an opening soliloquy for the doctor, too patently tacked on, and for one later speech in which he explains why he quit surgery, it is all plot without characters: what these people will or won't do—never who they are.

We never find out what the two lovers do, or did, for a living; or what Susanah does, and why she is so close to these two homosexuals and has nothing to do but fuss over them. And then, why is she so dour? What does Chapman do now that he no longer practices surgery? Has he any family, and if not, why not? We hear something about Anthony's folks in Colombia, yet none of them shows up or suspects anything and Anthony does not write or call.

You may say that all this is irrelevant to the central issue. But if the people to whom it is happening have no reality for us, how can we honestly care? A computer game about ways to die would be scarcely less real. Thus we are repeatedly told how charming Anthony used to be, and how incapable Thomas would be of lying to the police, but we must take all this on faith. And Douglas Hughes's rather stiff staging does not enhance the reality. Zach Grenier, Stephen Spinella, and Juan Carlos Hernandez give most impressive performances, but Veanne Cox, thin as a rail and talking and moving peculiarly, could as easily be the one who is sick, if not indeed the Angel of Death.

Stonewall Jackson's House, BY JONATHAN Reynolds, is always intelligent and challenging, frequently funny, and not quite a play. It is boldly politically incorrect, says what many hardly dare think, and, for one act, makes an effort to resemble a theater piece. After that, it is all debating-club stuff and soapbox oratory—of the very best kind, mind you.

It might help if the cast were better (though I liked Katherine Leask), if the budget had allowed for a less embryonic production, if Jamie Richards had directed more vividly, and if the talented author had not had too vast a backlog of ideas to cram into this reversal-happy play, or at least found a more consistent tone.

I WILL NOT TELL YOU MUCH ABOUT LYLE Kessler's **Robbers,** a play too shambling, rambling, and nonsensical for discussion. It is all aimless attitudinizing, hollow gesture, and unbelievability from start to finish, too pedestrian to be absurdist and too absurd to matter. *Robbers* is a play about a man who keeps changing his personality, but since he has none to begin with, and none in the end, what's the point? Michael Rapaport plays a knucklehead persuasively, and Elizabeth Rodriguez is touching as a confused young woman. The others are less good, with Jonathan Hadary, in a dual role, doubly less. ▬

ART **MARK STEVENS**

Medium Cool

At MoMA, the not-quite-surrealist, not-quite-documentarian photographs of Manuel Alvarez Bravo; David Levinthal toys with history at ICP.

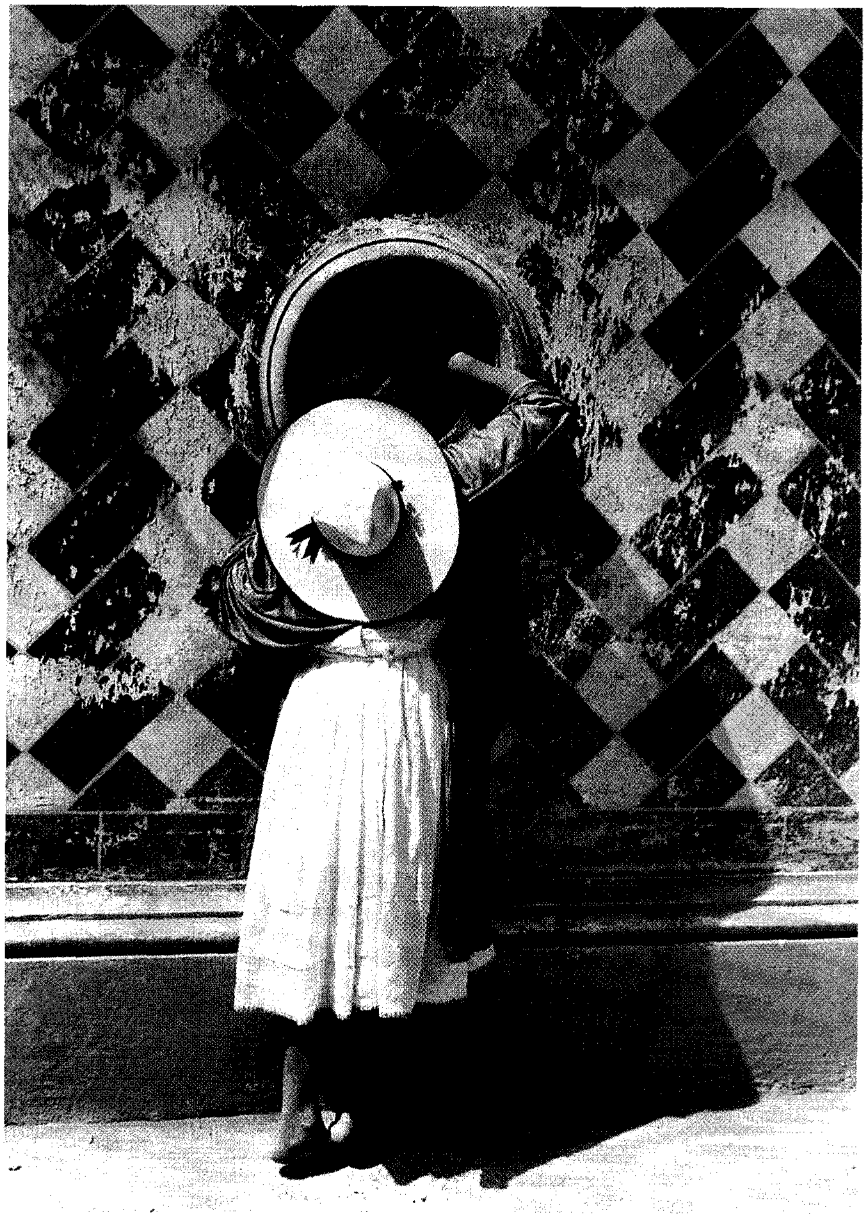
THERE IS A CURRENT OF FIRE IN MEXICAN CULTURE that crosses ordinary boundaries of taste, scale, and meaning. Art in this eruptive tradition aspires to an intoxicating intensity; it has no patience for the world as it is but joins in the wider Mexican dreams of religious, personal, and political transcendence. When Americans think of Mexican art of the twentieth century, they usually call to mind work touched by this transforming fire. Frida Kahlo and the Mexican muralists—Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco, David Alfaro Siqueiros—are the celebrated names.

And so it comes as a rewarding surprise to find a cooler kind of Mexican eye, intense but reserved, dreamy but disinterested, beguiling but grave. The photographer Manuel Alvarez Bravo is not very well known in this country, but the curator who organized **Manuel Alvarez Bravo** for the Museum of Modern Art, Susan Kismaric, makes the highest possible claims for his standing, calling him "one of the most important photographers in the history of the medium." Now 95 years old, he is represented in this show by 175 pictures ranging in date from the twenties to the nineties.

Although he had only a high-school education, Alvarez Bravo had something more valuable to a young artist than institutional instruction: an instinct for where to look. He schooled himself in the significant approaches of his day, passing quickly, for example, through a soft "pictorialist" period; then, in the early twenties, he made some highly formal studies of paper cutouts that reflect the formal austerity of such photographers as Edward Weston. These cutouts are not dramatic images, but they are admirable, for they show a young artist intent upon the *art* of photography, upon the rigors of composition and light in addition to the easier charms of the lens.

For a number of years, Alvarez Bravo worked for a magazine whose mission was to document ordinary Mexican life. Here, too, he mastered one of the great projects of twentieth-century photography, becoming a keen observer of the streets and, not surprisingly, an explorer of the great Mexican obsessions—especially the theme of death. He also learned from Surrealism, another passion in photography at the time. The French surrealist leader André Breton even asked him for an image; Alvarez Bravo responded with *The Good Reputation Sleeping,* a rapturous picture of a woman sleeping on a blanket beside several prickly plants. She is naked except for some bandages around her feet and thighs.

Is Alvarez Bravo, then, a surrealist or a documentary photographer, a careful formalist or a man with a passion for the fleeting moment? He is all and none of the above, which is why his art has such an elusive, brooding kind of power. No idea can possess these pho-



The art of concealment: Alvarez Bravo's *Daughter of the Dancers.*

Photograph courtesy of Museum of Modern Art.

Are You Considering Cosmetic Surgery?

JOE HENSON

DENISE THOMAS
COSMETIC SURGERY CONSULTANT

"... brilliant idea!" VOGUE
"... don't hesitate!" GLAMOUR
"... experienced!" TOWN & COUNTRY

Denise Thomas can be your personal shopper, answer your questions and recommend the best Board Certified Plastic Surgeons to meet your needs and your budget.

(212) 734-0233
MEMBER APSA

Solutions to last week's puzzles

N	I	B	L	I	C	K		S	T	U	D	E	N	T
	T		I		O		L		R		I		I	
K	E	E	N		P	R	E	S	E	R	V	E	R	S
	R		E		I		A		B		E		V	
B	A	R	R	E	L		V	A	L	E	R	I	A	N
	T				O		E		E		S		N	
S	E	N	S	A	T	I	O	N		D	I	V	A	N
			T				N				O			
S	P	O	R	T		H	E	L	L	E	N	I	S	T
	A		A		B		S		I				E	
C	L	A	P	T	R	A	P		A	C	C	O	R	D
	M		P		O		O		I		H		V	
F	A	L	A	N	G	I	S	T	S		A	V	I	D
	T		D		U		T		O		M		C	
D	E	C	O	Y	E	D		S	N	A	P	P	E	R

S	A	F	E	S		M	U	L	E		E	L	O	P	E		P	C	T	S
O	V	I	N	E		O	N	E	A		C	U	R	I	E		A	U	R	A
F	O	R	G	E	T	T	I	N	G	T	O	C	A	L	L		S	T	U	N
A	W	E		S	O	O	T	I	E	R		E	L	L			A	T	E	E
		T	E	R	N		E	N	R	O	L		S	A	M	E	D	I		
B	A	R	R	E	T	T				T	A	P		R	I	P	E	N	S	
A	B	A	N	D	O	N	I	N	G	S	H	I	P		G	I	N	G	E	R
G	A	P	E			T	R	I	O		R	E	A	P		C	A	S	C	A
			S	P	A		K	A	L	E			L	O	P	S		H	U	R
R	E	D	T	A	P	E		C	A	D		S	E	L	L			O	L	E
E	R	R		M	I	S	S	I	N	G	A	T	R	A	I	N		R	A	F
C	E	O			A	S	I	N		E	A	R		R	E	E	N	T	R	Y
A	M	P		O	N	E	S			D	R	I	P		D	W	I			
P	I	P	E	S		N	A	M	E		O	N	U	S			C	O	P	Y
S	T	I	N	T	S		L	O	S	I	N	G	P	A	T	I	E	N	C	E
	E	N	T	I	C	E		B	A	N				C	O	N	T	E	S	T
		G	R	A	I	N	S		U	S	U	A	L		P	R	O	B		
R	O	D	E			D	U	E		A	R	S	E	N	I	O		Y	M	A
I	D	E	A		L	E	A	V	I	N	G	T	H	E	C	A	T	O	U	T
F	I	A	T		E	A	V	E	S		E	R	A	S		D	O	N	N	A
E	N	D	S		T	R	E	N	T		S	O	R	T		S	T	E	I	N

tographs. He avoids the quick astonishments of Henri Cartier-Bresson, which have about them an element of calculation, like a French aphorism. His street scenes have a certain glancing quality but lack the showy "plainness" often associated with street photography. They are elegantly constructed (but not so you immediately notice). And they glimmer with Mexican magic: In one photograph, laughing mannequins rise like homespun angels above an ordinary marketplace.

Even his bandaged nude does not look like a work of official surrealist photography. The woman is too pungently herself; Alvarez Bravo allows her that power, letting some part of her elude the dreamy machinations of Surrealism. Similarly, in portraying a political demonstration, Alvarez Bravo would probably never make a picture as stirring as, say, Tina Modotti's melodic sea of sombreros (*Workers Parade,* which is reproduced in the fine catalogue). Modotti's image seems possessed by political passions, but no Alvarez Bravo can be viewed in that way. Even his *Striking Worker, Assassinated,* an image of ennobling martyrdom, is too formal a study to turn the slain worker into a poster boy for the revolution.

Just as Alvarez Bravo eludes the styles of art, so he makes the half-hidden his great theme. In Alvarez Bravo, figures are often glimpsed behind sheets or are concealed in shade. The gray in some pictures resembles that startling shift in perception that happens when one suddenly goes from the hot sun into a cool interior. His portraits of statues glimmer with a furtive life; two holes in a sand mine become eyes; a sheet dropped on the floor is almost human. Like the French photographer Eugène Atget, Alvarez Bravo seems to move lightly, almost unnoticed, through his material, as if the world were a place of mystery and magic slowly revealed, if we but attend.

ART

Nothing is "stated"—no idea about art or life emblazoned—in his photograph *The Daughter of the Dancers.* Instead, the picture is made of glimmerings about purity and decay, youth and age, revelation and death. The circle of the girl's hat, with its perky ribbon, makes a startling rhyme with the deep murk of the round window. (The clean geometry of the wall she embraces is fading.) Her figure and flowing dress are at once artless—note the girlish twisting of her feet—and as sternly formal as a Greek caryatid. What does youth see through that dark window?

Like most of his other pictures, *The Daughter of the Dancers* is brilliantly composed, but not in a way that declares itself or yields merely formal meanings. Alvarez Bravo does not, for example, position the girl and her window exactly in the middle of the image, but a little to the left. Her head is also cocked left, in a gesture of almost musical charm, which seems to let that mysterious shadow spill out the window to her right—a shadow perfectly balanced, visually, by her startling white dress and hat. This is the subtle art of one who sees too well to impose.

HOLLYWOOD OFTEN TOYS WITH HISTORY, paying little respect to the unartful facts. The Holocaust and Nixon, *Hustler* and Evita, can be milked for drama, money, tears, honor, and acclaim; most people evidently believe they see something close to truth when they watch movies on such subjects. Not surprisingly, history has taken the hint and now, especially in politics, turns itself into showbiz before Hollywood can do the job. What will be left to Hollywood in the future—to make chimeras of the chimerical?

This blurring between fiction and fact, in both movies and American culture at large, is the main theme of **David Levinthal's** work. Now the subject of a retrospective organized by Charles Stainback for the International Center of Photography (at 1130 Fifth Avenue, through March 21), Levinthal, who is 47 years old, is particularly attracted to those subjects that, in our culture, seem to invite cliché and the entertaining touch. Like love, war, and sex. Levinthal's approach is to make use of actual toys, which he arranges in tableaux and then photographs in various ways, from small Polaroid shots to big blow-ups.

In *Modern Romance, 1984–86,* Levinthal uses inch-high toy figures to create a series of images that reflect *film noir,* fan magazines, and the lonely vision of Edward Hopper. In one Polaroid, for example, we see a woman, a lamppost, and an empty street; the lighting looks derived from a mixture of Hopper paintings and early Technicolor. In another series, *The Wild West,* Levinthal uses toys to parody what he calls "the West that never was but always will be." Thundering toy hooves.

Levinthal's most disturbing work, however, depicts genocide and racism. In *Mein Kampf* (1993–94), he presents a series of photographs of toy soldiers pulling carts of naked doll corpses, shooting toy Jews standing above open pits, or guarding toy freight trains. Many images are blurry, a symbol of the culturally unclear focus between reality and illusion. Sometimes, Levinthal's use of toys becomes didactic, a matter of making the obvious point—that human beings toy cruelly with other human beings. This stops the art with the moral. But other images of genocide and racism have a lingering, flickering power, for we cannot be sure whether what we see is a toy. His most recent pictures present the crudest, most racist Americana—such as an Aunt Jemima figurine—as if these things were priceless works of art. The object becomes the *objet.* ■

PETER G. DAVIS

Eastern Exposure

At its best, the National Traditional Orchestra of China's fusion of Chinese instruments with Western training produces a distinctive, poetic sound.

Meet the pear-shaped pipa, courtesy of the National Traditional Orchestra of China.

THE NATIONAL TRADITIONAL ORchestra of China politely opened its recent concert in Carnegie Hall with "The Star-Spangled Banner," but several phrases passed before anyone recognized the tune and stood up, and even then few sang along. Most surprised ears probably hadn't yet adjusted to hearing the national anthem played by a collection of erhus, pipas, ruans, gaohus, zhonghus, and other Chinese instruments—a unique sound, to say the least. Founded in 1960, this orchestra aims to preserve and bring to modern audiences the traditional music of China, and unusual instruments are necessary to get the job done: the two-string erhu, played by a bow passing between the strings rather than on top of them; the pear-shaped pipa, plucked or strummed like a lute; the yangqin, a sort of dulcimer with strings struck by bamboo sticks; the sheng, a mouth organ with multiple pipes capable of polyphonic effects; and much more, including a generous assortment of gongs, bells, cymbals, clappers, and drums.

The other works on the program must have struck Western ears as even more perplexing than a novelty arrangement of "O! Say Can You See": flowery-titled pieces ("Reflections of the Moon," "Battle at the Golden Beach," "Spring on a Moonlit River," etc.) presumably derived from ancient folk materials but filtered through modern Chinese musical sensibilities. Not that their basic harmonic, rhythmic, or structural patterns are particularly inscrutable—quite the contrary. Like most of the "authentic" Chinese music I've encountered, they call to mind the sugariest sort of French Impressionism on the one hand and one-dimensional Soviet poster art on the other—an inevitable consequence, perhaps, of all the Russian musicians and teachers that China began importing some 50 years ago in an effort to encourage a more Western style of composition and performance. No doubt, complex political and cultural imperatives motivated the trend, but the trivial musical results sound perfectly awful, like bad Leroy Anderson played à la chinois.

The one work of real substance on the program indicated that more productive East-meets-West fusions might be possible in the future: *Spring Dreams,* for cello and Chinese instruments, by Bright Sheng, commissioned by Carnegie Hall and composed for Yo-Yo Ma. The Shanghai-born Sheng has lived in the United States since 1982, the Paris-born Ma since age 4—both immensely talented musicians of Chinese heritage with sophisticated Western training. Having grown up with the sounds of this orchestra's traditional instruments in his ears, Sheng respects their musical integrity, but he also finds intriguing new uses for them. The colors and sounds are no longer merely exotic special effects but are deftly blended to become an organic part of the musical argument. The erhus lose their annoying synthesizer whine to vibrate warmly and eloquently as delicately plucked pipas, bamboo flutes, and dashes of percussion swirl through the textures and add their own poetic commentary. The distinctive Western voice of Ma's soulful cello also has an important song to sing while presiding over the musical discourse as a mediator rather than a disruptive intruder. Future Chinese composers could do much worse than take this gorgeous score as a role model.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC HAS BEEN TAKING A LOOK at the classic American symphony this season by trotting out, say our chronic complainers, the most nonthreatening and predictable scores by Ives, Copland, Barber, Hanson, Harris, and Schuman. I suppose that's true, although I wonder how many Philharmonic subscribers are even familiar with those household names of American music. In any case, everyone must have been pleased by the works guest conductor Neeme Järvi chose to perform in the series' latest installment: a double bill of seldom-heard but eminently listenable symphonies by Roger Sessions *(continued on page 58)*

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

JOHN LEONARD

Special Agents

Three of TV's best actors take on Big Tobacco, violent cops, and Internet pornographers in 'Feds,' a crime drama with a sense of humor.

DICK WOLF IS SO COUNTERINTUITIVE THAT HE must be postmodern. Who else but the executive producer of *Law & Order* and *New York Undercover* would have cast Blair Brown, Regina Taylor, and Adrian Pasdar against type as gangbusting prosecutors in the new dramatic series **Feds** (Wednesdays, starting March 5; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS)?

Brown is best known as the brave and baffled West Side boomer who wrote poetry, taught piano, ate Chinese, listened to rockabilly, and worked in a bookshop while dating a black cop named Nathaniel Hawthorne in *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd.* Taylor is best known as Lilly Harper, the moral compass and defining intelligence of *I'll Fly Away,* an amalgam of Rosa Parks and Fannie Lou Hamer. Pasdar starred all too briefly in *Profit* as a junior executive in a multinational conglomerate, so greedy as he scraped his way up the greasy corporate pole that he may have killed his own father and even pretended to be a recovering alcoholic and a vegetarian.

That Molly Dodd should have grown up to become, in *Feds,* a U.S. Attorney on a crusade to punish Internet pornographers; that Lilly Harper would go to court to prosecute a black cop for having beat up a neo-Nazi skinhead who called him a "nigger"; and that Jim Profit would forgo a lucrative private practice with his kindly father to declare war on tobacco companies—this is neither what I would have imagined nor what I would have desired. But while messing with our memories, Wolf has fashioned a series with enough snap, crackle, and semi-automatic pop to do some ratings damage. Like those sky-cam whirlybird shots of the city to which it is so partial, *Feds* looks down on messy complications, mistaken identities, surprise juxtapositions, violent conjunctions, and random scatter, and sees, not chaos, but something of a piece.

Though I've previewed only the pilot and episodes six and seven, thus jumping over several nodes of transition, it's already clear that *Feds,* unlike ABC's *Equal Justice* seven years ago, is about New York City adults instead of fresh-out-of-law-school Pittsburgh yuppies for whom swimming in stress was good for the horniness and muscle tone. And unlike *Law & Order,* it takes everything personally: Taylor falls in love with the wrong man, an abusive diplomat who drives her to aikido. FBI agent Dylan Baker (*Murder One*) falls in love with the wrong woman, a hooker with mob connections. Pasdar, who looks and also sounds so much like a young Martin Sheen that he might be a previously unsuspected sibling of Charlie or Emilio, is framed for drug possession by the gestapo wing of Big Tobacco. Racket-buster John Slattery (*Homefront*) can't see straight because wiseguys gunned down his nuclear family. Single mother Brown, whose fixity of professional purpose is the fulcrum on which all these narrative levers turn or rest, takes on cybersmut merchants when her niece turns up on a Website in the altogether.

And unlike either *Law & Order* or *New York Undercover, Feds* has a sense of humor: Besides arch references to Dr. Ruth, Judy Blume, Miss Moneypenny, and Bob Dylan, and a wonderful bugging of the parking meters in front of a Mafia social club, there is also a "Perp of the Month" office betting pool—a sort of "America's Funniest Crime Videos."

Obviously, CBS hopes Wolf's signature combination of grit and slick will provide a strong Wednesday-night lead-in to the murkier depths of *EZ Streets.* I hope so, too, even as I wish that Molly Dodd et al. would pay as much attention to some of the other cases on their docket, like Chinese slave la- *(continued on page 58)*

Gee, women: Grace Phillips and Regina Taylor join forces to fight evil in Dick Wolf's *Feds.*

Photograph by Jessica Burstein/CBS.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

Continental Plates

At Meli-Melo, a surprising smorgasbord of far-flung flavors; at Bussola, the brothers Cammarata serve up perfect pasta and their famed gelato.

STARTING WITH ITS NAME, **Meli-Melo** (110 Madison Avenue; 686-5551) is an unusual restaurant, offering the kind of architectural presentations and off-the-wall combinations of ingredients that one normally finds in much more costly places. But what also makes the restaurant distinctive is its taste for variety. French slang for *hodgepodge,* Meli-Melo is an appropriate name for a restaurant that serves food from all over the map: Italian pastas, Vietnamese fish stews, Jamaican chicken, New Orleans crab cakes, southern soul food.

Chef Bernard Ros is nothing if not innovative, as is seen, for example, in his unusual appetizers. One dish stars little snails in a dumpling wrapper and sets them afloat in a bowl of broth enriched with raw scallion and bonito flakes: weird-sounding but somehow familiar-tasting, like a sophisticated wonton, when you finally slurp it down. The entrée-size home-cured salmon with honey mustard is satiny, with the right amount of sweet and hot.

From the main courses, the sautéed monkfish features still-moist fish medallions. But the real fun on that plate comes when you mingle mashed potatoes on the same fork with sweet-corn-and-melon salsa—a truly new and lovely taste that is bright and satisfyingly squishy. Seared tuna has become commonplace, but when served on a bed of bok choy, pasilla (a form of chili pepper), and sun-dried-tomato coulis, it has a novel flavor that is bolstered by niçoise olives and ginger. Scallops with fig confit, beet oil, and coriander oil strikes a delicate balance of tastes and textures (although it could stand a lighter hand on the salt).

On the work-in-progress side of the ledger, the intriguing marinated double pork chop with pancetta grits sounded like it couldn't miss, but it was somewhat dry, which can defeat any meat dish. The wood-grilled New York sirloin steak was perfectly done, but I found the merlot-and-shallot sauce overpowering.

From the dessert list, crêpes suzette, at one time the workhorse of fifties French restaurants, has been successfully revived with Ros's addition of crushed pistachios. My dessert habit was further sated by a peach frangipane, a confection that featured an out-of-season peach but more than compensated with a sweet, crunchy, almondy-rich pastry.

Meli-Melo is open Monday through Saturday from noon to midnight. Lunch: Appetizers, $4.75–$6; pasta, $9.50–$13.50; entrées, $9.95–$13.95. Dinner: Appetizers, $4.75–$6; pasta, $10.50–$14.50; entrées, $11.95–$15.95. Wine, beer, cocktails. A.E.,D.C., M.C., V.

CALL THIS "RAGS TO RICHES TO RIGHTEOUS." THE *RAGS* part refers to the humble origins of the Cammarata family's first business on Fourth Avenue, Siracusa, a simple take-out gelateria and gourmet Italian deli. The quality of the food attracted an eager-to-spend clientele, which led to a prideful and pricey pasta-and-appetizer restaurant by the same name, a space that felt more coolly Parisian than warmly Sicilian. Mark that phase off to riches and general eighties *hubris.* Now, in the downsized nineties, the brothers Cammarata have opened the beautiful, downtown, and righteously affordable **Bussola** (64 Fourth Avenue; 254-1940) in the same space.

The room is chic, stylish, and comfortable. A dark-wood bar cuts an angular swath across the front part of the L-shaped restaurant. Cone-shaped light fixtures with colored frosted glass hang over the bar like so many inverted martini glasses. The back room has a few small couches and easy chairs for noshers, drinkers, and (late at night when the dining is done) smokers.

The dining room's aquamarine wainscoting and banquettes, salmon-pink walls, and sprays of peach-colored tulips and pink roses lend the room a swank am-

Meli-Melo's volcano chocolate mousse: Low prices, high food.

Photograph by Mihn + Wass.

bience. The Jackson Pollock–ish paintings of local artist Kristine Perry are colorfully bold and displayed with room-dominating swagger.

As they did in the Cammaratas' earlier restaurants, the appetizers and pastas shine. A salad of chunks of blood oranges and fennel, dressed with lemon juice, red-pepper flakes, and olive oil, is fruity and bracing. Likewise, the octopus, grilled and dressed with oil and pepper, is tender, fresh, and just piquant enough. The simple description of the sun-dried tomatoes stuffed with pine nuts and basil doesn't do justice to the tender, full-fleshed sun-drieds nor to the very fresh stuffing.

The swordfish carpaccio is a standout among the the entrées, almost reminiscent of something that Nobu Matsuhisa (of Nobu) might have dreamed up in a cross-cultural flight of fancy. Thinly sliced and doused with grilled olives, capers, and lemon juice, the white flesh of the saltwater fish is nicely paired with the salt of the condiments.

The pastas are memorable and make one wonder how culinary quality in such a simple dish can so vary from place to place. If you would like a standard against which to judge other restaurants, you could do worse than take Bussola as your yardstick. It's one of the few restaurants in town—Union Square Cafe is another—where one can get linguine in a sauce of bottarga (dried tuna roe), a strong taste that stands up to plenty of garlic, salt, and pepper. Equally out of the ordinary is the linguine with cuttlefish and its ink. An exotic preparation, but if you like fish at all, make sure one of your party tries it. Homemade tagliatelle with sweet sausages and peas calls to mind a classic Bolognese sauce rendered somewhat more surprising by the substitution of sausage for beef. That same pasta, dressed with porcini, is as smoky and herbaceous as an autumn day in the forest. Perfunctory chicken, fish, and meat dishes are offered but are nowhere near as exciting as the rest of the menu, which is completed by the Cammaratas' famed gelati. Their secret recipe for ricotta gelato with caramelized orange peel yields a fabulous dessert. And the nocciola (hazelnut) gelato is, in my opinion, as close as one can get to knowing how it feels to be inside a hazelnut shell without actually growing roots and leaves.

Bussola is open for lunch Monday through Thursday from noon to 3 P.M. and for dinner 5 to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday till midnight. Appetizers, $6–$16.50; pastas, $10–$14.75; meat and fish, $13–$16.50. Wine, beer, cocktails. The wine list features a number of Sicilian selections, all of them affordable. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Davis *continued from page 55*

(No. 1) and Randall Thompson (No. 2). Both were composed around the same time—the Sessions in 1926–27 and the Thompson in 1931—and both are in E minor, but the similarities stop there.

Sessions's reputation in old age as an unapproachable composer of forbidding complexity is belied by his youthful First Symphony. The score is characteristically information-packed, and the central Largo movement spins the famous Sessions "long line" into a contrapuntal web of considerable intricacy, but the composer's idiom is much less densely chromatic than it would later become. Beyond that, the score's spiky punctuation and restless rhythmic energy should keep most listeners happily engaged and eager for more. For those who only know the Sessions First from an ancient and hopelessly inadequate recording by a Japanese orchestra, hearing the polished and exuberant performance led by Järvi must have seemed like a revelation.

Thompson's Second is likely to be more familiar to Philharmonic audiences. Leonard Bernstein was fond of the piece—it was, in fact, the first symphony he ever conducted, as a student at Tanglewood in 1940—and his recording of this lighthearted score is irresistible. The music's witty instrumentation, unpredictable rhythmic dislocations, luscious tunes (properly excerpted, the slow movement could make the pop charts), and hoedown finale hardly remind me of the dignified, courtly man whose course in modal counterpoint I took at Harvard. Järvi did not erase memories of Bernstein's snazzy performance, but his lively interpretation nicely captured the infectious, optimistic spirit that propels this elegantly homespun symphony.

IN CASE ANYONE HASN'T NOTICED, THIS IS Schubert's bicentennial year and the composer is being performed all over town—not exactly the worst musical fate to befall the city. Last week Thomas Hampson offered his tribute in Carnegie Hall with Wolfgang Sawallisch at the piano: a bold interpretation of *Winterreise* to put a chill back into the season and remind us that this gripping cycle contains 24 of the greatest songs ever written. Hampson's death-haunted wanderer is no romantic dreamer but a sometimes angry, always deep-feeling poet who confronts fate with clenched fists. It's a dangerous approach that could veer into melodrama, but Hampson understands the cycle's musical shape as well as its emotional parameters, and his mahogany-rich baritone has seldom sounded more enticing. Most important of all, every committed note let us know exactly how much he adores these wonderful songs. ■

Leonard *continued from page 56*

bor and AIDS discrimination in the workplace, as they do to the Mafia, which is overrated as the *causa causans* of metropolitan angst. As to whether we really need yet another glorification of a federal law-enforcement agency, I can't say. Most of us are as properly suspicious of the CIA, the FBI, the DEA, and the IRS as we are of Congress and the media. Some of the crazier among us, not all residing in Montana, can't even hear the word *Feds* without thinking of trigger-happy SWAT teams at Ruby Ridge, ATF firebombers at Waco, etc.

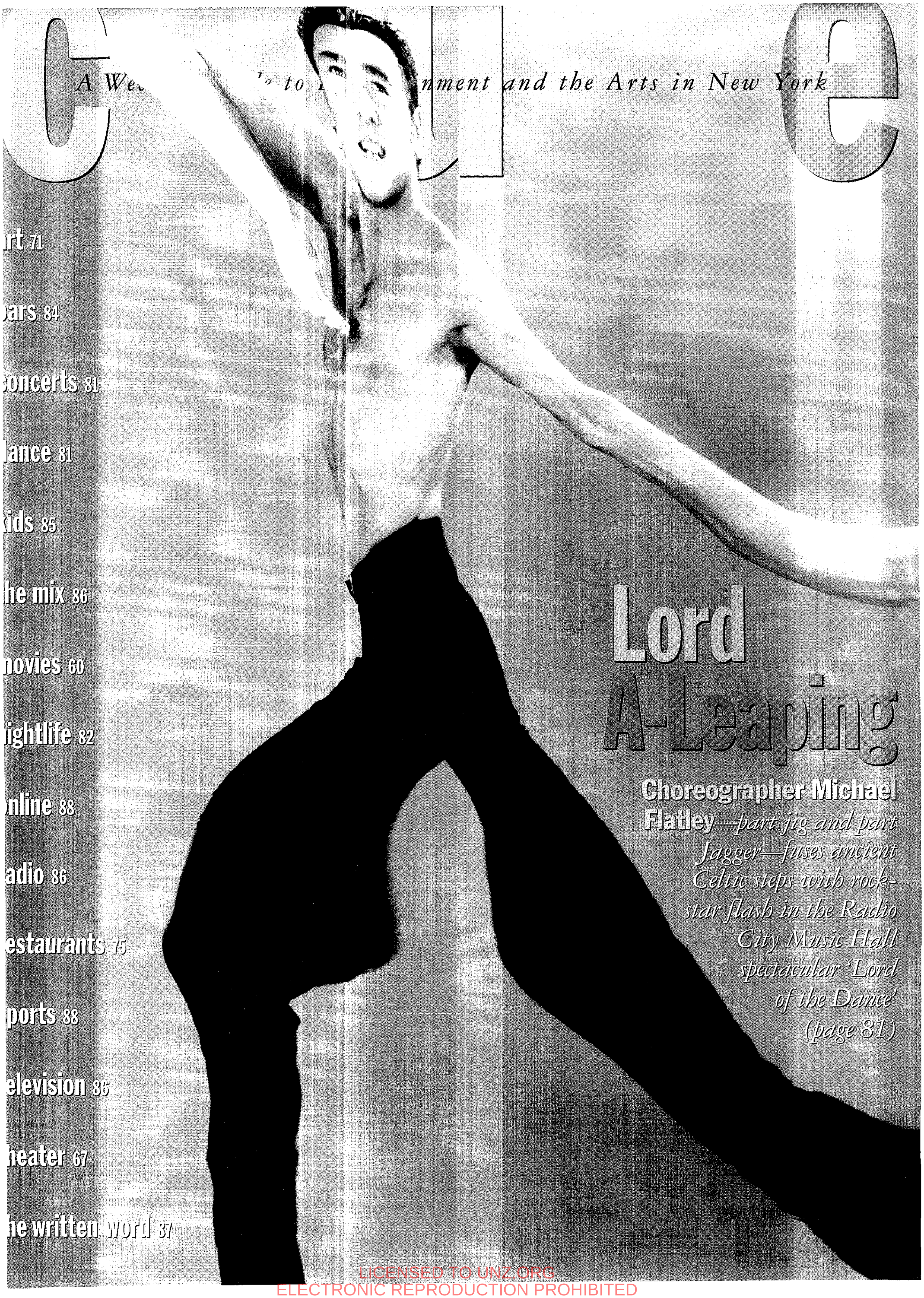
ALSO PREMIERING THIS WEEK ARE THREE NEW sitcoms. In descending order of preference, they are **Temporarily Yours** (starting Wednesday, March 5; 8:30 to 9 P.M.; CBS), **Just Shoot Me** (Tuesday preview March 4, Wednesdays thereafter; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; NBC), and **Arsenio** (starting Wednesday, March 5; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC).

Temporarily Yours stars Debi Mazar as a Working Girl from Brooklyn, age 28, after 27 different jobs in two years, looking for something at least semi-permanent on the Upper East Side of Manhattan and finding neurotic Joanna Gleason's "Everything's Temporary" agency, where her street smarts are an asset while her accent is a liability. If you are reminded of Fran Drescher and *The Nanny,* so were the CBS programming people, who have slotted Debi right after Fran. I have a limited tolerance for Class War played for laughs, but Mazar and Gleason are terrific, and so are a third of their jokes, not a bad sitcom average. For example: Best friend Nancy Cassaro, worried about Debi's social life, tells her: "I smell a cat box in your future." Nancy's own social circle includes a Dominican-born baseball catcher who raises parrots in the off-season and who can "squat forever." Like that.

Alternatively, *Just Shoot Me* asks us to enjoy ourselves with Laura San Giacomo as a recently laid-off TV-news writer going to work for her womanizing father, George Segal, at *Blush,* his *Cosmo* sort of magazine—to the feverish annoyance of both the fashion editor and a blonde Romanian model whose only word of English is *Pellegrino.*

Any of these elements might have helped the lame return to television of Arsenio Hall, who deserves better, as an Atlanta TV anchorface trying to commit to his new bride, cuddlesome buppie lawyer Vivica A. Fox, in spite of her reading habits (Terry McMillan) and her Harvard-grad live-in brother. When Vivica fails to make partner and tells Arsenio she'd rather be alone, he goes to a sports bar, after which there will be strong words and warm puppies. ■

A We to nment and the Arts in New York



rt 71

ars 84

oncerts 81

lance 81

ids 85

he mix 86

novies 60

ightlife 82

nline 88

adio 86

estaurants 75

ports 88

elevision 86

heater 67

he written word 87

Lord A-Leaping

Choreographer Michael Flatley*—part jig and part Jagger—fuses ancient Celtic steps with rock-star flash in the Radio City Music Hall spectacular 'Lord of the Dance' (page 81)*

movies

Private Parts...Liev Schreiber...Good Luck

New Films

★**Absolute Power**—Clint Eastwood's latest work as director and star has a terrific opening sequence. Clint plays a serious career thief who spends much of his time in museums. With no apparent fuss or fear, the thief enters a Washington, D.C., mansion, disables the elaborate security system, and penetrates a treasure-filled vault situated behind a two-way mirror. Happily emptying jewelry and cash into his sack, he suddenly realizes, to his horror, that the young mistress of the house has returned with a very powerful and famous man, and that she plans to have carnal relations with that man on the other side of the mirror, only a few feet away. When the sex gets rough, and then violent, and then ends in murder, the thief passes through various stages of prurient interest, fear, and disgust. What makes this neo-Hitchcockian episode successful is Eastwood's adherence to the old-fashioned notion that the respective positions of two people or forces threatening one another should be clearly visible to the audience. Here Eastwood calmly, methodically lays out a sensational scene, keeping the space clear and distinct, so we can enjoy the thief's fear of exposure, the moral ambiguity of the violator passively watching the greater violation—and then on to the scene's murderous conclusion and its coda detailing the thief's attempted escape. Alas, nothing else in the movie is as good as this long opening sequence. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Retrospective Gish Tales

Julie Harris, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Lauren Hutton will appear at the New York Public Library over the next three months to read from Lillian Gish's voluminous correspondence and screen many of her less-seen works. The retrospective—a celebration of the archive Gish bequeathed to the library—begins March 6. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info).

Blood & Wine—The best thing in this doggedly sincere *noir* thriller is the saturnine acting partnership of Jack Nicholson and Michael Caine. Nicholson is the wine dealer Alex Gates, an apparently prosperous man who is broke and desperately eager to end a painful marriage so he can run away with his beautiful young mistress (Jennifer Lopez). Caine is an English ex-con, Victor Spansky, a safecracker with a vile temper and dyed hair. Victor needs to steal something, so he joins Alex and together they rip off a diamond necklace from a Miami mansion. Once they steal it, everything goes wrong, and they begin to despise each other. Lust, rage, greed—the usual trio of forties *noir* emotions—send the plot rushing along, but without any particular distinction. Director Bob Rafelson mucks up the movie with earnest, plodding stuff about "relationships." The picture has some emotional density—no one could say it's just another collection of chases and shootouts—but the conflicts are too familiar to us. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Astor Plaza; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Booty Call—Jamie Foxx and Tommy Davidson star in this comedy about two men haplessly in search of sex, and the women who won't give it to them. (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Plaza Twin.*

Boys Life 2—Four gay-themed shorts about the trials of adolescence. With Mary Beth Hurt, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Eileen Brennan. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**La Cérémonie**—Claude Chabrol has made many malicious thrillers in his long career, but he's never worked before with this kind of devastating malevolence. Catherine (Jacqueline Bisset), a very well turned-out upper-bourgeois lady, meets Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), a prospective housekeeper, and persuades her to come work in her big house in Brittany, where she lives with her husband and two children. Sophie, it turns out, attracts a woman friend—a local postal clerk, Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), who is as chatty and assertive as Sophie is morose and reserved. At first, Jeanne and Sophie, who form a secret friendship, might seem like slightly eccentric outsiders. But their friendship, we find out, is held together by each of their having gotten away, in the past, with a serious crime. In the hands of these two, civilization falls to pieces. (Denby; 1/20/ 97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Cyclo—A destitute orphan, robbed of his only means of work and transportation, is rescued by a local gang leader (Tony Leung-Chiu Wai)—who has, it turns out, lured the orphan's older sister into a life of prostitution. Directed by Tran Anh Hung (*The Scent of Green Papaya*). (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Dante's Peak**—Out there in the Pacific Northwest, in the idyllic, clear-aired town of Dante's Peak, which is at the base of a dormant volcano, Linda Hamilton is the mayor, and Pierce Brosnan shows up, a handsome but troubled volcanologist. After some mini-quakes and a couple of lovers roasted while frolicking in the hot springs, the mountain erupts, and the scenes of panic and devastation in the small town are scary enough. Director Roger Donaldson stages a fine scene in which a raging river sweeps away a bridge and a man trapped on the bridge has a passing moment of recognition in which he accepts his fate. *Dante's Peak* is movieish, corny, imitative, and absurdly plotted, but here and there, the movie strikes a genuine note of awe. (Denby; 2/17/97) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Theatre; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin.*

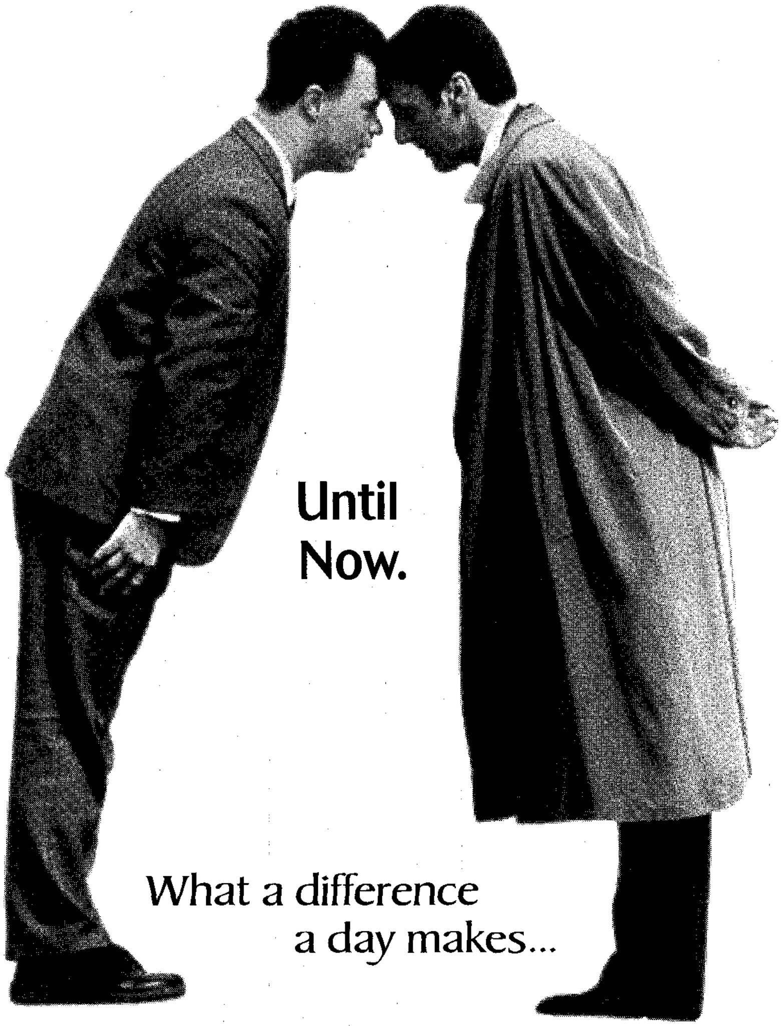
The Daytrippers—A young woman, concerned that her husband is cheating on her, heads into Manhattan to trail him—with her entire family in tow. With Anne Meara, Parker Posey, Stanley Tucci, Campbell Scott, and Hope Davis. Directed by Greg Mottola. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR). *Angelika; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Donnie Brasco—Johnny Depp stars as Joe Pistone, a real-life FBI agent who spent six years of his life undercover as a mobster; Al Pacino is the Mafia bottom-feeder who brings him on and is quickly usurped by his protégé. Directed by Mike Newell. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

"CUE" COVER PHOTOGRAPHED BY HASSAN JARANE
FOR NEW YORK

WINNER BEST ACTOR
DANIEL AUTEUIL/PASCAL DUQUENNE
CANNES FILM FESTIVAL 1996

Never Before In The History Of The Cannes Film Festival Have Two Actors From The Same Film Shared The Award For Best Actor...



Until Now.

What a difference
a day makes...

Daniel Auteuil Pascal Duquenne

THE EIGHTH DAY

A Film by Jaco Van Dormael

POLYGRAM FILMED ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS A CO-PRODUCTION OF PAN-EUROPÉENNE PRODUCTION, HOMEMADE FILMS, TF1 FILMS PRODUCTION RTL TVI, WORKING TITLE AND D.A. FILMS THIS FILM WAS SUPPORTED BY THE EURIMAGES FUND OF THE EUROPEAN COUNCIL, WITH THE PARTICIPATION OF CANAL+ NATIONAL CENTER OF CINEMATOGRAPHY AND OF THE CENTER FOR FILM AND AUDIO-VISUAL ARTS OF THE FRENCH COMMUNITY OF BELGIUM

A FILM BY JACO VAN DORMAEL "THE EIGHTH DAY" (LE HUITIÈME JOUR) DANIEL AUTEUIL PASCAL DUQUENNE WITH THE PARTICIPATION OF MIOU-MIOU WITH HENRI GARCIN AND ISABELLE SADOYAN ORIGINAL SCORE BY PIERRE VAN DORMAEL SCREENPLAY BY JACO VAN DORMAEL PRODUCED BY PHILIPPE GODEAU DIRECTED BY JACO VAN DORMAEL

PHILIPS ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON PHILIPS COMPACT DISKS

PolyGram FILMED ENTERTAINMENT

GRAMERCY PICTURES a PolyGram Company

© 1997 PolyGram Film Productions B.V. A Gramercy Pictures Release. All Rights Reserved.

EXCLUSIVE NEW YORK ENGAGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY, MARCH 7th
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS
63RD STREET & BROADWAY OPPOSITE LINCOLN CENTER 757-2280

★**The Empire Strikes Back**—The second installment in George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. The Italian scenes, however, are not merely a frame for the flashbacks: The two places, Tuscany and North Africa, stand as equals, each with its own stamp of pleasure and fear, each with its own visual motifs and characteristic life. What fuses the separate parts is nothing less than the varieties of love—erotic love, the pleasures of companionship, and even healing as vocation. Fiennes's count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katharine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Everyone Says I Love You—In movies, when ordinary speech seems inadequate, singing and dancing become the strongest way of saying something. But in Woody Allen's new musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough. So Allen uses actors with no training as singers—Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices, which barely reach the microphone, and there's no exhilaration, no release. The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family (Alan Alda is the paterfamilias), with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat. The movie is easy to sit through and hard to get excited about. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

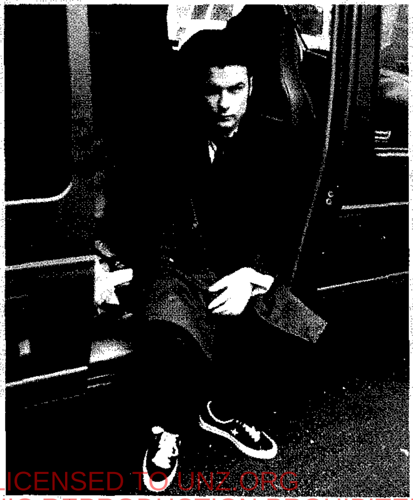
Evita—Eva Perón (Madonna), born in 1919 in a small town, escapes from illegitimacy and poverty to Buenos Aires; she becomes a dance-hall girl, a mediocre radio and film actress; she sleeps with colonels, drifts upward, and winds up as the wife of Juan Perón (Jonathan Pryce), who is elected president of Argentina. Under his protection, she becomes a political figure in her own right, a benefactress of the poor, a savior, a saint, yet she's blind to the police power and torture that keep her husband in power. She dies of cancer at 33 and is embalmed, and offers redemption to the people. Or something like that. The life of the actual Eva Perón is a black comedy of major proportions; it is a life that can sanely be approached only with irony—or with an exuberant appreciation of the grotesque. *Evita* is grotesque, all right, but it lacks even a tinge of self-awareness or wit. Nor is Eva Perón a fully articulated person with individual emotions. Dialogue might have humanized her, but writer-director Alan Parker sticks to the strategy that worked in the theater: Andrew Lloyd Webber's music is sung and played throughout. Parker and his team re-create postwar Argentina, and some of the detail is impressive—but this is a weird, terribly distant piece of moviemaking. (Denby; 1/6/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East.*

Follow Me Home—Four hardscrabble artists—two Native American, two Hispanic—attempt to paint a mural on the White House. Directed by Peter Bratt. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *19th Street East.*

Fools Rush In—Matthew Perry and Salma Hayek star in this comedy about a young couple who get married after a one-night stand results in pregnancy. Directed by Andy Tennant. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Plaza .*

Talent Liev a Little

Perhaps the most guaranteed presence in independent films this side of Parker Posey, Liev Schreiber—who stars in Greg Mottola's darkly comic *Daytrippers* (opening March 5)—is having a crisis of conscience. "I absolutely have doubts about taking certain jobs," concedes Schreiber, last seen as Donnie Wahlberg's thuggish brother in Ron Howard's *Ransom*. "But I think as long as you're honest about the humanity of the character, it's okay." Schreiber had no such qualms about his part in *Daytrippers* as Posey's boyfriend, Carl, a deadly earnest writer who delivers lengthy and hilarious monologues about the advantages of aristocracy over democracy and the tragedy of cultural mediocrity. "It would have been very easy to make that character a pseudo-intellectual bohemian asshole," says Schreiber, "but Greg makes him compassionate." As does Schrieber, who takes a potentially buffoonish, broadly drawn snob and gradually reveals him to be a painfully vulnerable and misguided soul. "It's a very simple movie," continues Schreiber, "but the encouraging thing about life is that it's *simple*—the way people come together, the way they come apart. Movies like this are saying that we value our interactions with people enough to say that they are rich as material for art." The superserious Schreiber—who grew up on the Lower East Side with his cab-driving anarchist mom, and who regularly turned down lucrative acting gigs to complete his master's in drama at Yale—will next be seen in *The Magic Hour* with Paul Newman and *Sphere* with Sharon Stone. And he's lightening up a bit over his potential status as a sellout. "I used to say I would never do a horror movie," says Schreiber, "because they scare the piss out of me, and I would never want to do that to anyone else." Of course, all that's changed now that Schrieber's got the lead in the sequel to *Scream*.



Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets—Sting stars as a butler who, with his wife, disrupts the genteel life of an aristocratic family in forties Britain. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Hamlet**—In the new *Hamlet,* Kenneth Branagh is an extroverted prince, bold, brazen, often noisy, a man who dominates every conversation and enjoys putting people on. Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. As the principals plot and scheme and manipulate one another, we are never allowed to forget that the future of the state is at issue. Claudius has not just killed Hamlet's father; he has denied Hamlet the throne. This Hamlet very much wants to be king. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places stress on our endurance—yet there are many brilliant moments. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs. ; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

Hard Eight—Samuel L. Jackson, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Philip Baker Hall star in this modern *noir* about a calloused gambler whose future is threatened by a dark secret. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money the sports agents can snag for their clients in multi-year contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that the company handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. At the same time, he captures the discontent beneath the mania, and he shows a striking gift for intimacy. This is a terrifically alert movie, hip to the way people feel about one another from moment to moment. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

Jerusalem—Two young lovers in a small Scandinavian town are torn apart by a local preacher. Directed by Billie August. (2 hrs. 53 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

Johns—David Arquette and Lukas Haas play two young hustlers struggling to survive on the streets of L.A. Written and directed by Scott Silver. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Jungle 2 Jungle—Tim Allen plays a New York executive who discovers he has a 12-year-old son living in the jungles of the Amazon. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

Kama Sutra—Two women in ancient India—one queen, the other slave—compete for the king's love. Directed by Mira Nair. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

★**Kolya**—This loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is very concisely organized, yet each scene plays with a relaxed, ruminative hum. The hero, Franta (Zdenek Sverak), has lived with dismay for so long that he remains blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. A great musician, he was once a cellist in the Czech Philharmonic, but he was tossed out for making an offhand remark that offended a Prague bureaucrat. Defensive and silent, he has turned into a sneak and a liar, a man who seduces other men's wives. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of the Dustin Hoffman–Justin Henry scenes in *Kramer vs. Kramer,* though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

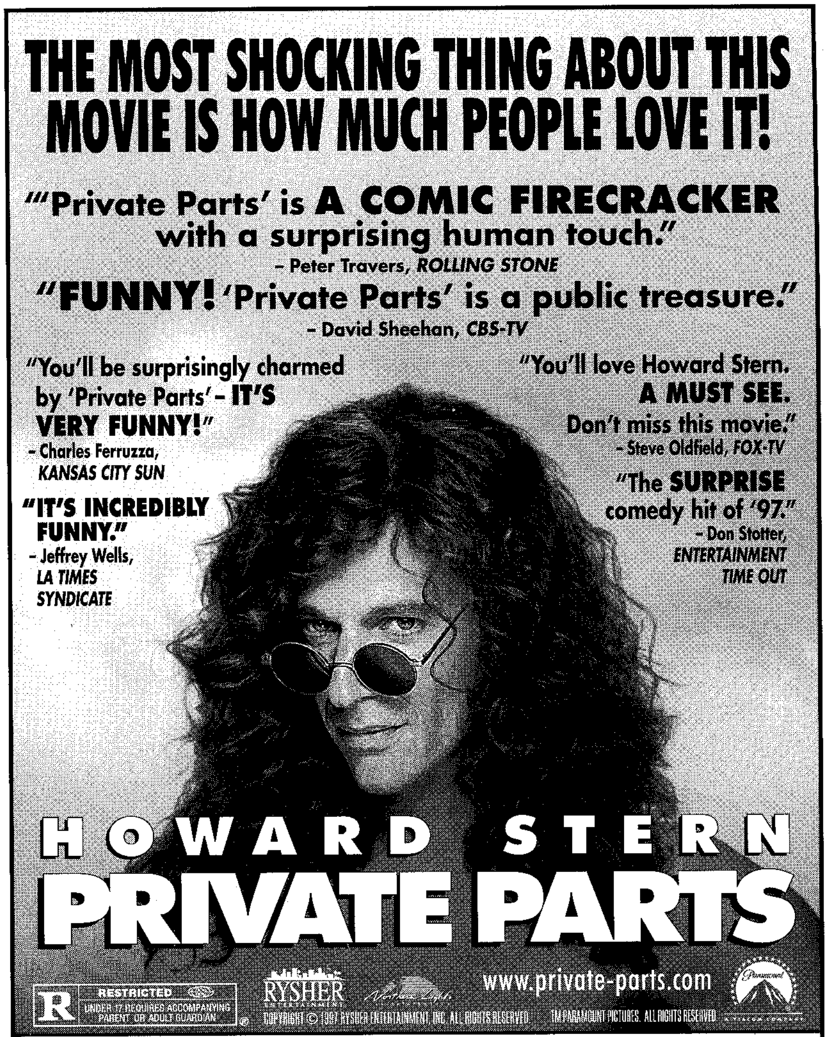
Lost Highway—In David Lynch's new movie, a man (Bill Pullman) who is sent to prison for murdering his wife (but did he really murder her?) is transformed, somehow, into a younger man (Balthazar Getty) who falls in love with what appears to be the same woman, who . . . Here also is a ghost, or at least a ghostly personage (played by Robert Blake), who makes home videos; a good deal of mock pornography; and much doomed driving-about at night, headlights penetrating into the unfathomable darkness, which receives the oncoming beams into its womb of annihilation—or something like that. David Lynch may be a failure as an artist, but he's not a phony. In this two-hour narrative movie, he has sustained the obsessional weirdness of his most extreme works. Patricia Arquette and Pullman play a married couple living together in intense silence and distrust. Pullman is all awareness, and Arquette seems completely drugged, so they make a provocative and unstable combination. Erotic tension gathers in the blank spaces between their words. The couple begins receiving videotapes, first of the exterior of the house, then of the interior and the two of them in bed. Some sort of intruder is plaguing them, and we gather he has a mysterious connection to Arquette's past. This mix of voyeurism and violation could easily power a great erotic thriller—but then Lynch lets everything go but the eroticism. He escapes into visual fantasia, and we get the usual menacing Lynchian soundtrack, with its moaning wind-tunnel relentlessness. The picture is a virtuoso exercise in spooky unintelligibility. (Denby; 3/3/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo Di Caprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency; Pavilion Theatre.*

Mon Homme—A prostitute falls in love with a vagrant, who quickly turns into her pimp. Directed by Bertrand Blier. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

A Mongolian Tale—The thwarted love affair between a Chinese boy and a Mongolian girl ripples through their adult lives. Directed by Xie Fei. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

Prisoner of the Mountains—A company of armed Russians fighting in the war with Chechnya is ambushed by the rebels; two Russian soldiers survive and are held as prisoners in a Muslim village in the Caucasus Mountains. The older one, Sacha (Oleg Menshnikov), a professional soldier with a devil-may-care attitude, is disgusted by Vania (Sergei Bodrov Jr.), the raw recruit he's stuck with. Sacha is violent, witty, and experienced, Vania a lamb caught in a life-and-death situation. In time, they grow to like each other and to admire some of the villagers who guard them. The village elder, an enormous, fierce-looking man (Jemel Sik-harulidze), wants to keep them alive so he can trade them for his son, who is held prisoner by the Russians nearby. In his slight, haphazard way, the director, Sergei Bodrov, captures the rawness, the unpredictability, the stop-and-go violence of war. On the other hand, we don't always know what's going on; some of the sequences seem half-hearted and arbitrary. Bodrov needs to tighten his grip on basic technique; his casualness is cut off from meaning. The humanist message—that what holds people together is more important than the political and religious differences that divide them—seems a little wan and perfunctory when your technique is better at conveying chaos than evoking the ties that bind. (Denby; 3/3/97) (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*



THE MOST SHOCKING THING ABOUT THIS MOVIE IS HOW MUCH PEOPLE LOVE IT!

"'Private Parts' is A COMIC FIRECRACKER with a surprising human touch."
- Peter Travers, *ROLLING STONE*

"FUNNY! 'Private Parts' is a public treasure."
- David Sheehan, *CBS-TV*

"You'll be surprisingly charmed by 'Private Parts' - IT'S VERY FUNNY!"
- Charles Ferruzza, *KANSAS CITY SUN*

"IT'S INCREDIBLY FUNNY."
- Jeffrey Wells, *LA TIMES SYNDICATE*

"You'll love Howard Stern. A MUST SEE. Don't miss this movie."
- Steve Oldfield, *FOX-TV*

"The SURPRISE comedy hit of '97."
- Don Stotter, *ENTERTAINMENT TIME OUT*

HOWARD STERN
PRIVATE PARTS

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
RYSHER ENTERTAINMENT
www.private-parts.com
COPYRIGHT © 1997 RYSHER ENTERTAINMENT, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED TM PARAMOUNT PICTURES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

SPECIAL ADVANCE SCREENINGS BEGIN THURSDAY, MARCH 6, AT 10PM

REGULAR ENGAGEMENTS START FRIDAY, MARCH 7

SONY THEATRES
ASTOR PLAZA
44TH ST. WEST OF B'WAY
869-8340

SONY THEATRES
ORPHEUM
86TH ST. & 3RD AVE. 876-2400

CINEPLEX ODEON
BARONET
3RD AVE. AT 59TH STREET
505-CINE # 608

CINEPLEX ODEON
CORONET
3RD AVE. AT 59TH ST. 355-1663
505-CINE # 608

SONY THEATRES
34TH ST. SHOWPLACE
BETW. 2ND & 3RD AVE. 532-5544

SONY THEATRES
84TH STREET
B'WAY & 84TH ST. 294-9410

CINEPLEX ODEON
CHELSEA CINEMAS
23RD ST. BETW. 7TH & 8TH AVES.
505-CINE # 597

SONY THEATRES
VILLAGE VII
3RD AVENUE AT 11TH STREET
982-0400

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT
COLISEUM THEATRE
B'WAY AND 181ST ST.
740-1545

CREATIVE ENTERTAINMENT
NOVA CINEMAS
B'WAY AND 147TH ST.
862-5728

CINEPLEX ODEON
OLYMPIA CINEMAS
B'WAY & 107TH ST.
505-CINE # 613

DOLBY

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT- NO PASSES OR DISCOUNT TICKETS ACCEPTED

AND AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE

Luncheon *Dinner*
La Côte Basque
Open Sundays
60 West 55th Street, NYC • Tel 688-6525

the 3rd AVIGNON NEW YORK film festival 97
French Institute / Alliance Française April 14-21
Festival Badges & Info: (212) 343-2675
www.francetelecom.com

Piccolino
Fresh pasta & gourmet thin crust pizza in a country Italian setting.
8 East 36th St. (Fifth & Madison) 212.683.6444

DIVA
RESTAURANT & BAR
341 WEST BROADWAY • SOHO • 941- 9024

Private Parts—The highly amusing life and times of Howard Stern, adapted from his best-selling autobiography. Directed by Betty Thomas. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Rhyme & Reason—A documentary about hip-hop featuring Ice-T, Chuck D., and Dr. Dre. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Ridicule**—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds himself rewarded with the king's favor. On the other hand, if the same man falls down on the dance floor, or begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be required to absent himself from France altogether. Wit, as it is conceived here, is artificial, formal, logical. It reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Screening Room; 59th Street East.*

Rosewood—Two men work to evacuate an all-black town when neighboring whites—enraged by false reports of a random attack by a black man against a white woman—seek revenge. Based on actual incidents in twenties Florida. Directed by John Singleton. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, postmodern take on scary movies. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Manhattan Twin; Olympia Theatre.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/ 96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Smilla's Sense of Snow—Julia Ormond stars as an emotionally remote woman who relentlessly investigates the mysterious death of a little boy she had grown to love. With Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Billie August. (2 hrs. ; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

★**Star Wars**—The early and middle seventies—the time of the *Godfather* movies and great films by Altman, Scorsese, Polanski, and Ashby, the time of De Palma's audacities and a general level of risk-taking, even in the big studios—offered much to anyone eager to believe that film was the great American art form of the twentieth century. Seeing *Star Wars* after those movies was, for some of us, an exhilarating but also unnerving experience. For here was George Lucas working in hyperpop style, without the earnestness about art that we expected from master directors. But in the past twenty years, American big-studio films have become so frivolously pop and so omnivorously commercial that *Star Wars* now seems a model of classical narrative. It tells a story with some feeling for its characters; it has a strong charge of suspense and an epic theme—the search of a boy for his father. It has a touch of mystery, and has retrospectively gained in stature by Lucas's extending the mythical aspects of the story in later parts of the trilogy. What seemed cheesy before—the helmeted lummoxes running up and down corridors, the refuse-dump walls closing in on the heroes—now seems reassuringly human and small-scaled. *(Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG) Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; National Theatre; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

SubUrbia—College dropouts, dreamers, and premature failures hang out every night in a convenience-store parking lot somewhere in suburban Texas. As a group, they have gathered in this gruesome cement corner since high school. Most Americans would see them as posing losers, and in many ways they are. But playwright-screenwriter Eric Bogosian and director Richard Linklater treat them tenderly; the kids are losers of a special kind—embittered idealists trapped in the nowheresville of American pop commercialism. *SubUrbia* is intensely written and played, and though it whirls around and goes nowhere, passages of it are affecting. *(Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

That Darn Cat—Christina Ricci is a bored 16-year-old whose mischievous cat leads her and her cohort (Doug E. Doug) into a web of suburban intrigue. Directed by Bob Spiers. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Village East; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre.*

Touch—Skeet Ulrich stars as a young Franciscan monk living in L.A., whose daily existence—which consists mainly of quietly performing miracles—is destroyed by assorted hucksters, televangelists, and tabloid reporters. Directed by Paul Schrader. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Tromeo and Juliet—Troma, that infamous Hell's Kitchen production house, updates Shakespeare's love story. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Embassy 2–4.*

Vegas Vacation—Chevy Chase once again loads the wife and the kids (are they not grown yet?) into the Suburban and relentlessly pursues fun. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza.*

Waiting for Guffman—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. With Catherine O'Hara, Fred Willard, and Eugene Levy. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Sutton.*

★**When We Were Kings**—In 1974, Don King promoted a world-heavyweight-championship fight in Zaire, the famous "Rumble in the Jungle." For the heavily favored George Foreman, Zaire was just a place to earn $5 million, but for Muhammad Ali, fighting to reclaim the title stripped from him when he refused induction into the Army during the Vietnam War, the event was a defining moment. Blacks had left in shackles and returned as champions—that was his mantra, and the American party included James Brown and B. B. King, who were caught up in the same spirit. The young music documentarian Leon Gast went to Zaire to shoot the performance and returned with 300,000 feet of film. After years of struggle, he finally pulled the footage together with help from producer-director Taylor Hackford, who shot fresh interviews with Norman Mailer and George Plimpton, both of whom covered the fight. We see the routine things

Opening

Stern und Drang

Having conquered radio, television, and several best-seller lists, Howard Stern emerges as Hollywood's most unlikely player with his motion-picture debut, 'Private Parts' (opening Friday). The engaging comedy—based on his wildly popular autobiography—recounts his many and varied failures on the way to becoming America's favorite anti-celebrity.

Photograph by K.C. Bailey/Rysher Entertainment.

onscreen—Foreman punching the training bag, Ali taking body blows from his sparring partner—which are brought to life by Mailer's comments. Even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. Watching Ali spin and wheel, we can only mourn the brilliant young man who martyred himself to his love of glory in the ring. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breaking the Waves; Shine; Sling Blade; Smilla's Sense of Snow; SubUrbia; Waiting for Guffman.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Star Wars; Blood & Wine.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Boyfriends.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Rats in the Ranks; Cyclo.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Hard Eight; Johns; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Ridicule.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Kolya; Marvin's Room; That Darn Cat.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Fools Rush In; Lost Highway; Rosewood; Touch.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dante's Peak; Scream.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Donnie Brasco; Follow Me Home; Fools Rush In; Jerry Maguire; Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Everyone Says I Love You.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Marvin's Room; The Empire Strikes Back.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Dante's Peak; The English Patient; Lost Highway; Marvin's Room; Rosewood; Shine; Star Wars.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Everyone Says I Love You; The Empire Strikes Back.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Shine; Star Wars.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Ridicule.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Unforgotten.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Blood & Wine.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Dante's Peak.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Sling Blade.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Fools Rush In; Shine.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Dangerous Ground; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire; Vegas Vacation.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Empire Strikes Back.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Metro.*

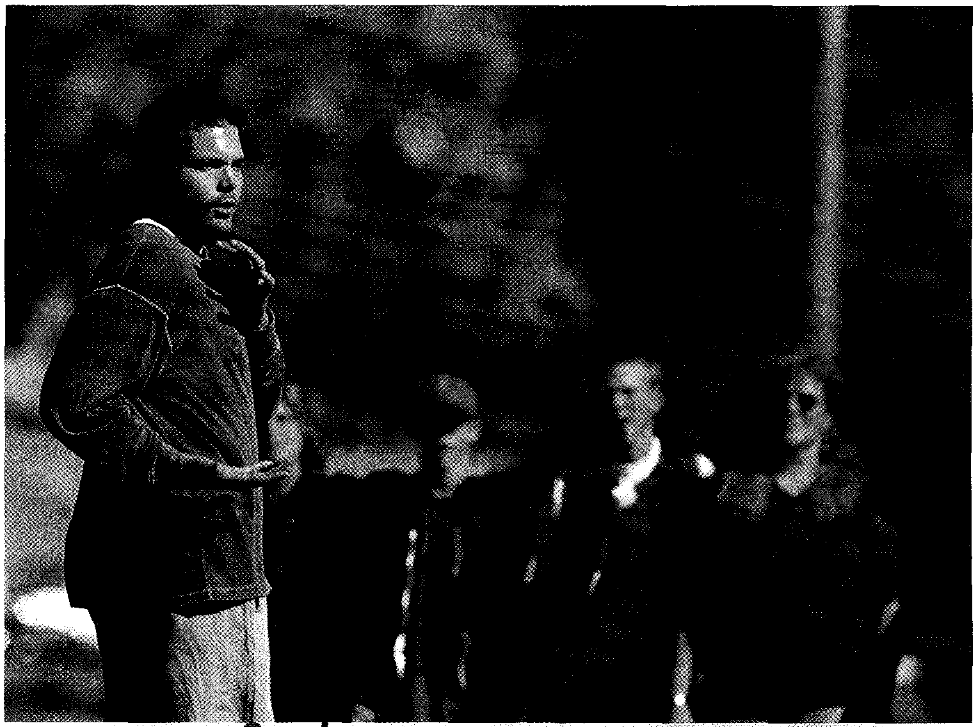
Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *The English Patient; Evita; Tromeo and Juliet.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Marvin's Room.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Booty Call; Scream.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Dante's Peak; Star Wars.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*



Opening

Blind Man's Buff

In the potentially offensive *Good Luck,* Vincent D'Onofrio (above) is Tony "Ole" Olezniak, an ex-football player who, now blind and disillusioned, enters a whitewater-rafting race with a paraplegic dental technician. Richard La Brie's black comedy, which also stars Gregory Hines and Max Gail (who used to play Wojo on *Barney Miller*), opens March 7.

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Fools Rush In; Rosewood; Scream.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Evita; Waiting for Guffman.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Daylight; Fargo; Mars Attacks!; Michael; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Empire Strikes Back.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Blood & Wine.*

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Rosewood.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Evita; Marvin's Room; That Darn Cat.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Marvin's Room; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade; Star Wars; Touch; Vegas Vacation.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Everyone Says I Love You; The English Patient.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Rosewood; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Donnie Brasco.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Hard Eight.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (294-9410) *Blood & Wine; Booty Call; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Vegas Vacation.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *La Cérémonie; The English Patient; Kolya; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies; SubUrbia.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Kama Sutra; Lost Highway; Rosewood; Shine; Smilla's Sense of Snow; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; When We Were Kings.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Mother.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Dante's Peak; Fools Rush In; Star Wars; That Darn Cat.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Booty Call; Rosewood; Star Wars.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Booty Call; Scream.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Marvin's Room.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Absolute Power; Blood & Wine; Booty Call; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Jerry Maguire; Metro; The Pest; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; The Pest; Rosewood; Star Wars; That Darn Cat.*

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Donnie Brasco; Absolute Power.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Absolute Power; Blood & Wine; Booty Call; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Metro; The Pest; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; The English Patient; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; Rosewood; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Lost Highway; Star Wars.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Booty Call; Star Wars; That Darn Cat.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Marvin's Room; Rosewood; Shine; That Darn Cat.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Star Wars.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Booty Call; Rosewood; Star Wars.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Booty Call; The English Patient; Fools Rush In.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Booty Call; Dangerous Ground; Dante's Peak; Rosewood; Scream; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Star Wars.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; Marvin's Room.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Blood & Wine; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Marvin's Room; Star Wars; That Darn Cat.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Rosewood.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Fools Rush In; Star Wars.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Rosewood; Scream; Shine; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Fools Rush In; Star Wars; Vegas Vacation.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Dante's Peak; The English Patient; Everyone Says I Love You; Lost Highway; Mother; Rosewood; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; Fools Rush In; Rosewood; That Darn Cat.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Blood & Wine; The English Patient; Secrets & Lies; That Darn Cat.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Rosewood.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Absolute Power; Blood & Wine; Booty Call; Dangerous Ground.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Beautician and the Beast; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Beautician and the Beast; Booty Call; Evita; Marvin's Room; That Darn Cat.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Absolute Power; Shine; Vegas Vacation.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Blood & Wine; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Marvin's Room; Star Wars.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; Rosewood.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; Lost Highway; Star Wars.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Everyone Says I Love You; Evita.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Fools Rush In; Vegas Vacation.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Fools Rush In; Marvin's Room.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Star Wars.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Donnie Brasco.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire; Shine; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Absolute Power; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; Evita; Marvin's Room; Vegas Vacation.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Absolute Power; Beautician and the Beast; Blood & Wine; Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Fools Rush In; Jerry Maguire; Lost Highway; Rosewood; Scream; Star Wars; That Darn Cat; Vegas Vacation.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Chantal Akerman." 3/8: *I . . . You . . . He . . . She* (1974), *I'm Hungry, I'm Cold* (1984), and *Night and Day* (1991). 3/9: *All Night Long* (1982), *Family Business: Chantal Akerman Speaks About Film* (1984), and *Three Stanzas on the Name "Sacher"* (1989). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entr. on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—"Contemporary Mexican Cinema." 3/3 and 3/8: *Lolo* (1992). 3/4 and 3/9: *On the Air* (1994). 3/5 and 3/8: *Benjamin's Woman* (1991). 3/6: *Pueblo de Madera* (1990). 3/7 and 3/9: *La Vida Conyugal* (1992). 3/8: *Grandfather Cheno and Other Stories* (1995), *Un Volcan con Lava de Hielo* (1994), and *Alicia's Wings* (1994). 3/9: *The Garden of Eden* (1994). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Casa La Femme—3/9: *Last Tango in Paris* (1972). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Cinema Village 12th St—"Hong Kong Sexploitation." 3/6–3/11: *Sex and Zen II* (1996). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—3/9: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 2/27: *The Graduate* (1967). Beginning 2/28: *Le Samouraï* (1967). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Images of Exile: Films by Raul Ruiz." 3/4: *On Top of the Whale* (1982) and *Mammame* (1986). "Remembering Kieslowski." 3/5 and 3/6: *No End* (1985) and *Camera Buff* (1979). 3/5, 3/6, and 3/9: *The Scar* (1976) with *From the Point of View of the Nightwatchman* (1977). 3/7–9: *Krzysztof Kieslowski: I'm So-So* (1982). 3/8: *Blue* (1993), *White* (1995), *Red* (1994). 3/9: *Blind Chance* (1981). "Movies for Kids." 3/8 and 3/9: *Planet of the Apes* (1968). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—3/4: *Charles mort ou vif* (1969). 3/11: *Les Enfants* (1984). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $5.50 seniors.

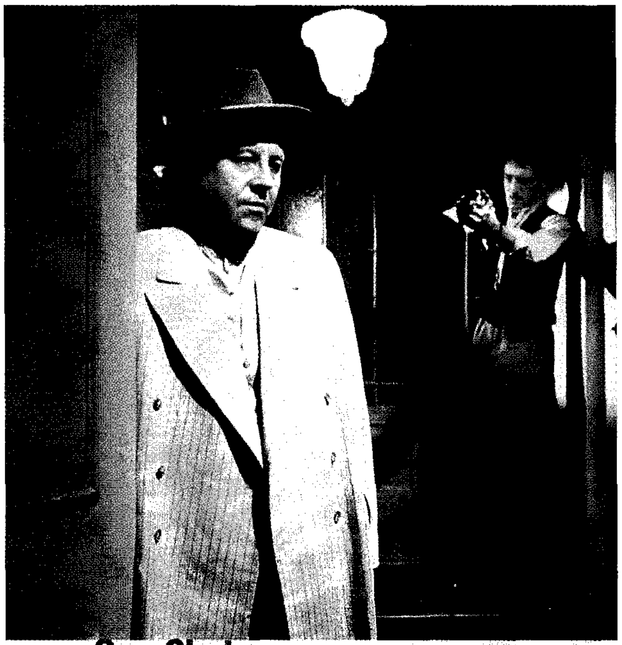
Japan Society—"Art on Film." 3/7: *Saga of the Great Buddha* (1952). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Rainer Werner Fassbinder." 3/3: *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (1980), Parts 1-3. 3/4: Parts 4-7. 3/6: Parts 8-11. 3/7: Parts 12-13 and Epilogue. 3/8: Parts 1-7. 3/9: Parts 8-13 and Epilogue. "From the Archives: Best Picture." 3/8: *It Happened One Night* (1934). 3/8 and 3/9: *On the Waterfront* (1954). 3/9: *The Broadway Melody* (1929). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Screening Room—Sundays: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal (334-2100); $8 ($5 for brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Godard & Co." 3/4: *First Name: Carmen* and *Gun Crazy.* 3/11: *JLG/JLG* and *The Man with the Movie Camera.* 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 3/9: "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.



One-Shot

Achtung, Baby

The Museum of Modern Art wraps up its six-week tribute to German auteur Rainer Werner Fassbinder with a weeklong screening of his fifteen-hour magnum opus, 1980's *Berlin Alexanderplatz.* The film's stars, Günter Lamprecht (foreground) and Gottfried John (background), will make a rare personal appearance at the Saturday screening. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

theater

***Hedwig* Rocks On...Kyra Sedgwick Onstage**

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy,* set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind.* $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Play On!—Songs by Duke Ellington, plot by William Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*), and a setting in prewar Harlem. Written by Cheryl L. West; conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps. $40–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/20 opening. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Wed.– Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. No performances 1/6–1/12. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-per-

Opening
Dream Boat

Fassbinder on water? The Frying Pan, a 1929 lightship off Pier 63 in Chelsea, plays host to two of the auteur's plays—'The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant' and 'Bremen Freedom'—in conjunction with the Museum of Modern Art's retrospective of his films. (The Frying Pan, 23rd Street and the West Side Highway; call 340-8032 for details.)

Photograph by Melissa Kay Cohen

formance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Stanley—Circle in the Square returns with this acclaimed London show about English artist Stanley Spencer. Starring Antony Sher, making his New York debut in the title role. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/20/97. *Circle in the Square, 1622 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. Through 3/22. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekhov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/13/97. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

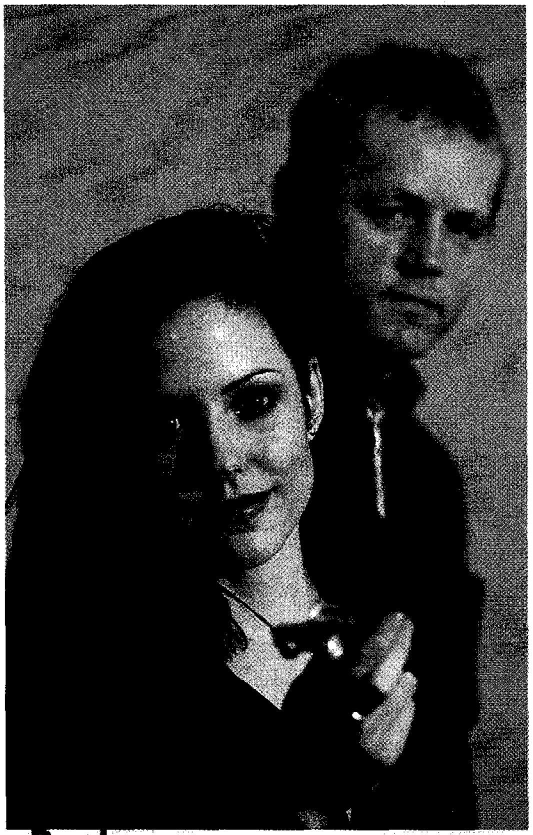
Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Antony and Cleopatra—Vanessa Redgrave directs and stars with David Harewood in this new adaptation of Shakespeare's Egyptian history. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/13 opening. *Anspacher/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Changeling—Theater for a New Audience's second production of the season, a revival of the Jacobean tragicomedy. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30 (at 8 after 2/28), Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/1/97. *Playhouse at St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*



Previews

Drive, He Said

Most of us remember driving lessons as a series of jolts and fights, often concluded by multiple slamming doors. Playwright Paula Vogel obviously had a kinder, gentler experience. *How I Learned to Drive*, her new play at the Vineyard Theatre, stars Mary-Louise Parker as a teenager who comes of age behind the wheel of a car owned by her uncle (played by David Morse).

The Green Heart—Charles Busch and Rusty Magee's new horticultural-themed musical, set in the romantic environs of the potting shed. $30–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/1 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

How I Learned To Drive—Paula Vogel's new coming-of-age tale, starring Mary-Louise Parker. Directed by Mark Brokaw. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Names—A new play by Mark Kemble about the Hollywood "red scare," starring the legendary Tovak Feldshuh. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/31. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Not Waving . . .—Kyra Sedgwick stars as a young woman trying to climb back to sanity in Gen LeRoy's first play. $33–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/5 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

One Flea Spare—Dianne Wiest stars in Naomi Wallace's dark drama about class warfare in seventeenth-century London. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 3/9 opening. *Martinson Hall/The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Violet—A new musical by Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley based on *The Ugliest Pilgrim* by Doris Betts; directed by Susan H. Schulman. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/11 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Alice In Analysis—The world premiere of a new musical based on Lewis Carroll's books, except Alice is 30, in therapy, and living on the Upper East Side. $12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/10. *West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. (628-3251).*

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $20–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Boychik—Starring Richard Kline, an exploration of emotions after a father's death. $40–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. $40. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Concert Pianist—A one-man show starring Barry Neikburg chronicling a pianist's search for the ideal teacher. $35. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 1/19/97. *Jewish Repertory Theatre's Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg

Dreamstuff—A new musical version of the Aladdin's-lamp fairy tale, in a nineties setting. $37.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/17/97. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's midlife breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (279-4200).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We are all allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith's take on the life of the founder of the Black Panther Party, with sound design by Marc Anthony Thompson. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 3/9. *LuEsther Hall, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

In-Betweens—A new play by Bryan Goluboff, a love story set in the Bronx. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 2/18/97. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. $20. Fri.–Sun. at 8. Through 3/19. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Minutes From the Blue Route—A family dismantles its house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. $32. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/15. Opened: 1/30/97. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, presented in rotating repertory through March 28. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Mrs. Cage—A suburban housewife admits to a crime, but is unwilling to take responsibility for her action. By Nancy Barr; directed by and starring Alberta Handelman. $25. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 2/23. *Martin R. Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly channels George Bernard Shaw in this one-man show, adapted by Michael Vosey from Shaw's reminiscences, love letters, and diaries. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/16. Opened 1/23/97. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/16. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

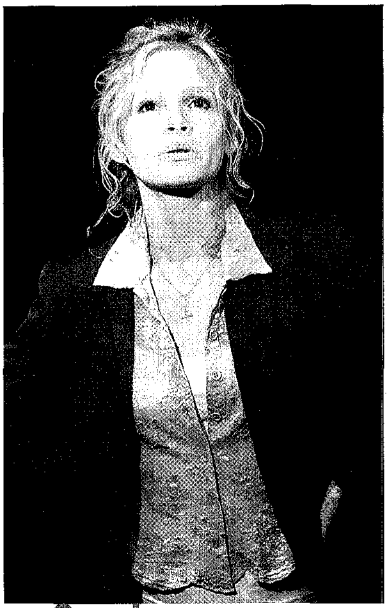
Psychopathia Sexualis—John Patrick Shanley's fetish comedy, starring Daniel Gerroll, Andrew McCarthy, and Park Overall. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Question of Mercy—The world premiere of David Rabe's meditation on assisted suicide (obviously this year's soul-search issue). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Red Address—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. $32.50–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/13/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Robbers—A new play by *Orphans* writer Lyle Kessler, set in a world of shifting identities and industrial espionage. Starring Michael Rapaport, Jonathan Hadary, and Paul Ben-Victor. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/20/97. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Molière's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.

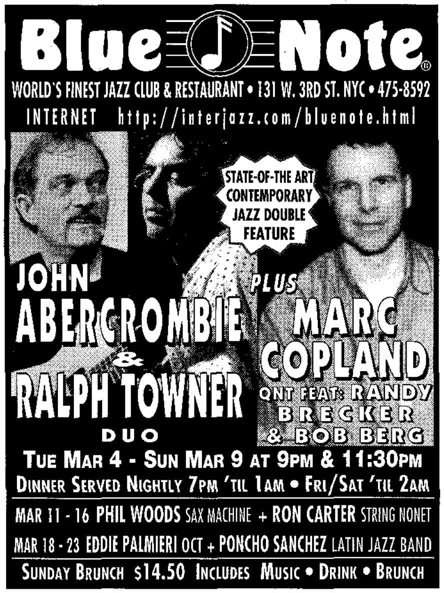


Opening

Disorderly Conduct

Does Kyra Sedgwick have a dark side? She's happy that you asked. Offscreen, her voice quickly demolishes her golden girl-next-door image. It's raspy and low; she speaks in fits and spurts, self-editorializing, even cursing. And her non-Hollywood acting choices run similarly deep. In last year's *Losing Chase*, directed by husband Kevin Bacon, she co-starred with Helen Mirren as a nurse who gets too close to her unstable patient. In Primary Stages's new production of Gen LeRoy's *Not Waving . . .*, she plays a manic-depressive who has just been released from a string of institutions. Why the interest in mental illness? "Sometimes I feel that mad people hold the key to a certain kind of freedom that I'm fascinated by and I covet in a way," Sedgwick says, laughing at her portentousness. "Freedom is truth and truth is freedom, and what I try to do with my work is the *truth.*" LeRoy's play allows Sedgwick to plumb the emotional depths actors love, even get a little crazy. "Truth is ugly and there's a lot of ugly moments in this play, especially for *me.*" Her voice drops an octave. "Darkness can be ugly." She's done her homework, visiting a psychiatric ward, interviewing doctors and patients, watching tapes of case histories, picking up mannerisms and mental leaps. But Sedgwick says the play is *not* a high-minded, deadly dull tale of one woman's return to sanity. "Another reason why I took this play is, it's fun! I know that it sounds strange, but it's a wild ride and much of it is incredibly joyful—it's really about the high of a manic episode." Even when Sedgwick is mad, she's happy. ALEXANDRA LANGE

Photograph by James Leynse.



Blue Note®
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT • 131 W. 3RD ST. NYC • 475-8592
INTERNET http://interjazz.com/bluenote.html
STATE-OF-THE ART CONTEMPORARY JAZZ DOUBLE FEATURE
JOHN ABERCROMBIE & RALPH TOWNER DUO
PLUS MARC COPLAND QNT FEAT: RANDY BRECKER & BOB BERG
TUE MAR 4 - SUN MAR 9 AT 9PM & 11:30PM
DINNER SERVED NIGHTLY 7PM 'TIL 1AM • FRI/SAT 'TIL 2AM
MAR 11 - 16 PHIL WOODS SAX MACHINE + RON CARTER STRING NONET
MAR 18 - 23 EDDIE PALMIERI OCT + PONCHO SANCHEZ LATIN JAZZ BAND
SUNDAY BRUNCH $14.50 INCLUDES MUSIC • DRINK • BRUNCH

PRIX FIXE THEATER MENU
$19.97
CENTURY café
132 WEST 43RD ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
212•398•1988
FOR PARTIES CALL MYKE

"SUSHI & RAW BAR NOW AT BOTH LOCATIONS!"
HI LIFE
1930's STYLE ... 1990's FOOD
STEAKS • CHOPS • SEAFOOD • SALAD • PASTA
BAR & GRILL
83rd/Amsterdam
212-787-7199
REST. & LOUNGE
72nd/First
212-249-3600

"Dishes that dazzle"
— Ruth Reichl, *NY TIMES*
JUDSON GRILL
LUNCH • DINNER
PRE/POST THEATER
PARTIES • EVENTS
152 W. 52ND ST. • BET 6TH AND 7TH AVE. • 212-582-5252

ED SULLIVAN'S
RESTAURANT • NITE CLUB
AT THE ED SULLIVAN THEATER
1697 Broadway at 53rd St.
For reservations: 212-541-1697
..."a big, bold, comfortable space...this is 1950's fare with a decided swagger."
–Ruth Reichl, NY Times ★★ 6/7/96
PRE-THEATER DINNER $21.95
JAZZ & BLUES Nightly, 8PM
"...a little glamor back on Broadway"– NY Times

at 2:30. Through 3/23. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Three One-Acts by Sam Shepard—*The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife, Killer's Head,* and *Action*; directed by Darrell Larson. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/9/97. Through 3/23. *Susan Stein Shiva Theater, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Tokyo Shock Boys—Japanese vaudeville, with a little Stooges mixed in. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 2/19/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, bet. 6th Ave. and MacDougal St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Blue Light Theater Company presents Shakespeare's early comedy, directed by Dylan Baker. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/23/97. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (935-5820).*

Off-Off Broadway

Bad Reputation—A work-in-progress by Penny Arcade. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8:30. Through 3/16. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

The Beekeeper's Daughter—A new play by Karen Malpede about a disrupted idyll on a Mediterranean isle. $15–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/13. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Danny Hoch: Evolution of a Homeboy—A new one-man show. $12. Mon. at 9:30. Through 4/21. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

Fairy Tales—A gay-and-lesbian life-affirming musical revue. $12, plus a two-drink minimum. Sat. at 7:30. Through 4/5. *The Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (592-3167).*

Good As New—Peter Hedges's new comedy, starring Laura Esterman, John Spencer and Jennifer Dundas. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun at 3. Opens 3/26. *MCC Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Hedwig & The Angry Inch—A rock-and-roll drag biography. $20. Thurs. and Fri. at 9, Sat. at 9 and 11:15, Sun. at 8. Through 3/24. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Hysterical Blindness—A dramedy about two working-class girls from New Jersey. Directed by Jared Harris. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. *'A' Theatre, 154 W. 29th St. (995-8949).*

John Leguizamo: Work in Progress—A new one-man show. $12. 3/6–3/8 at 10:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5288).*

The Julia Project—From Lillian Hellman's *Pentimento*. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (604-4222).*

The Little Frieda Mysteries—David and Amy Sedaris's new dysfunctional drama. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Mon. and Wed. at 8. Through 3/16. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

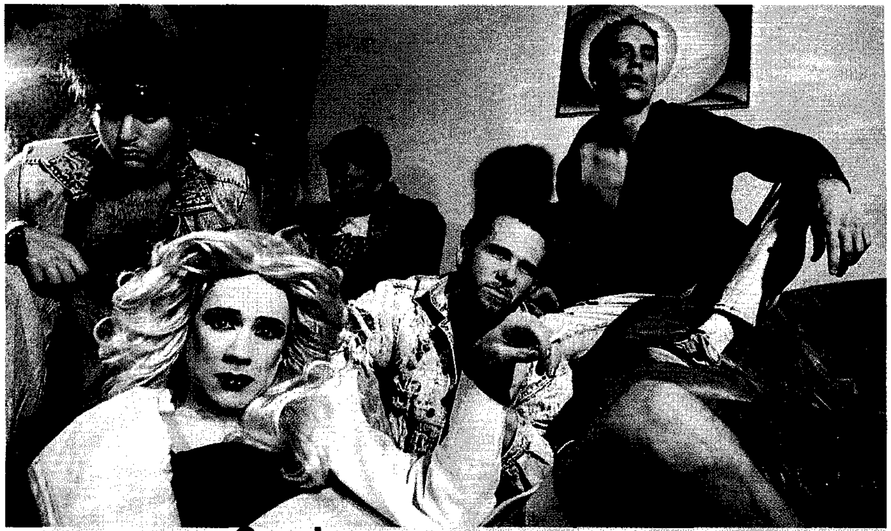
Seeing Things—A new gay love story by Michael Boodro. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (642-5303).*

Sganarelle: Three By Molière—*The Imaginary Cuckold, The Forced Marriage*, and *The Flying Doctor.* $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/23. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

Three Sisters—Richard Schechner's time-traveling production of Chekhov's drama. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 3/9. *La MaMa E.T.C. Annex, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

What Party?—A courtship farce amongst the debs, bankers, and charity balls; by Jennifer Farber. $10. Thurs.–Sun at 8. Through 3/16. *The Gold Room, 74 Varick St. (334-9594).*

Whoa-Jack—Buchner's *Wozzeck* set on a southern army base in 1960. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Miranda Theater, 259 W. 30th St. (279-4200).*



Opening
Rock Odyssey

In John Cameron Mitchell's 'Hedwig & the Angry Inch,' the real-life East Village–boho rock band Cheater plays the fictional East Berlin–boho rock band Angry Inch that backs up Mitchell's cross-dressed heroine as she journeys from trailer park to tabloid infamy.

Photograph by John Bruce.

art

Esko Männikkö...Cornell...Mark Greenwold

Openings

Want an overview of the state of fine-art photography these days? Then spend a few hours investigating the offerings of the 80 photography dealers from the United States, Canada, Europe, Australia, and Japan participating in **The Photography Show '97.** The fair, which is sponsored by AIPAD (Association of International Photography Art Dealers), takes place at the New York Hilton, 53rd Street and Sixth Avenue, March 7–9. Hours are Fri. and Sat. 12–8, Sun. 11–6. Admission is $10 daily.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Willem de Kooning—A selection of paintings made between May 1983 and June 1984 that have not been previously exhibited and are characterized by lyrical, ribbonlike contours in red and blue on white grounds, with touches of yellow, green, and purple; through 3/29. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (243-0200).

Philip Evergood—A survey of paintings by this artist (1901–1973) whose fantastic images were drawn from everyday activities; through 3/22. Dintenfass in Association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Ray Johnson—Collages from the late artist's estate that were made between 1957 and 1990 and have not been previously exhibited; through 3/15. Feigen & Co., 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

57th Street Area

William Beckman—New figurative paintings; through 3/22. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Pierre Bonnard/Mark Rothko—An exhibition exploring the relationship between color and light in selected works by both artists ranging from 1914 to 1970; through 3/22. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Patrick Henry Bruce/Arthur B. Carles—Still-life paintings by the two American Modernists; through 3/15. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Richard Deacon—New sculptures that utilize such materials as steamed beechwood, epoxy resin, aluminum, oak, animal hair, and thermoformed and welded polycarbonate; through 3/29. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Sonia and Robert Delauney—Paintings and works on paper by both; through 3/15. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

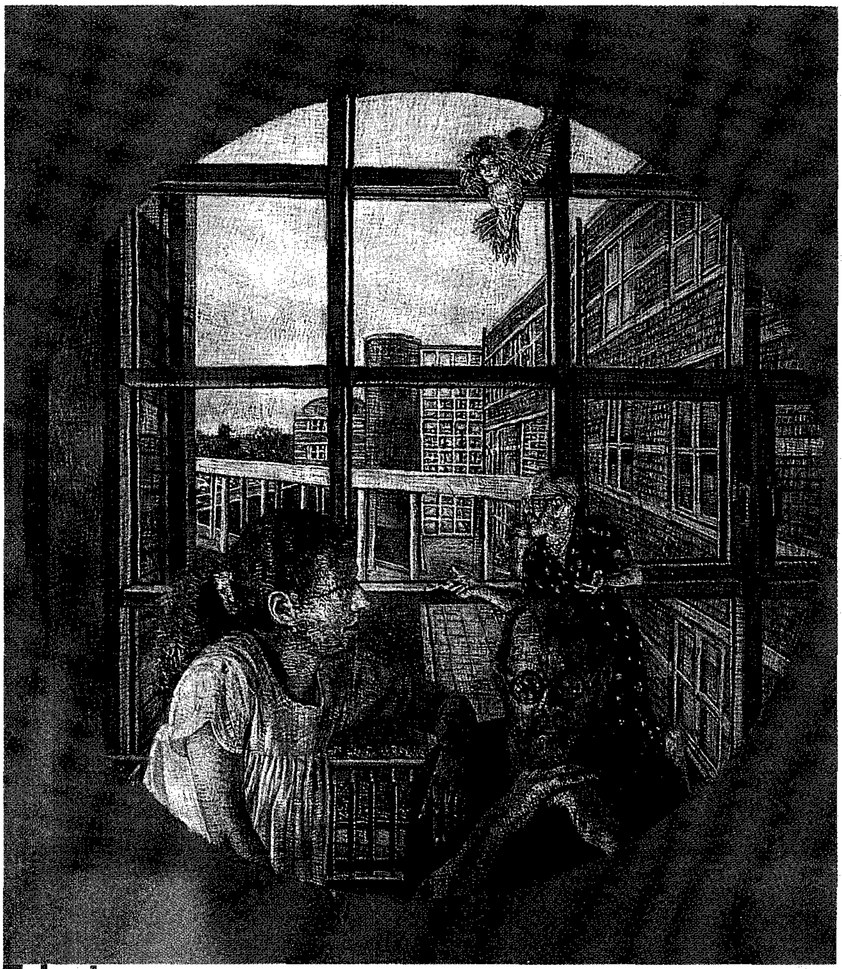
Bryan Hunt—New bronze and aluminum sculptures cast from the artist's sculptures based on the forms of rivers and lakes; through 4/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Yvonne Jacquette—Recent paintings of landscapes and cityscapes as viewed from airplanes and tall buildings; 3/4–29. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Barbara Kassel—Paintings, bottles, and painted freestanding columns that reflect the artist's travels; through 3/22. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Talent **Mark Greenwold's small-scale paintings of the past four years often depict him wearing a dress, in a variety of psychologically charged shenanigans with a supporting cast of family and friends (above, Leslie and Chuck Close). At Phyllis Kind Gallery, 136 Greene Street; through April 15.**

David Kroll/Antonella Piemontese—Paintings of lush, imaginary landscapes that suggest a world irretrievably lost/Sewn objects evocative of familiar everyday objects. Through 3/29. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Willy Lenski—Recent figurative paintings; through 3/22. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (355-3330).

Matta—A selection of paintings and drawings by the Chilean who began as a Surrealist, then developed his own style of organic abstraction characterized by biomorphic forms; through 3/22. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Cildo Meireles—Two installations by the Brazilian conceptual artist: *Eureka Blindhotland,* an environment of floor sculptures contained by lightweight black netting and first produced in 1970, and *Fio,* a new work consisting of numerous bales of straw contained by 300 feet of 18-karat-gold thread; 3/7–4/9. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Pablo Picasso—A survey of prints made between 1904 and 1971; through 3/29. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Jeanne Silverthorne—New sculpture; through 3/29. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Sophia Vari/Valerie B. Hird—Assemblages of wood, paper, plastic, cloth, string, and cork on canvas/Abstracted landscapes. Through 3/22. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Louis Comfort Tiffany—A selection of glass vessels, many of which came from the artist's estate, Laurelton Hall at Cold Spring Harbor, which was gutted by fire in 1957; through 4/5. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Not Vital—Works on paper in acrylic paint, charcoal, and oil-stick from the mid-eighties to the early nineties on such themes as man and beast, hunting, and whirling dervishes; through 3/22. Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Beatrice Wood—New lustered vessels by this artist whose retrospective is currently on view at the American Craft Museum through June 8 (see museum listings); through 4/5. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arman—Recent "accumulations" of objects—bicycles, chairs, shopping carts, soup ladles, etcetera—that are grouped together to suggest a cascading effect; through 3/15. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Georg Baselitz—New paintings measuring more than thirteen feet high that couple Slavic folk myths with images of the artist and his family; through 3/15. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-3292).

Herbert Bayer—Watercolors and drawings for projects made after the designer moved to Aspen in in 1946; through 3/29. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Robert Beauchamp—A memorial exhibition of paintings by this artist (1923–1995) whose expressionistic figurative images drew on the mobility of action painting; through 3/27. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2525).

Tony Berlant—Recent works in which found sections of sheet metal are painted and collaged onto wood panels with steel brads; through 3/15. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Francis Cape—A large-scale wall sculpture and drawings; through 4/5. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Richard Cramer—Paintings whose vivid colors and cartoonish figures were inspired by the Lower East Side street scene; 3/6–4/5. Space 504, 670 Broadway (473-0505).

Rudolf De Crignis—Monochromatic paintings; through 3/22. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Jes Fomsgaard—Images of architectural constructions, human forms, and friezes in plaster, chalk, pencil, and ink on painted wood; through 4/5. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Anderson Giles—Recent acrylic paintings; through 3/29. Moore, 594 Broadway (343-7016).

Mark Greenwold—Paintings from the past three years that depict the artist and his friends and family in bizarre imaginary narratives; through 4/15. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Willy Heeks/Adrian Arleo—Recent abstract paintings/Figurative ceramic sculptures. Through 3/22. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Callum Inness—Recent abstract paintings by a Scottish artist that explore the properties of paint; through 4/5. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Ernest Jolicoeur—Abstract paintings assembled from interlocking panels; through 3/22. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

Robin Kahn—Paintings and sculpture on the theme of reading; through 4/12. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Renée Levi—Sculptures created from flattened cardboard boxes and shopping bags that are glued or taped together and painted; through 4/12. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Ellen Levin—An installation that uses dolls, crows, knives, and other objects and materials to explore subconscious fantasies; through 4/26. Fao, 558 Broome St. (334-8125), Wed. and Thurs. 2–6, Fri. and Sat. 12–6.

Ruben Torres Llorca—Assemblages that incorporate images of folk art, religious symbols, and popular kitsch; through 4/5. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Charles Long—New sculpture in a variety of media, including concrete, styrofoam, aluminum, and a sculpting medium made from recycled coffee grounds; through 3/22. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Jean Lowe—An installation of paintings, furniture, objects, and books that examines society's conflicting attitudes toward nature; through 3/29. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Joe Nicastri—Objects and paintings that are the artist's meditation on the plight of Holocaust victims; through 4/10. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Frank Owen—Recent paintings that refer to nature; through 4/9. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

John Rohlfing/Mark Lueders—Recent ceramic works by both; through 3/22. Margolis, 560 Broadway (343-9523).

Jeffrey Saldinger—Figurative paintings; through 3/15. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Kerri Scharlin—A project titled *Diary* for which the artist asked television writers to write five-minute scripts based on her diary chronicling her personal and professional life as an artist in New York; through 3/22. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Stephanie Bernheim—Large abstract paintings on glass that incorporate fabrics; through 3/22. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Sterck & Rozo—Photographs inspired by painting and literature, by the Belgian-American artist team; through 3/29. TZ'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Hiroshi Sugito—Childlike depictions of buildings, jets, and theatrical drapery in paint, graphite, and crayon on canvas; through 3/22. Klagsbrun, 80 Mercer St. (925-5157).

Not Vital—New sculpture; through 3/22. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Chelsea

Jean-Marc Bustamante—New sculpture; through 4/19. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Peter Cain/Jonathan Hammer—Paintings of landscapes and figures from the past two years by this artist who died suddenly from a cerebral hemorrhage on January 5, 1997, at the age of 37/New books and works on paper. Through 3/15. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Joanne Greenbaum—New abstract paintings; through 3/23. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Jonathan Hammer—An installation of collaborative books and and the artist's own works on paper inspired by Hugo Ball's influential Dada writings; through 3/29. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Louise Lawler—Large-scale photographs taken at the gallery's new premises before and during its renovation, and two sculpture installations (one of them a collaboration with the artist Allan McCollum); through 3/15. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Other

Robert Motherwell—A survey of the artist's works on paper; through 3/29. Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288).

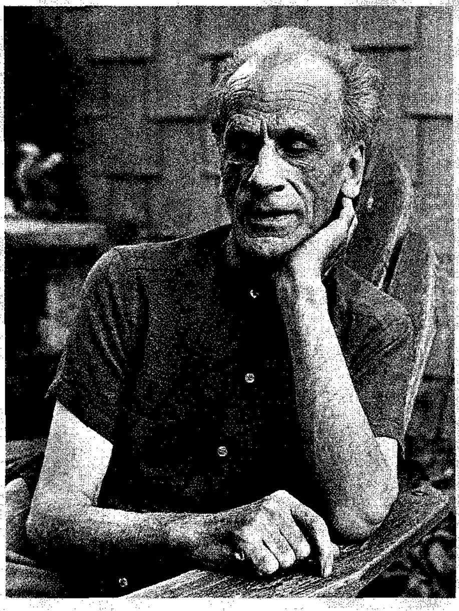
Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Works using landscapes to explore formalist issues of light, color, and gesture; through 4/5.

In Print

Ordinary Joe



Photograph by Hans Namuth, 1975.

Few artists possess as unforced an appreciation for the quotidian as Joseph Cornell (1903–1972) did. The American assemblagist, celebrated for his boxes decorated with everyday objects, consumed it (eating stale supermarket donuts, sardines on saltines, Lipton tea), inhabited it (living with his mother and invalid brother in a modest house in Flushing, Queens, and spending the rest of his time in New York's secondhand-book stores, coffee shops, and city parks), and glorified it (incorporating pennies, faded photographs, and marbles in his boxes). On the surface, at least, Cornell was the ultimate wallflower, plain and gray as the pigeons he loved. "What really sets him apart is the absence of external drama or incident in his life," says Deborah Solomon, author of Utopia Parkway: The Life and Work of Joseph Cornell (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $30). Cornell's sister Betty, now in her nineties, was baffled by Solomon's interest. "He just struck us as an ordinary Joe," she wrote to Solomon. During a visit to his former residence at 3708 Utopia Parkway, which drew such unlikely callers as Tony Curtis, Andy Warhol (who also lived with his mother), and Susan Sontag during his lifetime, Solomon opened a closet and found that Cornell had painted its interior his favorite "Vermeer blue." To Solomon, the fact that its present owner earned his living planning children's parties seemed apt. "Cornell, who spent his life dreaming of childhood enchantments, surely would have approved," she says. Not surprisingly, little else of Cornell's world remains—his cherished Automats have disappeared, as have his Fourth Avenue bookstalls, the seedy Times Square, and his favorite Flushing diner, Bickford's. Indeed, the New York that afforded Cornell his cloak of anonymity has largely vanished. "This was a man who spent his happiest hours in coffee shops," Solomon says. "It's hard to imagine him ordering a caffè latte at Starbucks." Edith Newhall

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). Works inspired by Americas' indigenous cultures, by Becerra, Hardinger, Miller, and Masayesva; through 4/1.

57th Street Area

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5145). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs depicting vessels, as well as antiquities from China and Syria; through 3/29.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Late-career work from the sixties and seventies by Daum, Embry, Glankoff, and Rosenborg; through 3/22.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ah! space—494 Broadway (334-4947). Works by Abjou, Merwin, Trelles, others; through 3/28.

Alexander Bonin—59 Wooster St. (925-2343). Works referencing the human figure, by Ahearn, Thek, others; through 3/22.

Copləff—17 Laight St. (674-1024). Mixed media works, including works by Batu, Louden, Page, others; through 3/22.

Erben—476 Broome St. (966-5283). Works by Edenbaum, Ferrara, Nengudi, and Zittel; through 3/22.

Senior—375 Broadway (941-0960). New works on paper by Humphries, McClelland, and Milhazes; through 4/26.

Chelsea

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). "Sex/Industry," with works by Anthony, Bluhm, Gianakos, LaChapelle, Picasso, McLelland, Sherman, Warhol, others; through 3/23.

Other

La MaMa—6 E. First St. (505-2476). "The New Representationalism," with works by six painters dealing with current conceptual issues in art; through 3/16.

Photography

Manuel Alvarez Bravo/Colette Alvarez Urbajtel—An exhibition marking the artist's ninety-fifth birthday/Color photographs taken in Mexico, New Guinea, China, France, and elsewhere. Through 5/3. Witkin, 415 West Broadway (925-5510).

Richard Billingham—Images of the photographer's family, including his father, a chronic alcoholic; his obese, tattooed mother; and his unruly younger brother, all of whom share a cramped lower-middle-class apartment in England; through 3/22. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Maria Martinez Canas—Recent photographs with abstract compositions, including a series resembling totem poles; through 3/29. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Lois Conner—Recent photographs of the Navajo people; through 4/19. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

James A. Fox—Photographs of boxers; through 4/12. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

ICP—"David Levinthal 1975–1996." A retrospective of photographs that pit reality against artifice, including images of toy soldiers reenacting World War II and black memorabilia; through 3/21. 1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students.

Michael Kenna—Photographs of French gardens, windmills, and landscapes; 3/5–4/26. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Saul Leiter—Color photographs from the fifties, and painted photographs from the seventies to the present; through 4/5. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Esko Männikkö—Recent color photographs of southern Texas and the people who live there; through 3/30. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Andrea Modica—Photographs of children and their surroundings; through 4/19. Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Barbara Morgan—Vintage photomontages and light drawings; through 4/5. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767). Contemporary photograms of scientific books and celestial occurrences by Rossiter, plus vintage photographs of scientific explorations; 3/5–4/13.

Andrea Robbins/Max Becher—Photographs of Dachau; through 4/5. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

David Seltzer—Large-scale photographs by this New York artist, most dealing with his relationships; through 3/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Andres Serrano—A new series of works, entitled "A History of Sex"; through 4/12. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-5156).

Frederick Sommer/Jim Dine—Still-life studies by the former; photogravures by the latter. Through 4/5. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Recent work by Jeannette Montgomery Barron; "Behind the Scenes," photographs of Hollywood in the forties through the seventies; through 3/22.

Oliver Wasow—Fantasy landscapes; 3/6–29. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

James Welling—Black-and-white photographs exploring the nature of representation; through 3/29. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Expansion Art: Artists of Our Times." Works by nine mid-career and emerging artists involved with issues of gender, national cultural icons, ethnicity, and dislocation; through 3/29. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; through 6/8. . . . "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940–1960"; through 6/8. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"The Grand Tour: Travels With the Asia Society, Photographs by Guy Weill, 1969–1995"; through 3/30. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"American Paintings: Ashcan and Modernist, A Centennial Exhibition"; through 6/30. . . . "Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt." 250 objects and artworks from public and private collections, including works from the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Art;" through 5/18. . . . "A Different Reality: Symbolist Prints From the Collection." Prints by Symbolist artists from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; through 5/7. . . . "Rediscovering James Brooks: WPA Murals and Other Figural Works." A group of twenty works selected from a gift of 244 from the artist's widow, Charlotte Brooks, including preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies for Brooks's realist-style mural, *Flight*, in the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia airport; through 5/4. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Religion and the Rustic Image in Late Academic Art." Works by major nineteenth-century artists, among them Adolphe-William Bouguereau, Jules Breton, and Léon Lhermitte; through 6/7. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606); Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Conceptual Trend: Six Artists From Mexico City." Works by six young, conceptually oriented artists based in Mexico City; through 4/13. . . . "Alicia Creus." Thirty-five recent collage works by the Argentine artist, who has lived in New York and North Carolina since 1977; through 4/13. . . . "Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Severo and the Sea-Monsters." A survey of the Frick's collection of works by the Northern Italian Renaissance master Severo da Ravenna, celebrating its recent gift of Severo's bronze *Sea-Monster;* through 3/9. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. . . . "Rrose is a Rrose is a Rrose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rrose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Bill Viola: Fire, Water, Breath." Two new video installations; through 3/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's 'D'Est.'" A film-and-video installation of the Belgian film-director's feature-film documenting her journey to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties; through 5/27. . . . "A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist"; through 4/13. . . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his "Charred Journal" series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual,* published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; through 4/13. . . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Lower East Side Tenement Museum—"The Chamber Pot Show," with works by Amanda Church, Steve DeFrank, Thomas Lannigan-Schmidt, others; through 4/6. 66 Allen St. (431-0233), Tues.–Fri. 12–5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (843–1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; 3/11–7/6. . . . "Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . . "Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . .

"Charles Rennie Mackintosh." "The Florene M. Schoenborn Bequest: Artists of the School of Paris"; Through 5/4. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; Through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892–1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Photomontages of Hannah Höch." The first U.S. retrospective of the German artist's photomontages; through 5/20. . . . "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." A retrospective of photographs by the twentieth-century Mexican master; through 5/18. . . . "Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . . "Projects: Bul Lee/Chie Matsui"; through 3/25. . . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figuration." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . . "Masterworks From the Florene May Schoenborn Bequest"; through 3/11. . . . "A Singular Vision." Prints From Landfall Press"; through 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8.50, $5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . . "New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists." A survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists chosen to reside at the colony since the turn of the century; through 3/23. . . . "Landscapes of Louis Rémy Mignot: A Southern Painter Abroad"; through 5/11. . . . "Theodore Clement Steele: An American Master of Light." Landscape and figurative paintings by The American Impressionist (1847–1926) from Indiana; through 3/9. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. till 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Remota: Airmail Paintings by Eugenio Dittborn." The first major New York exhibition of the Chilean artist's "Airmail Paintings," in which he folds sections of paintings into custom-made cardboard envelopes and mails them to exhibitions; through 4/13. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8, free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Let There Be Light: William Tyndale and the Making of the English Bible"; through 5/17. . . . "Richard Tuttle: Books and Prints at the New York Public Library." A survey of the artist's books and prints from 1965 to the present; through 5/31. . . . "Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"An Unquenchable Thirst: Springs and Wells of New York City"; through 6/1. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; 3/5–9/7. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Collection in Context: Raphael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957–67." Works by a central member of the Destructivism movement; through 3/9. . . . "A Passion for Pictures: Selections From the Charles Carpenter Jr. Collection and Selections From the Charles Simon Collection"; through 3/9. . . . "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." A video installation in which Atlas collaborated with the late British performer and designer Leigh Bowery; through 3/9. . . . "Eleanor Antin." Photographs by the performance artist; through 3/9. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Romare Bearden in Black-and-White: Photomontage Projections 1964." Photomontages by the African-American artist (1914–1988) that mark his move from the pure abstraction of the fifties to the medium of collage; through 3/20. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 3/12 at 10 and 2: "The Nineteenth Century (Furniture)." On view from 3/7.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 3/5 and 3/6 at 10: "By Order of the Provident Loan Society: Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, and Coins." On view from 3/1.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Collectibles." On view from 3/2. 3/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Ceramics." On view from 3/6.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/6 at 10:30: "Printed and Manuscript Latin Americana." On view from 3/1.

Photography

Desert Blooms

Previously known for his portraits, still lifes, and landscapes taken in his native northern Finland, the photographer Esko Männikkö recently turned his lens on the inhabitants and desert environment of southern Texas. Typically straightforward, the images are displayed in old frames the artist found in and around San Antonio. At Morris Healy, 530 West 22nd Street; through March 30.

Photograph courtesy of the Morris Healy Gallery.

restaurants

Fine Wine...Takeaway Tea...Swiss Fest

Manhattan

Lower New York

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

TELEPHONE
TELEP
PULL

Photograph by Jason Schmidt.

Takeout

Calling London

One of the great pleasures of Tea & Sympathy is lingering over a cup of Earl Grey and a plate of scones. Now the adjacent Carry On Tea & Sympathy (110 Greenwich Avenue) makes the experience portable with takeout and delivery of the entire Anglican menu, from bangers and mash to sherry trifle. In a month or so, the storefront will add a stock of tea paraphernalia and baked goods and install Gary Oldman's mother—a close friend of the owner's—behind the register.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Happening
Swiss Mister

You can't blame Swiss food for its lack of identity; any country bordered by Italy and France would naturally suffer a culinary inferiority complex. Swiss cuisine, like its languages, is a hodgepodge of French, Italian, and German. The country's best-known foodstuff is fondue, and even that's been co-opted by the French. But it's that kind of multiculturalism that makes Swiss-born Max Suhner the logical choice to run the kitchens at the United Nations Delegates' Dining Room, a place where neutrality—along with flexibility—is highly prized. For the past five years, Suhner has fed diplomats from all over the globe and graciously hosted the occasional delegation of chefs from other countries, enabling New Yorkers to sample food from South Africa, Portugal, Morocco, and Hungary. Finally, he gets to showcase the often-overlooked cuisine of his homeland at the U.N.'s first Swiss Food and Wine Festival (now through March 28). "A lot of people don't know that Switzerland has a big variety of food," says Suhner, who's tried to remedy that by importing indigenous Swiss staples. The buffet table evinces the Swiss passion for cheese, with Appenzeller, Gruyère, Emmental, and Sbrinz (a Swiss version of Parmigiano-Reggiano). There's Raclette, the cheese that's melted on a broilerlike machine and scraped off to be served with pickled onions and cornichons—a sort of grilled cheese minus the bread. Order à la carte to sample specialties like air-dried beef with sausage, sliced veal with rösti, and the sort of freshwater fish that landlocked countries rely on. The dessert selection alone—Toblerone mousse, kirsch-flavored génoise, apple fritters, and muesli with lemon juice, yogurt, and fruit—makes it awfully hard to believe Suhner's characterization of his patchwork culinary heritage. "We don't have a *real* Swiss kitchen," he maintains, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. (For reservations, call 963-7626.) ROBIN RAISFELD

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; a fireplace increases the coziness quotient. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Dionysos—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. *75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Paparazzi—Informal Italian restaurant offering family-style dining. Separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers. *964 Second Ave., at 51st St. (759-7676). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd St. and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fine Italian Cuisine
Giambelli 50th
Giambelli Quality
Giambelli Tradition
Giambelli Experience
Private rooms available Open 7 days
46 E. 50th St., NYC
(Bet. Park & Madison Ave.)
(212) 688-2760-61

Torremolinos
Lunch • Dinner • Tapas Bar
Spanish Continental Cuisine
Strolling Guitarist & Singer
230 East 51st St. • 755-1862

RUTH'S CHRIS STEAK HOUSE
U.S. PRIME
Home of Serious Steaks®
Manhattan
148 WEST 51ST
@ 7TH AVENUE
(212) 245-9600

SAN MARTIN
MEDITERRANEAN CUISINE
Lunch & Dinner • Seven Days
Room For Private Parties
143 East 49 St. (Lex.- 3rd) 832-0888
Across the street from the Waldorf Astoria.

SANZIN
Restaurant • Bar
New York Cuisine
"Everything is high quality here, at reasonable prices"
★★Ruth Reichl
N.Y. Times Oct 1996
180 Spring St. @ Thompson St. • 212 965-0710

Victor's Cafe 52
New York • Miami
THE REGIONAL CUISINES OF CUBA AND THE CARIBBEAN!
236 WEST 52nd STREET
Between Broadway & 8th Avenue
Phone: 212/586-7714

"BEST STEAKS, PRIME RIBS, PASTA, & SEAFOOD IN NY!" NY MAG
★ LUNCH ★ DINNER ★ LATE NITE DINING
★ SPORTS/CELEB HANGOUT ★ OPEN 7 DAYS
★ 4 PARTY RMS, 10-160 BUDGETED
BROADWAY JOE STEAK HOUSE
315 W. 46TH ST. (BET. 8TH & 9TH AVE'S)
BROADWAY THEATRE DISTRICT ★ (212) 246-6513
20% DISCOUNT ON FOOD & BEV. with this ad*
*Not valid with any other offer

Simply PASTA
A Nice Place to Mangia
120 W 41st Street
212 391 0805

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Grill—A good place to remember for pretheater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. *Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria D'Angelo—This casual Italian establishment offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varieties of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrimp Catalina. Well-situated for pre- or posttheater dining. *242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This Theater District oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes standards like rack of lamb for two, Dover sole, and chocolate soufflé with Grand Marnier ice cream. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

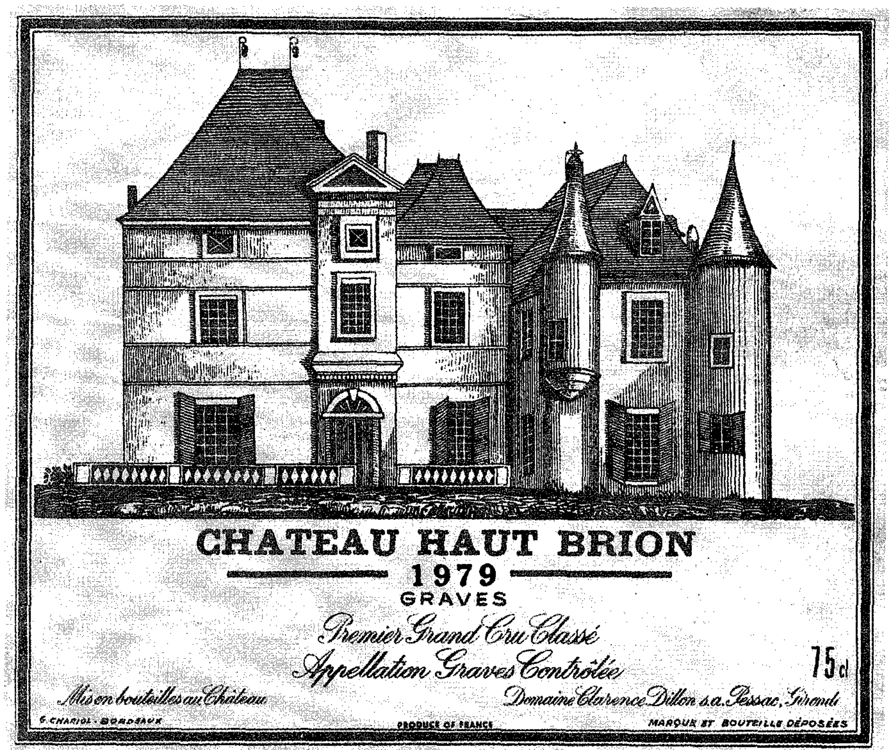
Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The

Tastings
Aqua Veg

Vegetarians who've been dodging Marcus Samuelsson's Scandinavian cooking at Aquavit anticipating herring and meatball overload now have an herbivorous option. The $58, five-course tasting menu includes a pickled-vegetable roll, an intense cold roasted-tomato soup, a sweetish citrus risotto and a truffle-scented eggplant-and-goat-cheese tart. (13 West 54th Street.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.


CHATEAU HAUT BRION
1979
GRAVES
Premier Grand Cru Classé
Appellation Graves Contrôlée
75 cl
Mis en bouteilles au Château
Domaine Clarence Dillon s.a. Pessac, Gironde
G. CHARIOL - BORDEAUX
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
MARQUE ET BOUTEILLE DÉPOSÉES

One Shot

Coming-Out Party

The '94 Bordeaux crop debuts at the Four Seasons restaurant this Sunday, March 9, with bottles from five first-growth vineyards (including the "precociously charming" example—according to wine critic Robert M. Parker Jr.—from Château Haut-Brion). Three hundred dollars per person buys accordingly generous samplings of these plus older vintages, a seafood buffet, and a six-course feast of corvina bass, roasted squab, braised beef ribs with truffled mashed potatoes, and hazelnut sable. (99 East 52nd Street.)

serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. House specialties include the daube Provençale, the cassoulet, and steak frites. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central

"Northern Italian East-Sider...
First-rate all the way!
& of course, NINO,
the Great Host!"
– Zagat
Nino's
ENTERTAINMENT,
DINNER & FREE VALET
PARKING 7 NITES!
Res. 212 988-0002
1354 First Ave., NYC (Bet. 72 & 73 Sts.)

What makes OSSO BUCO different than any other family style restaurant in town? Not only is the food reasonably priced & plentiful but it is of the highest gourmet quality!
OSSO BUCO
COMPLETE CATERING FACILITIES!
88 University Place
Between 11th & 12th Sts.
Res: 212 645-4525

DaRosina
Ristorante Italiano
Homemade Pasta Our Specialty
Prix Fixe Dinner $19.96
342 W.46th St.(Bet 8th-9th Ave)•(212) 977-7373

New York's only water-canal sushi bar
Contemporary Japanese Cuisine
LIVE MUSIC at our TUNNEL BAR
TSUNAMI
70 West 3rd Street Greenwich Village NYC
(212) 475-7770

one fish two fish®
1399 Madison Ave. corner 97 St.
369-5677

Langan's NY
The Theatre Goer's First Choice in Dining
150 West 47th St.
(bet. 6th & 7th Aves.)
New York, NY 10036
(212) 869-5482
3 COURSE PRE-THEATRE DINNER DAILY 4pm-7:30pm $22.95
Open Daily 11:30 am - Midnight Reservations suggested

THE SALVATION ARMY
SHARING IS CARING

Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Folie—An uptown spot with a downtown feel, serving eclectic French fare like bouillabaisse, tuna tartare, and fondue. Live jazz and a hopping bar scene. *1422 Third Ave., nr. 80th St. (744-6327). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening
Dog Gone Diner

Chelsea's Bendix Diner has annexed the haplessly named Lucky Dog Diner, supplanting a typically kitschy comfort-food menu with its own unique hybrid of coffee-shop and pan-Asian—but mostly Thai—dishes. Multiculti chicken soup comes in three flavors: Jewish (egg noodles), Thai (coconut milk and lemongrass), and Chinese (rice noodles). (167 First Avenue.)

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

River—The *faux*-tropical atmosphere provides a serene background for the interesting amalgam of Southeast Asian food. Standouts include pad thai, basil chicken, pork chops, and red snapper. *345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (579-1888). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. *50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this niceified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well-appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

in concert

Verdi's *Requiem*...Ballet Tech...Barbara Hendricks

Classical Music

Tuesday, March 4

Muir String Quartet—Performs works by Beethoven, Bartók, and Brahms. *Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.*

The Intimate Brahms—Brahms's complete chamber works performed by the Bachmann-Klibonoff-Fridman Trio. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (333-5200), at 7; $20.*

Wednesday, March 5

Yefim Bronfman, Pianist, and Barbara Hendricks, Soprano—Perform works by Schumann and Prokofiev. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25.*

Romain Guyot, Clarinetist—Performs works by Martinu, Brahms, and Poulenc. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $15.*

Making Music: Steve Reich—Steve Reich, Lionheart, and the Steve Reich Ensemble perform and discuss his works. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Verdi's *Requiem*; Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$75.*

Thursday, March 6

Bargemusic—Performs works by Haydn, Busoni, and Faure. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Philharmonic—See 3/5.

Friday, March 7

Beaux Arts Trio—Performs works by Beethoven. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

Auryn Quartet—Performs works by Henze, Britten, and Beethoven. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $28.*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—An all-Beethoven program; Daniel Barenboim, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30–$135.*

Saturday, March 8

The Intimate Brahms—See 3/4.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Works by Mozart and Bruckner. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30–$135.*

New York Philharmonic—See 3/5.

Beaux Arts Trio—See 3/7.

Sunday, March 9

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Performs works by Beethoven and R. Strauss. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $30–$135.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Jeni Slotchiver, Pianist—Performs an all–Ferruccio Busoni program. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $15.*

Vladimir Ashkenazy, Pianist—Performs works by Beethoven and Prokofiev. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$50.*

Bargemusic—See 3/6, at 4.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs works by Stephen Paulus, Schumann, and Mendelssohn. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 5; $22–$30.*

Classical Action:Performing Arts Against AIDS—Soprano Renée Fleming, conductor André Previn, and the Orchestra of St. Luke's perform a benefit concert. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; $18–$100.*

Monday, March 10

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—With pianist Alicia de Larrocha; Jesús López-Cobos, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, 3/4 at 8, 3/7 at 8; Britten's *Billy Budd*, 3/5 at 8, 3/8 at 1:30; Verdi's *Aïda*, 3/6 at 8, 3/10 at 7:30; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 3/8 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

Cosi Fan Tutte—Mozart's classic, set in 1911 Stutz society. Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. Through 3/16. *Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Madama Butterfly—Puccini's East-meets-West tragedy. Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Through 3/9. *Regina Opera Company, 65th St. and Twelfth Ave., Brooklyn (718-232-3555); $10.*

Dance

Ballet Tech—Elliott Feld's new company. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/13. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Creative Outlet Dance Theatre—Work by Jamel Gaines. 3/7 and 3/8 at 8, 3/9 at 3. *Aaron Davis Hall, 134th St. and Convent Ave. (718-390-6680); $18–$55.*

Lord of the Dance—3/4–3/9, 3/14–3/17 at 8, 3/15 at 2 and 8. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Ave. of the Americas (247-4777); $37–$77.*

New York City Ballet—Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $22–$65.*

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Premieres *Eventide* and *Prime Numbers*. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 3/9. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $15–$47.*

Performance

Celt Cult

'Riverdance was the appetizer," Michael Flatley says. The main course, Flatley's unsubtly titled *Lord of the Dance*, will be a far bigger bang for the buck, he guarantees. A mixture of Celtic symbolism, New Age mysticism, rock-concert lighting, leather-clad fiddling—if you can imagine such a thing—*Lord* offers traditional Irish dancing with a healthy dose of American showmanship. There's a good-versus-evil theme, but it's really just a vehicle for Flatley's new, improved version of an ancient art. And he's not even from Ireland. Chicago-born and -bred, Flatley is clearly very excited to be returning home a lord. "The Irish were kept out for so long in America, but they are hard-working people and they've done very well. The only thing they haven't excelled at is the arts," Flatley says. "Now there's a renaissance of Irish arts—the rock bands are doing well, and the writers, and now the dance." The dance itself, leaving the lights and leather aside, is a hybrid of the strange and the familiar. One number resembles a pastel all-American hoedown. The rigid spines and rhythmic pirouettes look like ballet. But the dancers are wearing taps, and their legs cross and uncross like tentacles. Flatley has been criticized for tarting up the Celtic rituals, but he looks to the audience for justification. "I took a lot of heat in England—they didn't like my cowboy boots, my jeans, the way I cut my hair," he says. But at the end of the night, audiences are so moved by the show, they demand four encores; people meet him backstage crying. Why all the emotion? It's hard to say, but there is something exhilarating about the muscularity of the movement and the old-fashioned kick-line unison. An Ariel-like golden child acts as a narrative thread, setting the tone with a minimalist curtain raiser, playing on a pitch pipe: "Dance, then wherever you may be / for I am the lord of the dance said he . . ." Perhaps you know the tune; ironically, it begins " 'Tis a gift to be simple." ALEXANDRA LANGE

nightlife

Morphine...Keating...Bally Sagoo

Performance

Metal Marathon

Metallica spend March 10 and 11 at Madison Square Garden, offering a musical synopsis of their fourteen-year odyssey from iconoclastic speed-metal pioneers to hard-rock elder statesmen.

Photograph by Anton Corbijn.

Concerts

The Allman Brothers Band—With the years of bad blood, bad side projects, and bad luck behind them apparently for good, these Florida stalwarts keep the fraternal Southern-rock torch aloft and blazing. They and their fans turn the Beacon into a giant seventies reefer-rock-revival hall for one and a half glorious weeks. 3/11–3/12, 3/14–3/16, and 3/18–3/19 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $35.*

"Battle Royale"—A veritable Rumble in the Jungle for pianists: Trios led by top-notch young contenders Eric Reed, Jacky Terrasson, Benny Green, Stephen Scott, Renee Rosnes, and Danilo Perez slug it out for the heavyweight title. Each of the six trios will play a half-hour set—making the Battle a potentially tougher workout for the audience than for the performers. But in music fandom—just as in fitness—no pain, no gain. 3/7–3/8 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (721-6500). $35.*

"An Evening of Brazilian Jazz"—The Carnegie Hall Jazz Band conjures the spirit of Gilberto in the non-tropical clime of 57th Street. 3/6 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800). $18–$55.*

Carolina Slim/Satan & Adam—Between the two of them, transplanted southerners Carolina Slim and Sterling "Satan" Magee have been playing the blues for nearly a century. Satan's collaborator, ex–Princeton grad student Adam Gussow, has only been at it for only a fraction of that. Watch the mud fly as worlds collide gracefully. 3/7 at 8 P.M. *Tishman Auditorium, the New School, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). $16.*

"Mr. Gershwin Goes to Washington"—The second of a three-concert Ira Gershwin series is a collection of political songs ("Of Thee I Sing," "Let 'em Eat Cake") whose lyrics the elder Gershwin penned, performed by vocalists Michael McGrath and William Sharp and pianist Rob Fisher. ABC News anchor Peter Jennings emcees. 3/4 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $35.*

Huun-Huur Tu—You haven't lived until you've heard the mouth of one human being produce multiple musical notes simultaneously. Magnify that effect by a factor of four and you've got the amazing Tuvan throat singers Huun-Huur Tu. It could just be exoticist fantasy on the listener's part, but the quartet's spooky harmonies and drones seem to conjure visions of the Central Asian steppes—yurts and all. 3/8 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (545-7536). $20-$25.*

"A Klezmer Rave"—Kapelye and the Greater Metropolitan Klezmer Band get the kids hopped up and dancing 3/9 at 6:30 P.M. *Conservative Synagogue Adath Israel of Riverdale, 250th St. and Henry Hudson Parkway, the Bronx. (718-543-8400). $20.*

Metallica—It's always a little sad to see innovators relinquish their cutting-edge status as they become legendary-elder-statesmen types, as Metallica has. Live, however, they continue to offer up convincing, fresh renditions of tunes from every phase of their lengthy career, including such heartwarming singalongs as "Seek and Destroy," "Creeping Death," and "Trapped Under Ice." 3/10–3/11 at 7 P.M. *Madison Square Garden. (307-7171). $30–$40.*

No Doubt—Pop quiz: What ska-revivalist chanteuse saw *Bullets Over Broadway* and took Diane Wiest's character, with her intentionally ridiculous "Don't speak!" admonition, seriously? If you answered No Doubt frontwoman Gwen Stefani, go to the head of the class. In the Orange County quartet's ubiquitous new ballad, "Don't Speak," the title phrase serves as an earnest, keening plea to a lover. So what's next, "I'm Due Back on the Planet Earth," addressed to a mentally imbalanced interlocutor? With the Vandals and Toy Dolls. 3/7 at 7:30 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Mitchel Field Complex, Uniondale, L.I. (212-307-7171). $20.*

The Presidents of the United States of America—Sure the Presidents are easy targets for critical ridicule. They sing about bugs and fruit. They use, like, four guitar strings among all of them. And they're hilarious and fun—living proof that all a pop song needs to succeed is three chords, a positive attitude, and a whole lot of 9-year-olds willing to sing along. With Redd Kross and Custard. 3/12 at 8 P.M. *Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (307-7171). $15.*

Clubland

Arlene's Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hipish, and appealingly inexpensive rock and folk venue. 3/7: Matt Keating (see box, page after next). *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 3/7: Matt Keane and Kevin Coyne. *43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/8: Ex–Fabulous Thunderbird Kim Richey. 3/9: Johnny Winter Blues Band; Michael Hill's Blues Mob. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 3/4: Chalkfarm. 3/5: Lazlo Bane; Third Eye Blind. 3/6: Yayhoos, a supergroup of sorts featuring East Village scene-fixtures Dan Baird, Eric "Roscoe" Ambel, and Terry Anderson. 3/8: Moviola; Jenny Mae. 3/11: Boo Radleys; Catatonia. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 3/4: Susan Ryan. 3/5: S'Killit. 3/6: Johnny Allen. 3/7–3/8: Son Seals. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation.

Every fourth Saturday night belongs to the famed trash-rock party "Green Door NYC." Jayne County revives the early-seventies protopunk scene on a weekly basis with "Max's Kansas City Wednesdays." 3/4: Sensefield. 3/6: the Unsane; Sweet Diesel. 3/7: "Bands for Cans," a food drive–cum–rock show, starring Knockout Drops and Future Primitives. 3/8: 24-7 Spyz. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. 3/8: Slick Pelt; Mad Daddys; Th' Flyin' Saucers; the Strangemen. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fast Folk Cafe—One of the city's best folk venues, and the home of a public-access TV show dedicated to bringing the music right to your living room. 3/6: Lisa Gutkin Trio. *41 N. Moore St. (274-1636). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 3/6: Local H; Failure; Ednaswap. 3/7: Laibach. 3/8: The Commitments. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. Every Monday in March, Vernon Reid presents his latest foray into the rock-jazz-experimental world, "My Science Project." 3/4: Michael Gordon; Dr. Nerve; Meridian Arts Ensemble. 3/5: Soul Coughing; Firewater. 3/6–3/9: Andy Summers Trio. 3/10: Vernon Reid. 3/11: Robyn Hitchcock; Dear Janes; Jeremy Enigk; dEUS. 3/12: Robyn Hitchcock, Dear Janes. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 3/6: Kenny Neal. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 3/6: Sense Field. 3/7: Lazlo Bane. 3/8: Faith; the Brain Surgeons; the Mean Reds. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 3/3: Matt Keating (see box, next page). 3/6: Camber. 3/7: Cat Power. 3/8: Low & Sweet Orchestra; Phil Cody. 3/9: Bis. 3/10: Cottonmouth. 3/11–3/13: Jonathan Richman. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the funky, Celtic-influenced band Tara on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 3/5: Calliope; Dots Will Echo. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—SOB's inaugurates its new Indian dance-pop party, "Basement Bhangra," on an extremely auspicious note. 3/5: DJ Bally Sagoo, a certified Huge Star in England and India, is beginning to make some Stateside headway with his infectious, haunting house-music remixes of songs from Indian-film soundtracks. Consider yourself lucky to be able to see him in such an intimate setting: In Bombay, Sagoo was Michael Jackson's opening act. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 3/5: Donna Lewis. 3/7–3/8: The Tony Corbiscello Big Band. 3/11: Blur. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for roots music, indie rock, and old-school funk, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 3/5: Shudder to Think; Chavez. 3/6: Keb' Mo'. 3/7: Majek Fashek. 3/8: Cameo. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 3/4: Gabrielle Goodman. 3/5–3/6: James Williams Intensive Care Unit. 3/7–3/9: The Count Basie Band. 3/10: Toshiko Akyoshi Jazz Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 3/3: Vladimir Shafranov trio. 3/4–3/9: John Abercrombie/Ralph Towner duo; Marc Copland Quintet, featuring Randy Brecker and Bob Berg. 3/10: Stacy Kent. 3/11–3/16: Phil Woods Sax Machine; Ron Carter String Nontet. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium Room—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 3/4–3/9: John Scofield Quintet. 3/11–3/16: Ginger Baker's Denver Jazz Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band. Tuesdays, "Human Feel," featuring Kurt Rosenwinkle. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet, featuring Eric Davis. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).* $.

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 2/25–3/8: Warren Vache quartet. 3/11–3/15: Joel Helleny Quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this

Photograph by Sam Erickson.

Talent

Narcotic Pop

"That guy's really enjoying that cigarette," observes Mark Sandman dryly of a man shivering outside an apartment building. "He's really getting a lot out of it." The smoky-voiced *singer and bassist for Morphine is in a cab heading toward a destination—89th and* Columbus—he's chosen arbitrarily. A former cabdriver himself, Sandman's been trying for 30-odd blocks to establish a rapport with this cabbie. But having struck out even with an outrageous anecdote about an accident involving Barbra Streisand, a bike messenger, and $150, he's moved on to waving at passersby like the underdressed sidewalk smoker. The aimless-cab-riding exercise is actually a fitting way to see Sandman in action. Morphine's fourth album, *Like Swimming* (out March 11 on DreamWorks), is full of stark, minimalist depictions of dysfunctional interactions between shadow-dwellers, loners, and the alienated. "Give me a potion to make me love you. Give me a potion to make me care," go the album's first words. The gruffly swinging, all-baritone arrangements (sax, electric bass, and drums—no guitar) to which the lyrics are set drive the point home all the more effectively: *Observing that Morphine's music is* noir*ish is like noting an epic quality in Wagner's operas.* But Sandman's unfeigned, deadpan disaffection doesn't necessarily extend to matters of image. After the next cabdriver congenially agrees to trade seats with his musician passenger for a photo shoot, Sandman hesitates before settling into his pose: "You sure this isn't gonna make me look like a cabdriver?"

ETHAN SMITH

dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. 3/4–3/9 and 3/11–3/16: the Tommy Flanagan Trio. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 3/3–3/8: Pete Malinverni, Dennis Irwin, and Leroy Williams. Sundays in February: Leslie Pintchick, Scott Hardy, and Rich DeRosa. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 3/6–3/9: Greg Fitzsimmons, host of MTV's one genuinely funny program, *Idiot Savants. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—After a brief flirtation with cabaret and the like, this high-class variety showplace has shifted its focus back to yucks (though crooners do still make the occasional appearance). Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view "The Loft," a stage set as a N.Y.C. apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians perform. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 3/3–3/9: Brian McFadden; Joe Mulligan; Nancy Redman; Ben Creed; Rich Ramirez; Lenny Varnedoe. 3/10–3/16: Jerry Diner; Richie Byrne; Lenny Varnedoe; John Rizzo; Ben Creed; Joe Mulligan; Nancy Redman; Quentin Heggs. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 3/7–3/8: Colin Quinn; Mike Sweeney; Richard Francese; Rod Reyes. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 3/7–3/9: Brian McFadden; Mark Unger; Elon Gold; J.R. Havlon; Tom Cotter. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—The fabulous Eartha Kitt continues her wildly popular run into March. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Maxim's—Midtown's monument to hefty art-nouveau interior design and hefty French-bistro fair. 3/3–3/8: Kaye Ballard. $30 cover. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—3/4–3/22: Karen Mason, an understudy for the role of Norma Desmond in *Sunset Boulevard*. $25 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. The new Sunday-night singer–songwriter program presents Ann Duquesnay's tribute to Billie Holiday. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Mary Cleere Haran's one-woman show, "An Affair to Remember," runs 3/6–3/15. Thurs.–Sat., in the Belasco Room. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *9 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (598-3041).*

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job to match the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck at the bar, though, the half-Eurotrash, half-reverse-slumming-downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

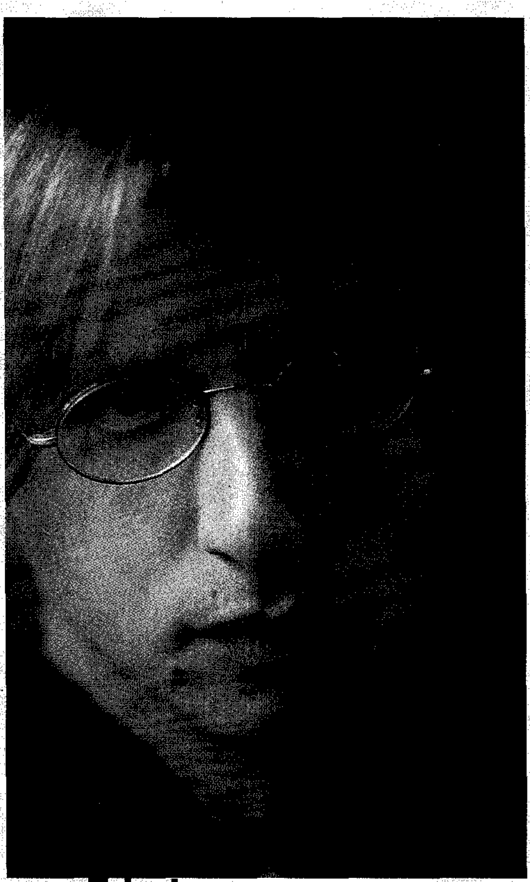
J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Dig the nature flicks on the countersunk, rear-projection TV. *200 Orchard St., nr. Houston St.. (673-5350).*

The Room—This candlelit SoHo joint suffers from a perpetual, if mild, identity crisis—it can't decide whether it's a lounge, an indie-rock hang, a reclaimed industrial space, or just a regular neighborhood bar. But the unintimidating crowd, generally good music, and truly eclectic beer selection make the Room an oasis of normalcy. *144 Sullivan St., bet. Prince and Houston Sts. (477-2102).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. 3 *Bleecker St. (473-3039).*



Talent

Love Bites

Catch New York's angriest heartthrob crooner, Matt Keating, at Mercury Lounge on March 3 and at Arlene's Grocery on March 7. When the British pop weekly 'Melodymaker' reported Keating to be guaranteed to "make all the wrong people swoon," the singer-songwriter pressured his label, Alias, to include the disclaimer in all ads for his album. Keating says he's the best songwriter he knows, but adds, "No one wants to hear a guy sing about his feelings. I write these goddamned songs, and I have to play them in front of a bunch of drunks. I hate people." If audience response is any indication, the feeling is anything but mutual. MICHAEL ROVNER

kids

Musical Lit...Historical Quilt

Institutions

Breath of Fresh Air

Setting off in their station wagon to meet the bus from New York City last August, the Costons were a little apprehensive about the 8-year-old visitor from Harlem they were going to pick up—a stranger who would be staying with them for two whole weeks. "But Jevon put us right at ease," recalls Bridget Coston. As he stepped off the Fresh Air Fund–chartered bus, she says, "he called out my name and came over to give me a big hug." Jevon did get a little homesick in those first few days. Clambering up into the Coston boys' tree house, he worried sometimes about his mother's safety back in the city without him. And once, when he got stung by a bee, he yelled out, "I knew I never should have come," at the top of his lungs. Gradually, though, he settled nicely into his surroundings and got used to the ritual of picking corn for dinner and occasionally chasing chickens out of the house. "What really impressed him," Coston recalls, "was that my boys have a father who lives with them—he cried about that one time—which none of us will forget." Matches between hosts and guests don't always work out as well. But the Costons can't wait to have Jevon back this summer, and Bridget feels "we were just incredibly lucky that the boys became such great friends. He turned out to be a bright, well-mannered, and utterly engaging boy," she reflects. "And what a vibrant personality! I suppose it's a cliché to say it, but we thought we'd be doing *him* a favor, and things really turned out the other way around."

Families who would like to be Fresh Air Fund hosts may call 800-367-0003.

BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by John Coston

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Symphonic Stories—Children's classics like *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* and *The Phantom Tollbooth* are put to music by jazz singer Susannah McCorkle with Fox-TV's Bobby Rivers narrating. The **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY** concert is conducted by Dino Anagnost. March 8 at 11 and 1 at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall. Tickets are $15 to $32. ●

Making It Up—**FREESTYLE REPERTORY THEATRE,** an extraordinarily talented group of improvisational performers, puts on a menu of unscripted shows not intended for kids per se but highly entertaining nonetheless, including "TheatreSports," where two teams of actors compete in plays based on audience members' suggestions, and "Chameleons," where the audience helps create characters that are melded into one-act plays. Through May 4. Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St., west of Sheridan Square (642-8202). Tickets are $15, half for students and seniors, with free performances every other Thursday.

Early Constructivism—One way to pick up some decent art at reasonable prices would be to bring the kids to the **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM** for Sunday-afternoon art-making sessions. This month children make sculptural assemblages with wood and glue, with a nod to Constructivist sculptures in the museum's collection. Sessions are from 2 to 4. $10 per child includes materials. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500). Reservations required.

Seuss!—Kids can serve up green eggs and ham, join in art projects, and try out a new CD-ROM in the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**'s new interactive exhibit, an homage to *Cat in the Hat* creator Theodor Geisel. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5.

Don Quixote in the City—Don Quixote and Sancho Panza set out from a country town and as they approach civilization encounter what seem to them to be dragons. The musical is based loosely on the characters in Cervantes's classic Spanish novel. Suitable for children 3 and up. Sundays at 2 through 3/16. **THE PRODUCERS CLUB THEATER,** 358 W. 44th St. (972-0672). Tickets are $8.

Kids Dance—And they do it for other kids. A group of 11- to 14-year-olds who are an offshoot of Elliot Feld's **BALLET TECH** perform a bunch of short dances. Among them is *Meshugana Dance,* to klezmer music; *The Envelope,* a kind of whodunit performed in sunglasses; and *Kidsobolus,* an athletic dance for boys that is danced to the music of Kodo drummers. March 9 through April 13. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800). $20 for adults, $12 for kids.

Dreamstuff—A fanciful new Off Broadway musical comedy with a familiar *Aladdin*-ish plot. The story of a teenage runaway who is handed a magical text is set in New York, approximately now. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, and matinees Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. (Through March 30.) **SAMUEL BECKETT THEATER,** 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100); $37.50.

Operatic—**THE METROPOLITAN OPERA GUILD** performs *Gianni Schicchi,* Puccini's engaging one-act comic opera about greed and trickery, in English for family audiences. Afterward, the audience is invited to mingle with the cast at a party. March 9 and 15 at 2. John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St., just west of Lincoln Center (769-7008). Tickets are $25 for the opera and $5 for up to four family members for the cast party. Young love is tested by worldly temptation in an English-language version of Mozart's romantic comedy *Così Fan Tutte* set in 1911. There are weekend performances through March 16. Call for a performance schedule and to reserve seats. **THE AMATO OPERA,** 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.●

Calling Old Clothes—Children are encouraged to bring a piece of that beloved blanket or outgrown shirt to add to a crazy quilt any day in March, in honor of Women's History Month. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN,** 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is $5.

Doing the Math—"Beyond Numbers," a fascinating hands-on exhibit at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE,** makes symmetry, chaos theory, and circumnavigating the globe become touchable, approachable concepts. Through 4/13. Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-699-0005). Admission is $4.50, $3 for children and seniors.

Bully Pulpit—**PENNY JONES AND COMPANY** puppets—which have also appeared at the Public Theater, as well as at the Metropolitan Opera—perform *Peppi and the Pop-Up Dragon* for mature 2-year olds and up. The story is about a boy who defends his fishing village from an encroaching dragon. Afterward, audience members can have something to eat and drink and join in a puppet-making workshop. March 8 at 11 and 1. First Presbyterian Church Nursery School, 12 W. 12th St. (691-3432). Reserve. $8.

Technical Wizardry—Family Day at the perennially family-friendly **SONY WONDER TECHNOLOGY LAB** means there will be extra demos and hands-on experiments. The cutting-edge multimedia center is engaging for any age on down to about 5 (when kids get to be too small to interface with the gizmos). March 9 from noon to 4. 550 Madison Ave., at 55th St. (833-8100). ●●

Family Operatics—A multimedia family opera based on Lewis Carroll's legendary Alice is written by Elizabeth Swados and conceived in "pop-classical" terms. March 9 at 2:30 and 5:30. Renee Weiler Concert Hall, **GREENWICH HOUSE,** 46 Barrow St. (242-4770). $7.

Story Time—The books are eccentric enough that you might have assumed Ms. E. L. Konigsburg, author of *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler,* was a New Yorker. It turns out she lives in Florida, but will make a rare sojourn here and will read from her new book, *The View From Saturday*—winner of the 1997 Newbery Medal—March 8 at noon. **BOOKS OF WONDER,** 16 W. 18th St. (989-3270).●●

Circus Tent—The circus that proclaims itself to be the Greatest Show on Earth is pitching its tent in the tri-state area for five weeks. Okay, there are performing hippos, Bengal tigers, a seven-person pyramid on the high wire, and astounding in-line skaters. But it's the clumsy pre-circus hour, when the audience gets to try balancing on the giant ball and lunging from the bungee trapeze, that you'll be talking about all the way home. March 4 through 9 at **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA,** March 11 through 17 at **NASSAU COLISEUM,** and March 20 through April 6 at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.** Call 307-7171 for tickets to any of the above. Prices are $10 to $37.50.

the mix

Concrete TV...Kathryn's Kiss

John Leonard's TV Notes

When the Cradle Falls (3/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is the usual baby-stealing claptrap, as well as the usual baby-sitter sex, during which frazzled young parents Martha Byrne and Scott Reeves are suspected by police detective Dorian Harewood of having done something dastardly to their missing 9-month-old — whereas the real culprits are a pair of Evil Big-Haired Blondes, Linda Gray and Cathy Lee Crosby, who behave as badly as they act.

Daughters of the Troubles: Belfast Stories (3/4; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is a nice complement to the Jenifer McShane–Tricia Regan documentary *A Leap of Faith* now making the art-house-cinema rounds. As McShane and Reagan told the story of teachers determined to bring Catholic and Protestant children together in an "integrated" school, against the usual obscenely bloody Belfast iconography of guns, pipes, flags, and fire, so does the producer-director-co-writer Marcia Rock commend to us, with Anjelica Huston as narrator, the women's work of Geraldine O'Regan and May Blood—consciousness-raising, community-building, and maybe even peacemaking, after 25 years of I.R.A. Provisional kneecapping, Ulster paramilitary double-decker-bus-burning, and a Berlin Wall down the middle of the last outhouse of the British Empire.

Walking Among the Sharks (3/5; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) drops Bill Kurtis full fathom five, on behalf of "The New Explorers," to look for six-gilled sharks in the murky fjords of the Georgia Straits between Vancouver Island and mainland British Columbia, whether by Deep Rover, a sort of undersea sports convertible, or Aquarius, a sort of Volkswagen aquabus, or Newtsuit, a personalized body-shaped submarine with its own propellers. What's of particular interest here is incidental chitchat suggesting that, in an era of reduced expectations for scientific funding, television will be picking up the tab for marine biology.

First Person Singular: I. M. Pei (3/5; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) lets us walk around with the agreeable architect inside many of his famous buildings—from the Bank of China to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame—while other people say nice things about him, though I wait in vain for an apology for that glass pyramid at the Louvre. What's wrong with nineteenth-century pastiche?

Frank and Ollie (3/5; 9:30 to 11 P.M.; Disney Channel) gives the superstar Evita treatment to a pair of Disney animators, Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston, who have spent more than 40 years collaborating on such family films as *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Pinocchio,* and *The Jungle Book.* While their pencil sketches are interesting and the clips of course still a wonder to behold, the best moment occurs right at the beginning, when the duo recalls being challenged by a stagehand: "So you're the guys who killed Bambi's mother!"

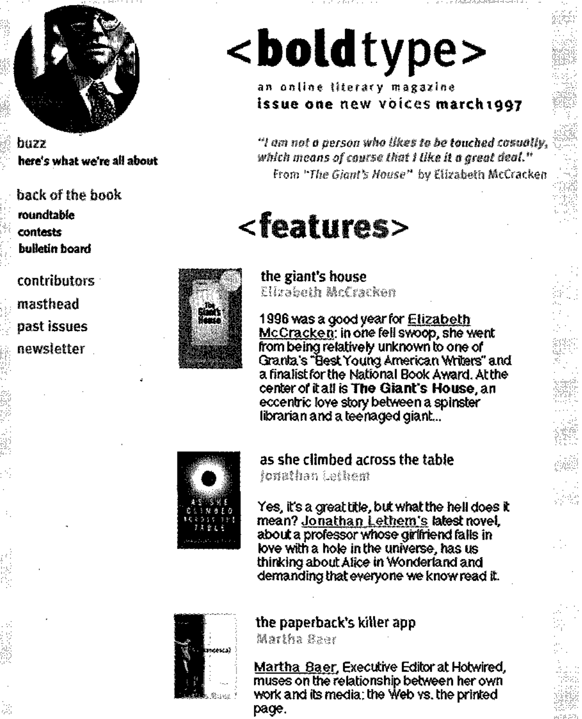
Any Place But Home (3/5; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) represents, after several recent upscale stabs at quality programming, a regression to lukewarm *noir* for USA cable. Crazy Dale Midkiff and hysterical Cristi Conaway involve Cristi's sister, Mary Page Keller, and her husband, Joe Lando, in the kidnapping-for-ransom of abusive father Alan Thicke's black and blue 11-year-old son, Lee Norris, which gets F.B.I. agent Richard Roundtree highly indignant and hyperactive, not to mention scaring Lee's mother, who is of course a stripper in Louisiana.

Turning Point (3/6; 10 to 11 P.M.; ABC), as part of a monthlong network public-service campaign against drug abuse, devotes a full hour to a heroin epidemic among teenagers in Orlando, Florida, where there have been 42 smack-related fatalities in the past year and a half. The stuff is so pure, needles are no longer needed, so you sniff yourself to death. Mention is made of Kurt Cobain, as well as Jonathan Melvoin of Smashing Pumpkins, plus Aerosmith's Steven Tyler, who has survived to talk on camera. Now if only we could have a similar month devoted to alcohol.

Ira Gershwin at 100: A Celebration at Carnegie Hall (3/12; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is a Pledge Week "Great Performances" special that asks you to put up with Michael Feinstein in order to get some Rosemary Clooney, to endure Jon Lovitz in return for Maureen McGovern and Ruth Brown.

Lifetime Women's Film Festival (3/9; 8 to 10 P.M.; Lifetime) lets Susan Sarandon introduce three short, lightweight movies before we get to a dagger in the heart—Patricia Smith reciting a poem in which a mother who has lost her child to violence on the city streets talks to the cosmetizing undertaker about this "plastic bag of boy." Her final words, terribly beautiful, are: "another homeboy coming home."

To Dance With Olivia (3/9; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), while barely testing the considerable talents of Louis Gossett Jr. and Lonette McKee in a slow-moving and heavy-breathing tearjerker about the death of a child, the upheaval of a marriage, and political corruption in a small southern town on the cusp of the sixties, seems almost an insult to Joe Don Baker, whose great gifts have been so often wasted on lousy roles that some important sadist must be punishing him.



<boldtype>

an online literary magazine
issue one new voices march 1997

"I am not a person who likes to be touched casually, which means of course that I like it a great deal."
From *"The Giant's House"* by Elizabeth McCracken

buzz
here's what we're all about

back of the book
roundtable
contests
bulletin board

contributors
masthead
past issues
newsletter

<features>

the giant's house
Elizabeth McCracken

1996 was a good year for Elizabeth McCracken: in one fell swoop, she went from being relatively unknown to one of Granta's "Best Young American Writers" and a finalist for the National Book Award. At the center of it all is **The Giant's House**, an eccentric love story between a spinster librarian and a teenaged giant...

as she climbed across the table
Jonathan Lethem

Yes, it's a great title, but what the hell does it mean? Jonathan Lethem's latest novel, about a professor whose girlfriend falls in love with a hole in the universe, has us thinking about Alice in Wonderland and demanding that everyone we know read it.

the paperback's killer app
Martha Baer

Martha Baer, Executive Editor at Hotwired, muses on the relationship between her own work and its media: the Web vs. the printed page.

On the Web
Type Writers

'Bold Type,' which describes itself as "an online literary magazine . . . featuring today's hottest authors," premieres this week at http://www.boldtype.com. Notwithstanding the general imperative that anything or anyone seeking to be known as "hot" must be avoided, the site features original pieces (both essays and fiction) by some of the more interesting young writers working today. The premiere issue, which focuses on the theme of "New Voices," includes "Desiderata," by Elizabeth McCracken, author of last year's 'The Giant's House.' The essay is a poignant reflection on the voyeuristic fascination McCracken experiences when leafing through a century's accumulation of family documents. Other contributors—Martha Baer, Jonathan Lethem, and Hugh Kennedy—are a cross-section of ascending literary lights, or at least that subset of the best young writers which also happens to be published by Bantam Doubleday Dell, the site's sponsor. MATTHEW FENTON

Radio Highlights

Bridges—3/4: Larry Josephson discusses women, motherhood, and feminism. At 11 P.M. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Tribute to Jack Kerouac—3/12 from 6 A.M. to 9: Celebrate what would have been the Beat hero's seventy-fifth birthday with a daylong survey of the spoken-word scene. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Talent

Mixed Media

"I see myself as a kind of Dr. Frankenstein trying to make super-television shows—hyperkinetic eye candy for a presweetened generation, a 'Best of' from our worst nightmares," says Ron Rocheleau, 39, a video artist whose public-access cable show, *Concrete TV*, is a 30-minute high-speed montage of soft-core sex, violence, and car crashes. Weeks after a *Rolling Stone* editors' poll chose *Concrete TV* as the best television show of 1996, calls came in from NBC, MTV, and Brandon Tartikoff's people. A compulsive television addict, Rocheleau spends between eight and twelve hours a day in front of the set and devotes whatever time remains to refining his 30-minute episodes (he produces two a week, culling images from as many as 300 videos). "An artwork is never done," he says, paraphrasing Picasso. "You just have to let go of it or fuck it up. The process is similar to doing surgery on your own child." *(Wetlands will screen the* Concrete TV Fourth-Anniversary Marathon *on March 7. Rocheleau, although he claims he'd rather be at home watching television, will be on hand. Call 631-LUNA.)*

MICHAEL ROVNER

Symphony Hall—3/5: R. Strauss's Horn Concerto No. 1, Mozart's Symphony No. 39. 3/6: Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, J. Strauss Jr.'s *Lagunen Walzer.* 3/7: Ravel's *Ma Mere l'Oye* and Piano Concerto. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—3/8 at 1:30: *Billy Budd.* Philip Landridge, Dwane Croft, and James Morris with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Steuart Bedford conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—3/9 at 8: Puccini's *La Fanciulla del West.* Carol Neblett, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes with the Royal Opera House, Convent Garden Chorus and Orchestra, Zubin Mehta conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Casper Citron—3/8 at 10 P.M.: John Gregory Dunne talks about *Monster: Living Off the Big Screen;* John J. Fialka on *War by Other Means: Economic Espionage in America,* John Varley and David Farr on tracking grizzly bears in Yellowstone National Park. WOR, 710 AM.

New York & Company—3/10: Writer James Lardner on the nannies in America and the children they leave behind in their native countries, Bradford Morrow on *Giovanni's Gift.* Weekdays at noon. WNYC, 820 AM/93.9 FM.

The Written Word

Earth Took of Earth: An Anthology Reading—3/13 at 7: A reading from Jorie Graham's *Golden Ecco Anthology* (of one hundred great poems). New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); $10.

Mary Gordon and Kathryn Harrison—3/10 at 8: Reading from their recent work (Gordon's fiction, Harrison's memoir). The evening will benefit *Columbia: A Journal of Literature and Art.* Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680); $7.

Jonathan Lethem—3/6 at 6:30: Reading from *As She Climbed Across the Table.* Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

Big City Tales—3/12 at 6:30: A reading of the stories of Roxanna Robinson, Keith Taylor, and Carson McCullers. At Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $16.

Jenn Crowell—3/10 at 7:30: Reading from her first novel, *Necessary Madness.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Hilton Als—3/11 at 7:30: Reading from *The Women.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Ruth Prawer Jhabvala—3/3 at 8: The novelist and screenwriter will talk with George Plimpton, and actress Madhur Jaffrey will read from Jhabvala's work. 92nd St. Y, Unterberg Poetry Center, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); $12.

Lectures and Panels

"How Artists Happen"—3/4 at 7: A panel discussion on controversial and contemporary issues in art. The Art Students League of New York, 215 W. 57th St. (247-4510); free.

Seeking the Religious Roots of Pluralism—3/6 at 6: A distinguished group of scholars and intellectuals discusses this foundational principle in American society. New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); $10.

Recycling: Why It's Working—3/5 at 7:30: A discussion with Allen Hershkowitz of the National Resource Defense Council. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230, ext. 233); free.

Science Education—3/7 at 7:30: A discussion with Carlo Parravano and Carole Stearns of the Merck Institute for Science Education. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230, ext. 233); free.

"Blood Money: Money and Bloods"—3/5 at 6: A lecture by internationally acclaimed novelist, actor, playwright, and director Melvin Van Peebles. Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Square South (998-2130); free.

"How Can We Control the Media?"—3/7 at 6: A lecture with Farai Chideya from CNN's *Inside Politics.* Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Square South (998-2130); free.

"Soothing the Pain: Healing in Everyday Life"—3/10 at 6: bell hooks, author of *Bone Black* and ten other books, speaks. Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Square South (998-2130); free.

Learning From the Rain Forest: Plants, People and Culture—3/13 at 6:15: A discussion of the tremendous influence the tropical rain forests and their indigenous peoples have had on our knowledge of medicine. The Rockefeller University, Caspary Hall, 1230 York Ave. (718-817-8747); $20.

Terrorism at Home and Abroad—3/9 at 8: Terrorism analyst Steven Emerson and Andy McCarthy, prosecutor of the World Trade Center bombers, moderated by journalist Sydney Zion. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.; for further information, call 996-1100; $18.

Tours

Crown Heights—3/9 at 11: Discover the history of this complex community; visit the Chassidic Synagogue, the Lubavitch World Headquarters, and the Rebbe's library. For further information, call 996-1100; $40 admission price includes lunch.

Grand Central Terminal—3/5 at 12:30: A tour of the current renovation. Meet at the information booth in the Main Concourse (935-3960); free.

Events

St. Petersburg: A Cultural Celebration—Through 3/9: A visual- and performing-arts celebration encompassing more than 25 cultural institutions in St. Petersburg and New York. World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Call 945-2600 for further information.

A Spring Festival of Quilts—3/8, 10 A.M.–7 P.M.; 3/9, 10 A.M.–5 P.M.: The Empire Quilter's Guild celebrates the diversity and range of styles in contemporary quilt-making. NY Army National Guard Armory, 68 Lexington Ave. (860-2913); $6.

Benefits

Broadway Babes—3/9 at 8 P.M.: A loving satire of the Great White Way by one of New York's hottest drag theater companies, Theatre Couture. LIFE, 158 Bleecker St. (420-1999); $10.

Exhibitions

French Children of the Holocaust—Through 3/6. More than 200 photographs telling the story of Jewish children caught in France at the start of WWII. Based on Serge Klarsfeld's recent book *French Children of the Holocaust.* At the New School, 65 Fifth Ave. (229-5488); $5.

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10. From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman—Through 4/4. The life and garden designs of one of the early twentieth century's most important landscape architects is the subject of this exhibition. At the PaineWebber Art Gallery (713-2885).

Triple Pier Expo—3/8 and 3/9. Three passenger ships full of antiques and collectibles for your perusal.

Photograph by Alexei Afonin.

Piers 88, 90, and 92 at 48th, 50th, and 52nd Sts. and 12th Ave. (255-0020); $10.

Sports

Big East Championship—3/5–8: Root for the winning team and get your money's worth: For $150, fans can watch all twelve games played during the four-day stretch. Possibly a bad buy for Seton Hall or St. John's enthusiasts. *Madison Square Garden; call 465-6741 for information.*

Blade Night Manhattan—3/5 at 9 P.M.: A weekly group effort through the better-kept streets of the city. *Meet at Union Square Park at 14th St.*

The Wedge—3/6 at 6:30 P.M.: Bikers and skaters join together for a tour of the Village on the first Thursday of every month. Sponsored by Times Up! (802-8222). *Meet at the Astor Place Cube; free.*

17th Annual Brooklyn Half-Marathon—3/8 at 8 A.M.: The first run of the five-borough grand prix. An added incentive in this race series is the promise of cash prizes for the runners who place highest at the end, in September. *Race starts at Coney Island Boardwalk at East 5th St. and finishes in Prospect Park, near Harry's Wall.*

New York SkateOut—3/8–9 at 8:30 A.M.: Beginner skate instruction is available—free—during every weekend of every month. Take your skates out of the box and come learn the fundamentals of the sport, like braking, braking, braking. *Wear full protective gear; meet at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave.; actual instruction talks place in Central Park at the Flats.*

Hockey—3/11: Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/12: Rangers vs. Washington Capitals at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/13: Devils vs. Hartford Whalers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel)

Basketball—3/4: Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/9: Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls at 5:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (NBC); 3/12: Nets vs. Utah Jazz at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel)

Online

Internetworking—If they were a club, they wouldn't let you in. Actually, they're a Website, but they still might not let you in. Membership at this site is restricted to the graduates of fourteen top schools. And no trying to pass yourself off as an Ivy (or near-Ivy) grad if you're not: They check your credentials before allowing you in. Assuming you do make it past the front door, the coolest feature of the site is that the system lets you know what you have in common with each person you connect with: same school, same hometown, and so on. http://www.branchout.com/

They Can Get It for You Wholesale—A resource for those always on the lookout for a bargain, this site posts advance notices about upcoming sales at clothing stores in the New York City area. http://www.samplesale.com/

Remembrance of Things Future—Register at this site for a free e-mail reminder of any date that is important to you—birthdays, anniversaries, deadlines for alimony payments. The interface allows you to specify the text you want to receive, and decide how many days in advance of the big date you want your reminder. You can also register for as many dates as you like. http://si.netmind.com/e-minder/

Iconoclastic Site of the Week—This new site, presented by London's *Daily Mail*, allows you to morph the faces of various members of the royal family in combination with the features of, say, Elvis. Or Madonna. Or Michael Jackson. It is veddy, veddy un-British in its irreverence toward the Windsors but quite British, after all, in that it reflects an obsessive interest in gender confusion. http://www.RUK.com/

Unnervingly Weird Site of the Week—This interactive mail-order-bride service shops women from the former Soviet Union to prospective American mates. The top page of the site features the following introduction: "You've found a very personal service that offers contact with exceptional Russian women interested in marriage to a Western man. If you wish to know how well-educated, talented, versatile, romantic and kind, warm and caring Russian women are; what terrific housekeepers, mothers and leisure companions they are; just get in touch with the one of your choice. You'll open a new world for yourself. Many Russian women are not afraid of an age difference to create a happy and loving family, so don't be shy to contact a woman 15–20 years younger than yourself if you find her attractive." http://www2.miracle.net/~russcon/rb/intro.html

Happening Kathryn Harrison's memoir about a prolonged sexual relationship with her father is winning points not exactly for being restrained (a book-length exploration of such an affair could scarcely be that) but for being "surprisingly chaste," as if a PG rating were a literary accolade. With a reading by Harrison on March 10, Fez allows you to decide whether *The Kiss* is good writing or just a small chapter in the history of publicity. Also on the program is new fiction from Mary Gordon (right), whose recent memoir disclosed the fact that she had her late father, an anti-Semitic Jew (and a Fascist, to boot) who converted to Catholicism, moved from the family plot to a Jewish cemetery. See listings.

Walker

continued from page 41

the stories of individual firm lawyers—how they chose their profession and why they decided to pursue it at Jacoby & Meyers. Ideally, the viewer would end up feeling good about lawyers and great about the ones who work for Jacoby & Meyers.

The other tack was humor. One spot involved a driver getting so distracted by doing the macarena that he gets in an accident: "Injured? Call Jacoby & Meyers." Another showed a dog going back and forth between two offscreen voices calling his name: "Custody battle? Call Jacoby & Meyers." (The macarena ad has been produced, but Koff decided that making light of child custody was too tasteless.)

Early on, there were concerns about whether the strategy would make Jacoby & Meyers look like the joke law firm. "Does humor make Nike the joke shoe company?" asks Danielson. "Does humor make AT&T the joke phone company? No." In the focus groups, she says, almost no one found the ads offensive, and in the end the spots made Jacoby & Meyers seem "accessible, because humor inevitably warms something up."

Koff decided she wanted to go with the funny ads first, partly because they could be produced more cheaply and aired more quickly. And lawyers at the firm now seem cautiously optimistic about the spots. Sullivan & Cromwell probably won't follow suit, admits Jacoby & Meyers civil attorney Eugene Harley, but "I think even some hard-boiled attorneys will laugh."

BACK ON THE QUEENS SOUNDSTAGE, SOMEone is measuring the distance from the camera lens to the pig on the fake window ledge. It's not the actual pig that will appear in the commercial but a cheap Playskool model. "It's the stunt pig," someone tells Koff. She smiles, nods, and goes back to explaining her ad strategy. "We're shaking things up a little and seeing where it all lands," she says resignedly. "It could be that these ads don't really ring true and this campaign is not a long-term campaign." But, she notes, it's a chance that she's not taking alone. After all, her lawyers voted for it. Moments later, the set designer comes by, cradling the actual clay piggy bank that appears in the ads—and nearly trips over a stage light. Koff's eyes widen a bit. The pig takes its place, and another half-hour's worth of adjustments follows before filming begins. "When this is over," Koff remarks, "I get the pig."

Well, yes. But what she really wants is something a bit more important both to her and to her firm: the last laugh. ■

Photographs by Joyce Ravid.

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

As You Like It— Select Furn Apts. Style/Location/Value. **212-695-3404; 800-277-0413**

HOME2—Great Furn Apts. D/W/M. Call Pat/Chiqui: **212-448-9223/800-203-7028**

Seen in "The Wall St. Journal" & "Inc." Furn Apts. Licensed. All Credit Cards. **212-348-8100 (7 days/24 hrs) Fax: 348-8362 OXBRIDGE 800-550-7071**

Murray Hill—Business/career working women only. Furn rooms w/meals avail. 145 E 39th St., NYC 10016. **212-490-5990**

COUNTRY PROPERTY
For Sale

Vermont Cape—4 BR, 2+bth, 5 bldg, 14 ac, gardns. Beaut vus Adirondacks. Nr Lk Champl. 1+ hrs Stowe/Killington. $245K. Owner wants quick sale. **802-425-3517**

Cortina, NY—Landmark House. 10 Acs. 4 BRs/bths, CC's. $350K. **212-758-6235**

REAL ESTATE
New Jersey

RELOCATING? New Jersey - Marlboro/Manalapan/Freehold. 1 Hour NYC/School Info. Century 21 Mack-Morris Iris Lurie Realtors - **Toll-Free: 888-RELO-555**

To advertise in this section, please call Chris Lutkin at: **212-545-3673** today!

REAL ESTATE SERVICES

GOV'T FORECLOSED—Homes for pennies on $1. Delinquent Tax, Repos, REOs. Your area. Toll-free: **1-800-218-9000 Ext. H-4235** - for current listings.

To get information or to advertise in New York Magazine's **TOWN AND COUNTRY PROPERTIES**, please call Chris Lutkin at: **212-545-3673** or fax: **212-779-2449**

Travel

SUMMER RENTALS

Connecticut, Washington (Litchfield) Fab furn contemp. Vus, river, priv, walk to town. 3 BRs, 2 1/2 bths, pool, sauna, fplc, a/c. June thru Sept. $6K/mo. **212-475-6648**

Mountains of northeast PA
LAKE NAOMI CLUB 1-800-626-6439
Vacation home rentals for week, month and season. 4-season resort community, 2 hrs from NYC. Rated in top 1% of vacation communities in America. FREE info packet - call Greg.

NANTUCKET COTTAGE—Charming 2-BR w/large patio; off upper Main St., near everything. Biweekly July, Aug, Sept. Call ELTON BURCH: **508-228-4449** NOW!

NANTUCKET ISLAND Sales/Rentals Now booking Spring/Summer/Fall 1997 rentals. Over 1000 priv homes. *All price ranges. Best selection now!* The Maury People: **508-228-1881** Open 7 days a week, Mon-Fri till 9pm.

SUMMER SHARES

Bridgehampton - Prof'ls: 27-34 8 BRs, 6 bths, pool/tennis/basktball/gym/hot tub - situated on 3 1/2 acs. All amens. Bike to beach. Mins train/Jitney. 1/2 shrs avail. No-smk. Michael: **212-861-4046**

FIRE ISLAND/KISMET—20 weekends for a 1/2 share (Apr-Oct)! Ocean views, roof deck, fplc, 2 BBQs, encl O/D shower, W/D, D/W, bikes, VCR, all amens, incl maid service. **212-777-0515 / 932-3619**

Quogue Spectacular COUPLES ONLY Pool, Jacuzzi, large deck, tennis, B-ball. 1/2 shares available. Call: **212-722-4558**

Quogue/Dune Rd.—Oceanfront, large *house w/pool, hot tub, sauna, pvt beach.* Great people - prof'l, 30s. Call Michael: **212-592-8672 / 201-585-5169 lv msg.**

SOUTHAMPTON Need 5 people for share in large house. Perfect condition, w/tennis court & heated pool! Walk to ocean and close to town. *Live in luxury this summer. Expensive,* but worth it. Call evenings: **516-922-5569**

SUMMER SHARE PARTIES Meet house managers from throughout the Hamptons. All types of houses, shares, ages. Many houses w/tennis courts, pools, spas, beach access, etc. Party & socialize while you find your perfect summer getaway. The New York Loews Hotel, 51st & Lex, NYC. 3/20, 4/2, 4/17 & 5/1, 6pm-11pm. Dancing/DJ. Admission only $10. Sponsored by Hampton House Managers. For table reservations, call P. Thompson at **212-764-3800**.

Westhampton Prof'l singles/couples, 35+, nonsmokers, for civilized, spacious, social hse nr Main St. Pool, Jacuzzi, Stairmaster, bikes. Single/double rooms. **212-751-2298**

To get information or to advertise in **TRAVEL**, section, call Chris Lutkin at: **212-545-3673** or fax: **212-779-2449**

Westhampton—Ultimate beachfrnt share/rental. Beach, pool, volleyball, huge deck, dock. $5000/pp full share. Grps welcome or $40,000/hse season. Paul: **212-242-5142**

SEASONAL RENTAL

TIRED OF HAMPTONS TRAFFIC?
45 Min From Manhattan
On The Ocean In Atlantic Beach, Cabanas, Shower Cabins...
OLYMPIC-SIZE SWIMMING POOL.
ALL SPORTS FACILITIES.
Day Camp: toddlers through 10 years.
The Sands
ATLANTIC BEACH
Visa/MasterCard accepted.
Call: 516-371-4003

TRAVEL SERVICES

CATSKILL SHUTTLE - 800-607-2753 NYC to the Mts! Weekdays & Weekends! Cooperstown Special! Day Trips too!

BED & BREAKFAST
New York

As You Like It B&B—Affordable & Attractive Apts & Guestrms. **212-695-3404**

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private Brownstone Apts. Affordable. **212-206-9237**

Comfy/Cozy B&B—Furn studios, 1-BRs, 2-BRs, lofts. Short/long term. **212-965-1102**

Manhattan B&B—$60-$90. Also private apartments. **800-747-0868; 212-977-3512**

BED & BREAKFAST
Florida

KEY WEST - Curry Mansion Inn Fabulous Victorian showplace - voted 1 of 10 best B&B's in the USA. Evergreen rms. Elegant poolside guest wing. Every amenity. Comp Euro bkfst. Daily cocktail party. Beach club. Downtown walk to history/beauty/romance. Spec honeymoon rates! For brochure/video, call: **800-253-3466 or E-mail: curryinn@aol.com Website: http://www.currymansion.com**

VILLA/CONDO/APTS
Florida

Florida Keys—Private homes! $350-$1,750/week. Sullivan Realty: **800-874-1894**

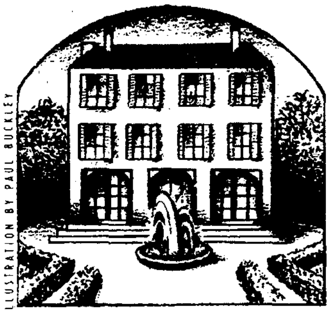


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BUCKLEY

VILLAS

Advertising Information

Phone: 212-779-7500
Fax: 212-779-2449
Address: 2 Park Avenue, 11th Fl
New York, New York 10016
Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9am to 5pm.

Ad Close: Tuesday for the issue on sale the following Monday.

General Information: There are approximately 36 characters per line. Count each letter, space and punctuation mark as a character. Certified check, money order or credit card info must accompany ad copy. Call for rates. All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

Inns and Lodges

CONNECTICUT

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN -- Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our 232-yr-old, elegant Colonial Inn on 27 scenic acs. Beautiful rms, some w/ fplc/jacuzzi. Bkfst incl. Antiquing/hike/relax! **860-542-5100**

FLORIDA

ROMANTIC SW FLORIDA RESORT & SPA NEAR NAPLES
A gorgeous setting surrounded by tropical tranquility. Charming accommodations, reminiscent of the days of Hemingway, take you back in time. Award-winning natural spa cuisine. Close to white sandy beaches, Everglades, golf, tennis. 1 week w/3 gourmet meals, fitness programs, trips frm $695/dbl. Call: **800-279-3811**

NEW JERSEY

ANGEL Of The SEA B&B, CAPE MAY'S FINEST
Elegant, Romantic Victorian Mansion. Ocean Views, Private Baths, Gourmet Bkfst, Aft Tea, Wine & Bikes. **Rates as one of the Top 10 in USA! 1-800-848-3369**

NEW YORK

A SEDUCTIVE RETREAT......On Golden Pond
Priv, tranquil & romantic. Intimate suites w/jacuzzis for 2, fplcs & pvt decks. **Come Turn Off The Rest Of The World.** Lakehouse. Rhinebeck/90 mins NYC. **914-266-8093**

ESCAPES 2000 - HUNTER/WINDHAM NORTHERN CATSKILLS (1-800-590-2737)
Private mountain villas & luxury townhouses. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 BRs. Panoramic views. Fireplace. Private deck. Hot tubs. Full kitch, CCTV, VCR & CD. Skiing - downhill & x/c. Snowboards. Hike. Horses... Or just relax! Great restaurants & pubs. NYC just 2 1/2 hours.

Hunter's Only Deluxe Hotel
Closest to ski. Luxury fireplace suites. Indoor pool/spa, Jacuzzi. Featured NY Times, Great Inns of America. Wine-tasting dinner 3/9. Easter Packages. **Scribner Hollow Lodge, Hunter, NY: 800-395-4683**

GURNEY'S INN--THE RESORT WITH A HEART MONTAUK, LI - $99 MIDWEEK SPECIAL
Rates include complimentary use of the International Health & Beauty Spa - **the only Marinotherapeutic Spa in this country!** Located on the brink of one of the world's most magnificent, private, white, wide sandy ocean beaches!! • **gurneysweb.com** • **516-668-3203**

THE KEYS

KEY WEST OCEAN KEY HOUSE
Indulge your every whim. Luxurious suites, in-suite Jacuzzis. Pool. Marina. 5-star PADI. Great food. On the water at Zero Duval Street. Free Brochure - **800-328-9815**

Health and Fitness

COSMETIC SURGERY

A NEW BODY THRU LIPOSCULPTURE
Lose 5-20 lbs of fat, up to 3 sizes, using latest large-volume Tumescent Technique. Felix Shiffman, MD. Free Consult. **246-2960**

COUNSELING

Affordable Counseling Women's Issues
Individual and Group
The Center for Women's Health of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center
16 East 60th Street, NYC
Call Maria at (212) 326-8540

Jungian Perspective Astrology—Explore Your Inner Archetypes. Call: **212-595-4703**

Psychotherapy—Convenient West Side location. Flexible fees............. **212-340-1159**

Do Emotional Intimacy Issues Keep You From A Successful Relationship? Call The Center At: **212-580-5502**

CHELATION THERAPY

Helps Hypertension...—Cholesterol, hardening arteries. Call **908-775-7575.**

DENTAL

NY BREATH CARE
Provides The Most Effective Anti-Halitosis Treatment Avail. Featured On 20/20 & Today. App't/Info: **212-683-6505**

HEALTH & BEAUTY

PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL
•Guaranteed •Certified •Free Consultation
West Side **787-6081** Midtown **765-3214**

NATURAL & BEAUTIFUL
T'ai Chi, Alexander Technique.
Bill Walsh/Holly Sw. **212-226-0627**

Feel Rejuvenated...—Skilled Masseuse Gives Excellent Massage. **212-501-0603**

ELECTROLYSIS

•LASER ELECTROLYSIS•
Painless/No Needles. **Up West 724-5000**
Chelsea 645-9212 / Great Neck 516-773-MAXX

INSURANCE

Protect Life Savings And Independence
Against The Effects Of Long-Term Care Need.
Call GE Capital Life At:
1-800-762-9677
Ask For Martin Bristow

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Relaxing Bath, Revitalizing Massage—Soothing Enemas. Private. **212-246-4276**

Scandinavian Health Institute—20 Yrs Exper. Enemas/Colonics. Lic. **212-873-2438**

Stress Reduction—Meditation Therapy And Bodywork. **212-929-7024**

HYPNOSIS

Hypnosis Is A TOOL! It will help **YOU** conquer smoking, anxieties, phobias & build confidence. Will travel to home/offc. **Certified Hypnotherapist - 1-800-314-4813**

Hypnosis - Counseling For Weight, Smoking, Anxiety & Personal Problems. Dr. Winter: 120 E. 36th, 1H. **212-252-0447**

Enjoy Rapid, Safe, Easy Change
With Nancy Donenfeld, MA, Cert 1972. Vi/MC/ins. 200 East 61st St. **212-758-7575**

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

BODY RENEWAL
Baths, Massages, Inner Cleansings. Rare, Unique & Beautiful. **212-695-0780**

GENTLE TOUCH
High-Class & High-Quality Service: Certified Professional Masseur Specializing In Sports & Swedish, Medical, Facial & Foot Reflexology. **212-565-7005 Bpr: 917-329-0046 (24 Hours)** **Massage At Your Door... Jon.**

High-Level Medical Relaxation—Therapy. 7 Days. Res. **212-221-6965**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

Relax, Stress, Pain Relief—Swedish. Aromatherapy. Reflex. Wax. **212-213-4114**

NOEVIR
—Steam, Dry Sauna, Shiatsu, Swedish Massage. **212-594-1602**

MADISON CLUB
Step back into an era of elegant gentility, a private club offering Massage, Steam, Cigars, Pedicure & Manicure; where our staff of pampering masseuses are eager to please you in our unique surroundings.
20 E 38th St NY-NY 10016 • Tel 212 973-0072

Relaxing Massages, Sensitive Cleansings & Baths w/Prof'l Nurses. Discreet. Call After 4:30pm. **212-749-6442**

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA—Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room. M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail. 11 E. 36th. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

the **BEST OF NEW YORK**
special issue will feature...
GREAT FOOD • GREAT PARTIES • HOME RESOURCES
PAMPER YOURSELF and **WEEKEND GETAWAYS**
for advertising information and rates, please call **212-779-7500**

Intense Therapeutic Massage—Stress/Sports-Related. Lic'd. Joy: **212-696-0043**

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS
HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential. **Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800**

PENIS ENLARGEMENT Custom Vacuum Pumps - Surgical. Gain 1" to 3". Permanent/Safe. Enhance Erection. FREE Brochures. Dr. Joel Kaplan: **312-409-1950**

TMJ?—We can help. Call for consultation. Ask for Mike Berkley: **212-459-2442**

Hair/Leg Veins Removed By LASER
Safe, Effective... Board-Certified Dermatologist: **718-837-9004**

WEIGHT CONTROL

15 Stubborn Lbs?—New Medications. 5-Week Programs. **212-570-5058**

Medifast™ Weight Loss—& Medications By Board-Certified Internist. **212-535-7785**

phFen-plus!™ 800-MD-8-THIN
Low-Dose Medication + Natural Nutrients
BIOCHEMICAL MEDICAL CARE

The Medication Everyone Is Talking About! Losing Weight Has Never Been Easier. Physician-Supervised. **212-737-4644**

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medications, As Per NY Times. **212-288-5468**

DON'T WAIT! PHEN/FEN, REDUX & BEYOND...
1st Visit $100, Including EKG & Meds. Every 2 Wks $60, Exam Plus Medications. Internal Medicine/Weight-Loss Specialist, R. Andria, MD. **718-332-8181**

1-800-870-SLIM
Private MD - Phen/Fen Avail.
Affordable Fees - Manh/Queens Location.

Physician-Supervised Weight-Loss
Program - Using Medication.
West Village Office. **212-367-7350**

To advertise in this section, call Mark Bristow at: **212-545-3661** or fax: **212-779-2449**

Sports Guide

PERSONAL TRAINER

For Women Who Want Results
Certified Trainer - As Seen In Allure.
Call The Bodysmith Co. **212-249-1824**

"**My 9 Years Exp**—Still Produces Beautiful Physiques/Customer Satisfaction." **355-2325**

Get The Body U Want—Certif Trainer. Home/Our Gym. All Levels. **212-874-2595**

A 1-To-1 Fitness Cert Trainer. We Bring The Gym To Your Home... Exercise & Nutrition. Get The Body U Want. **663-1887**

Weight-Loss Workouts—Supportive, Cert. In-Home. NYC/B'klyn. **718-875-6306**

Guaranteed Results - 6 Wks—Or 6 Free Sessions. Keith **800-362-9123 / 212-986-3100**

Enjoy—Certified Personalized Exercise & Diet Instruction At Home. **212-604-9850**

Survival Of The Fittest - Fitness For All Ages. Cert Trainer. Exercise & Safe Weight Loss. Home/Gym. **212-717-2677**

Personal-Training Facility—Seeks junior partner with own clientele to share expenses. Low key money. **212-957-9488**

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Talk Live To Female Body Builders—& Wrestlers. Raw. **888-255-FLEX $2.50/min.**

ROLLERBLADES

•**NY SkateOut** • **Gift Certificates**—Learn Rollerblade Skills & Safety **486-1919**

SELF-DEFENSE

Personalized Tai Chi & Kung Fu Classes
In the elegant Nabi Su studio.........**645-4637**

To advertise in the **SPORTS GUIDE,**
call Mark Bristow call **212-545-3661**

New York Kids

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

MARSHA D.D.
The Hot Spot for the Coolest
Pre-Teen Clothes! Smith Bellbottoms
& Shorts... Paris Blues... Birkenstock...
Huge Selection of Tees... Speedo...
Hank Player... NBA Tees... Beanie Babies
Funky Jewelry•Body Glitter•Keychains
1324 Lexington Ave. @ 88th. 212-534-8700

ENTERTAINMENT

Starmite Puppets—Lion K, Aladdin, Quasi, Dalmations, Sesame, Dinosaurs, Pooh, Face Paint, Balloons. **473-3409**

Dumb-Dumb The Silly Clown—Magic, Face Painting, Balloons. **212-569-5534 x33**

Gandalf, Recommended By NY Magazine
Puppets, Magic, Unicycle, Wizard-Clown
718-465-8511 / 201-567-5044 / 516-295-5108

Amazing Shawnee's—Magician/Clown/ Puppet Shows! For info: **212-387-7469**

Madeleine, Award-Winning Magician!—And TV Clown! Ages 1-103! **212-475-7785**

HAIRCUTTERS

FUN CUTS—Haircuts For Kids.
High-Tech, Exciting Environment.
1567 York Avenue.................**212-288-0602**

PARTY SERVICE

Maximillian Creperie For Kids' Parties
Unique Gourmet Crepes **212-333-5150**

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club—Best party space for kids! *10-200.* **212-831-7665**

Bowlmor Lanes—Bowling and fun in NYC's largest bowling center. **255-8188**

202 East 77th Street—Beautiful, large space. Includes small/large tables/chairs. Special weekday prices. **212-861-4330**

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Photographer Specializing in Children
Working Head Shots or Fun Portraits
Michelle Balog: **212-360-6968 for consultation**

ENTERTAINMENT/TEEN & PRE-TEEN

BAR/BAT MITZVAH
$3,500 PARTY PACKAGE
DEZERLAND/FUN CITY
(Check our large ad under Party Space.)

To advertise in the **NEW YORK KIDS,**
call Debbie Horowitz at: **212-545-3683**

Boats and Yachts

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. **212-534-6380**

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over a Decade of Value & Service.
Consider Us Above the Rest.
212-995-5470 - ask for Mary.

Best Deal Boat Parties—Gala Yachts in NY Harbor. Caterers okay, flexible terms. Established 1972. **212-307-0985**

FOR NY's BEST LUXURY YACHTS
for business or social events afloat,
in New York, New Jersey & Connecticut
any time, any size - 2 to 500 guests, we guarantee the very best service, superb catering as you wish (to fit your budget) & immediate all-inclusive cost quotations
CHELSEA PIERS YACHTS **212-645-6626**

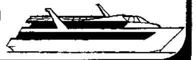
MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties
MYC, Inc., Wall St., NYC. 212-856-9446

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Intimate dinners for two -
to your largest corporate events.
NYC 212-594-1561 NJ 201-482-1991

CORP & PVT PARTIES & WEDDINGS
135' Classic DIPLOMAT
100' Contemporary CELEBRITY
See us at Pier 84 at W. 43rd St.
Leisure Yacht Charters (212) 594-9555

LUXURIOUS DINNER CRUISES
charters/holiday parties
The Skyline, The Statue Of Liberty, A Great Meal & Dancing · Who Could Want More?

NOW SAILING FROM THE NORTH COVE YACHT HARBOR AT THE WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER



VIP YACHT CRUISES, Inc. 718-934-1014

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Planning Unique Events Aboard Luxury Yachts
Call 7 Days: 914-968-3220 or 212-717-0300

The New York Office

ANSWERING SERVICES

$8 Live/Voice Mail/Pagers/Mail—800/900 #'s. All US Cities. **212-868-1121**

COMPUTER SERVICES

Don't Be Afraid!
IN-HOME ACCESS is your personal computer consultant. We come to **your home at your convenience** and help you to develop your computer skills. Surf the Internet, send e-mail, trade stocks. What are you waiting for?
Don't Be Left Behind! **212-496-6603**

ATTORNEYS

DIVORCE MEDIATION
AN ALTERNATIVE TO LITIGATION
Resolve your marital affairs in a private and fiscally prudent manner.
CARL F. WAND & ASSOCIATES
Attorneys & Mediators
Offices in Manhattan,
Nassau and Suffolk
1-800-214-MEDIATE
Call for info. about our public seminars

BUSINESS CONSULTANTS

Newsletter Productions—& other marketing services. Grow your sales, serve your clients, elevate your image. Non-profits get more donations. **212-677-4969**

EQUIPMENT REPAIR

GOLDEN CARTRIDGE
Laser toner cartridges for copiers and printers on sale for low prices. We also buy empty cartridges at fair prices. Free pickup/deliv. Clark: **1-800-987-8843**

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

We Organize All Facets Of Your Life!
Billing, bill-paying, filing systems, record-keeping & other detailed projects.
800-725-0343

GET ON TRACK! THE PERSONAL TOUCH! Home/Office Organizing & Setup, Inventory, Collectibles, Cataloguing, Computer Printout. All Five Boroughs. **800-643-7225**

To advertise in the **THE NY OFFICE,**
call DebbieHorowitz at: **212-545-3683**

Entertaining

CARICATURES

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. **212-873-1695**

Caricatures—Will make your party great! Available for all parties. **718-768-7407**

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. **718-782-2250**

ENTERTAINMENT

"ROAST MASTER"
Josh Sands' "ThisIsYourLife" 50+ B'day, Anniv only. "Roast n' Toast"....**800-474-JOSH**

Master Magician—"Top Rate"--NY Times Amazing Fun for All Events! **718-885-3038**

MURDER MYSTERY, INC.
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
1-800-673-3354

• HARDBODIES, INC •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441

Personalized Singing Telegrams!—NYC, LI, Westch, CT. **1-800-936-SING**

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! **212-929-8609**

MURDERS—400+ Lookalikes, Magic, Music, Mentalism, Comedy, Casinos, Roasts, Full Event-Planning. All Ages. **Naomi's World Of Ent.: 800-304-4911**

• STRIPTEEZ•A•GRAM •
The **ONLY** Gift That **UNWRAPS** Itself!!
212-391-2480 • 516-485-6600 • 718-352-9423

Balloons, Costumes, Belly, Strip, DJs, Party Entertainers—Anywhere, any time! **LIFE O' THE PARTY 800-966-7456**

BALLOON BOUQUETS®
Decorating. Special Events: **212-265-5252**
Nationwide Delivery. Info: **800-424-2323**

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative. Entertains All Ages. **212-741-3195**

Send-A-Yenta—Hilarious comediennes for all occasions. **212-477-1149**

"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."
All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best. Corporate & Private Events. **212-288-9133**

WANT SOMETHING SPECIAL?!!
Unique Entertainment•Reasonable Prices
DJs/Music•Performers•Dancers•Favors
Themes/Decor•Acts•**600+ Lookalikes...**
the Whole Event! Est.1982 **800-GET-GALA**

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—By registered psychic. **212-410-1299**

SEXY STRIPPERS - Duos
212-744-9000 Hot & Wild. Photos. M/F.

$25 Bouquet Of Balloons—NY/LI. 7 days till 10pm. **718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366**

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-669-8254 You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated! Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

"BRAVO!" - Murder Mysteries, Magic, Limo Scav Hunt, Lookalikes, Clinton, Marilyn, Elvis, Roasts, Casino **212-744-9000**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **ENTERTAINING** section, please call Alex Singerman at: **212-545-3682**

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

Pianist/Singer Jonathan Segal
Jazzy Gershwin, B'way, more. 212-222-3169
http://www.jonathansegal.com

LISA GOODMAN ENSEMBLES
Est. 1978 - Fine Classical, Jazz, Motown, Swing, BigBand, Contemporary. Helpful, Creative, Always Available. **212-489-1641**

Hot Samba/Cool Bossa Nova—Great Brazilian Music! Sabor Brasil. **212 865-4787**

One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern—Great Music & Entertainment **914-478-0073**

Mind-Sweeper DJs—Great party music, '30s-'90s. Since 1975. Refs. **718-875-9824**

Prof'l DJs For Every Celebration—Weddings, Sweet 16s, Mitzvahs... **800-545-5288**

RCA: Jazz, Rock, DJs, Classical, Etc.—All Events - Magic, Novelty. **212 678-2323**

A Touch of Class DJs—Dancers, Videos, Karaoke, All Occasions. **718-966-0255**

ZOTA Productions - DJ Specialists
MCs, Dancers, Lighting, Video Screens, Production & More! Bar/Bat Mitzvahs, Weddings, Corp. **800-965-DJ4U**

Affordable Party Music—DJs from $350. 15 Years Experience. **212-662-4921**

MARK SONDER MUSIC, INC.
Celebrating Our 11th Year!
800-MSM-MUSIC

The Feetwarmers—NY's Finest Swing, Rhythm & Blues Band. **212-969-0783**

EVENT PRODUCER

Specializing in Major NY Productions
Fashion, Music, Sports, All Media Events.
Corporate And Individual Clients.
ASTIC Productions 212-924-4293

GOURMET CATERING

A Chef's Table Ltd.... 212-427-1089—Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfection. Reasonable. Has lofts. **212-751-1459**

PARTY CONSULTANT

Situation Entertainment & Events—Music & event coord. All details. **724-1176**

PARTY HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion. **212-682-6281**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **ENTERTAINING** section, please call Alex Singerman at: **212-545-3682**

PARTY PLANNING

No-Fee Event Planning—Corp & private parties, weddings... Top Client List. **RED LETTER EVENTS 212-772-1177**

PARTY SERVICE

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave, nr 52nd St. **212-888-2122**

Bartender/Waiter—For your party/events. Very experienced. Steve: **212-465-3153**

Brunch Anytime—The "No Work" Way To Cater Your Party. **516-432-1354**

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS—Party Specialist. Sumptuous buffets & endless cocktails in our funky duplex. $35 pp. The Hudson Grill: **645-2729** - Andy or Kirsten

PARTY SPACE

GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL
Celebrate! Birthday, Anniv, Bar Mitzvah.
Kosher Bagel Buffet and Party Room.
Schmooze with the cast. **212-974-2060**

Large & Small, Corporate & Ball
Uptown & Down. Free Location Service.
Event of the Year, Inc. 212-570-1055

MICKEY MANTLE'S
The nation's #1 sports-themed restaurant offers an exciting atmosphere for parties up to 250. Audio/video system, large-screen TV, museum quality memorabilia, sports celebrity appearances. Brand New Private Party Room! Many options to fit your budget.
Call Larry Tart at **212-688-7777**

Upper East Side Billiard Club
Unique party space. 10-250. **212-831-7665**

S.O.B.'s—Party in tropical paradise. 20-400. On & Off-premises. Wild! **243-4940**

THE SUPPER CLUB Corporate/Social Weddings. Midtown Loc. From 20-1,000. Swing In Art Deco Elegance. **212-921-1940**

Your Wedding, Bar Mitzvah, S. Sixteen in our beautiful Upper East Side setting. Event plan'g. **202east** Doug: **212-861-4330**

Hudson River View—Intrepid Essex RM, 10-100, in/outdoor space, custom menus. Call: **1-800-8SKYLINE**

THE MADISON 679-2932
3-Story Mansion Specializing in Corp. Events, Fund-Raisers, Weddings. 25-500p.

GIGGLES Neighborhood Grill & Bar Fun Foods, Burgers, BBQ to Sumptuous Buffets. Teen Parties, B'days, Bar/Bat Mitzvahs, Sweet 16s. George: **212-840-1900**

Rodeo Grill—Live music, 2 party rooms. 375 Third Ave. (27th St.) **212-683-6500**

Gaslight—New W Vlg,Touch of class. 20 Fr drs,mahog bar,tin ceils,20-200 **479-7306**

Party Specialists—#1 location, 20-120pp. All pvt/corp events - w/ or w/out catering. Prince Street Club, Soho. **212-353-0707**

Bowlmor Lanes—Manhattan's largest bowling center w/2 full bars & 44 lanes. Great location! 20-550. **255-8188**

Any Event!!!—Bachelor Parties to Corp. Affairs. 20-400p. Michael: **212-650-0561**

DEZERLAND
NEW YORK'S BEST PARTY PLACE
7 Unique Party Concepts for 50 to 1500
Corporate Affairs • Bar/Bat Mitzvahs
Sweet Sixteens • Children's Parties
Anniversaries/B'days • Fundraisers
Las Vegas Style Casino Ballroom
Karaoke • Gameroom & Sports Complex
Drive in Movie Theatre • Classic Car Museum
CALL ABOUT OUR $500 KID'S B'DAY PARTY SPECIAL!
270 Eleventh Ave., NYC (212) 564-4590

DEMI RESTAURANT Charming Mad Av Brownstone w/Fireplaces. Cont'l Cuisine. **Perfect for Rehearsal Dinners, Showers, & All Private Parties** 10-50p. **212-534-3475**

SUCCESSFUL AFFAIRS
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p.

LANDMARK ON THE PARK
"One of the Most Elegant yet Affordable Locations in New York." **212-595-8410**

PULSE NIGHTCLUB
Elegant midtown locale (E. 54 btw 2 & 3). Corp & private parties (75-400). **688-5577**

TOO MUCH IS NOT ENOUGH!
XS
TOO MUCH IS NOT ENOUGH!
NEW YORK
A multi-level, interactive, competitive, imaginative, reactive virtual game arena.
For Parties and Corporate Events Call
212-398-5467 X224
1457 Broadway
In the Heart of the New Times Square

LE FIGARO CAFE
A VILLAGE LANDMARK
Garden Room, Fireplace, Music, Full Bar. Affordable $$. 15-100. **212-388-0002**

Elegant Space—Park Slope. Prof'l Kit. **718-499-1251.** Caterers Welcome.

WEDDINGS

Castles, Mansions, Estates—Spectacular locations in NYC & LI. **212-675-2080**

GREAT PARTIES...A SPECIAL BANNERED CLASSIFIED SECTION IN NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S BEST OF NEW YORK
SPECIAL ISSUE
For more information or to advertise, please call Alex Singerman at: 212-545-3682 or fax: 212-779-2449
issue date: 4/14 • on sale: 4/7
deadline: 3/21

Interiors and Exteriors

BATHROOMS

Wizard Custom Bathrooms & Kitchens Marble, Tile, Whirlpools, Kohler, AM Stand. Custom Formica, Lacquer, Cabinets. Lic. Ins. Free Est. Refs. 212-677-5555

CLOSETS

SPACEMASTER CLOSET CO.—Free estimates. Top quality at discount prices. Melamine, wire, & doors. Ins. 212-382-1533

CITY CLOSET CO.—Free estimates. All types of shelving. Space professionals. Affordable Pricing. 212-387-9142

DECORATIVE PAINTING

Tidy Faux Finishes—Marble, Murals, Sponging, Stone Glazing. 212-269-2687

FLOORS

Hardwood Floors—Install, Refinishing, Bleaching & Pickling. 212-360-2208

LINENS

Linens For Less!—For the finest in comforters, bedspreads, sheets, etc., at the lowest prices. Shop around, then call us. **Regency Linens**...................1-800-292-7215

HOME/BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT

Complete Services—Design, Renovation & Custom Cabinetry. Comm'l/Resid/ Medical. Lic. Ins. Free Est. 718-482-0676

Painting is our specialty and we do it right at a great price!
Indoor/out, sheetrock, plastering.
FREE ESTIMATES!
Let us apply 15 years of experience to your painting needs!
NY/NJ references available.
MD
201-865-4037
PAINTING

Handyman—Wall Dividers, Painting, Woodwork, Floors...& More! 212-749-7171

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
Expert redecoration w/o new investment. Featured in NY Times, NY Mag, ABC, CBS. **Lowest Rate. Only $250/rm.** Tri-state. **Free Brochure.** 212-288-8888
Visit Our Website at www.redecorate.com

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's. Special access to **all** wholesale showrooms.
Tri-State Area & Florida
Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888

Former Bloomingdale's Designer—Will beautifully transform your space. Creative. To Budget. **Sasha Designs:** 212-243-1738

IDEAS COUNT MORE THAN MONEY
Exp. designer works magic, to budget. Let me amaze you. **Call 212-288-1863.**

Easy Elegance—Using what you have or starting fresh... Access to all wholesale showrooms. 212-472-6543

C.S. INTERIORS—Exp'd, affordable decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your discount. Home/office. Complete renovations. Refs gladly furnished. 212-734-2689

HOME REVIVALS—If your time is limited to your profession, let me help you transform your interiors into your dream home. Exp'd/Reputable/Efficient. Holiday hideouts to city apartments...... 212-358-9209

Let's Decorate Together—A Decorator Who Designs And Shops With You. Buy At A Discount. **$50/Hour.** 212-873-3853

Rent-A-Decorator®—Budget-oriented pro designs "your" space at "your" pace. $75 hourly. Featured in NY Times & Glamour. Call for reprints: 212-826-1069

KITCHENS

Triple T Construction—Your Kitchen & Bath Specialist. Granitework. 212-360-2208

WOOD-O-RAMA, INC.—From kitchen cabinetry to remodeling/restoring (500 types of moldings to choose from), we have it all! 238 West 108th St. 212-749-6438

LIGHTING

Track By Jack 212-340-9111
Track-lighting specialists. Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Custom Painting—Sponging, Wallpaper, Marbleizing & Gold Leaf. Ins. 212-360-2208

Absolute Best Painting & Papering Ins. Excellent Refs. Affordable. 212-744-9413

Larkin Painting—Quality interior work. Reliable. Refs. Ins. Best prep. 718-205-7732

Painting, Plaster, Sheetrock Repair—Ins. Refs. Free Est. **Glenn:** 914-883-5647

Glazing, Schmazing & All That Jazz—*Emitage Inc. The Best In NY.* 212-253-0302

Fine Painting & Papering—Marbling, Sponging, Glazing. Ins. Rob: 212-889-6874

RUGS & CARPETS

CARPETS—English custom-made Wiltons. Also Sisal, Jute, Coir and Seagrass. **Four Quarters Carpets**...........800-599-8716

WINDOW TREATMENT

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and Draperies. **Lowest Prices:** 212-807-8674

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes/Wood
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600................................718-748-8600

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies & all soft treatments. **KINGSBORO:** 212-243-0722

Services and Sales

APPLIANCES

EURO-AMERICAN APPLIANCES
Viking, Sub-Zero, Asko, Bosch...
Call Dial-A-Brand With Make & Model.
Est. 1967. 800-237-3220 / 888-SAVE-MOR

LARGE SCREENS & TVs
Huge Discounts.
30 Years Same Location. We Deliver.
Call For Prices: 1-800-401-1691

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES
Guar lowest price. Imm del. Auth dealer.
Call 718-774-0198/773-8483. Expert advice.

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At Low, Low Prices. **Home Sales Enterprises**

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer, dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #. Lowest prices: 800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620

ASTROLOGY

The Love Psychic—Readings That Change Your Life. Visa/MC. 212-874-7692

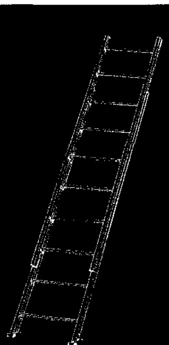
European Psychic - 90% Accurate—TV/Radio. 215-934-5908. $3.50/min. 18+.

CALL THE SAMPLES LINE
Try Our Psychics.
800-790-7425 Adults Over 18.

New! TOLL-FREE
PSYCHIC SAMPLES 1-888-697-8779
Adults Over 18 Only.

CREDIT CONSULTATION

Post-Holiday Debt Blues? 800-851-3506
Credit/Debt Consultation & Management, Debt Eliminator, Improve Credit History.



HOME
RESOURCES
special classified bannered section
in the
BEST OF NEW YORK
SPECIAL ISSUE

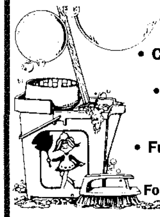
ISSUE DATE: 4/14 • ON SALE: 4/7 • DEADLINE: 3/21
For more information or to advertise in this section,
please call Michelle Krell Kydd at 212-545-3672 or fax: 212-779-2449

CLEANING SERVICE

Busy? No Problem! Let **Leisure Cleaning** Help ! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp Accts. Insured. Call: 212-628-6130 & Relax.

Regent Inc.—Commercial/Resid. 7 Days. Insurance/Bonded. Credit Cards. 563-1542

McMaid Service



ESTABLISHED 1971
- Post-Construction
- Corporate Apartment
- Common Areas
- Move In/Move Out
- Just Plain Housecleaning
- Fully Insured/Bonded

Think McMaid
For A Free Estimate, Call
(212) 371 - 5555

HELP WANTED

$1000's POSSIBLE READING BOOKS
Part-time. At-home. Toll-free: 800-218-9000
Ext. R-4235 for listings

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

1996 Limos—6-16 Passengers. From $35/Hr. CC's. All Occasions. 800-546-3254

Stretch—$50/hr. Special: $149/4 hrs. Avail 24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. 800-253-4546

Ultimate In Service—Special Weddings And Proms. 212-989-5400

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home. Bonded. West: 947-6190; East: 838-2996

Continued on next page.

Services and Sales

Continued from previous page.

MASSAGE

Out Of Bodyworks 212-545-0615
Leave Your Body...Here! E. 30s.

Paradise On The Table
Breathless Massage. 7 Days. 212-684-6494

HIDDEN TREASURE
Upper East Side. Mid 70s. 212-327-0244

Experience The Supernatural...—Marissa. 212-223-6213

"TRYST"
Upscale. Full Recorded Info. 212-642-9119

An Elegant Escape—West 13th St. Private. Convenient to Wall St. 212-243-1118

Exceptional Massage—By French Lady. Clean/Private. 212-888-3497

Fun & Stimulating Therapy—Private & Discreet. Midtown. Nancy: 212-768-8870

Wonderful—Private. East 48th Street. Midtown. 7 Days. 212-593-0046

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable! East 20s... 212-685-5614

TANTALIZING TREATS
Midtown East. Pvt. 7 Days. 212-213-4480

Julie—Selective, Upscale. Reasonable Rates. Lex & 40s. 7 Days. 212-972-0842

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
East 50s. 212-754-1470

Renew........Refresh.......Revitalize—Please call Tatiana or Kaya: 212-922-2149

European Touch—Of A Mature Lady. Warm, Considerate. 212-980-8172

WALL STREET
212-267-4053

Body Double—Double your relaxation thru sensual, exotic bodyrub. 212-750-2912

PURE BLISS
Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

CLASSY FRENCH MASSEUSE
Studio & Residential. 212-472-1138

Pears—Eclectic Excellence, Featuring Synchronized Massage. 212-505-5151

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse. Clean, Private. 7 Days. 212-838-8388

Nicole—Skillful, Elegant, Sensual. E 50s. 8am-6pm. Upscale. 212-755-9174

ALEX FOR MEN 779-7870
Soothing, Fit And Athletic. East 34th St.

EXCELLENT RELAXATION
New, Exciting, Elegant.
50s/5th. By Appointment: 212-977-7275

Velvet Hands Ultimate Pampering
Exquisite & Beautiful. Your/Our
Residence. 212-340-8066

A Very Special Touch....Sensational!!—W. Village/Wall St. access. 212-645-4995

Michelle—Upscale, French, Ebony. Residential Also. Call 212-972-0843.

LINCOLN CENTER AREA
New, Elegant, Rejuvenating. 212-787-0146

FUJI 212-207-8959
Shiatsu/Swedish. Resid/Studio. E. 60s.
Colon Irrigation.

YOKO Shiatsu/Swedish—New City. 10am-10pm. 914-634-9200

Body Pampering By Amanda—Private. All CCs. Grand Opening. 212-861-5969

Grand Opening—Pamper Yourself Privately. E 80s. Lauren. CCs. 212-717-0161

SENSUAL & ELEGANT
Residential Service
Steps Away From Leading Hotels
Park Ave. & 60th
New International Models
212-753-3030

A Very Private Candlelight Massage—5th Ave & 46th. By App't. 212-997-1660

Heaven—East 60s. The Perfect Relaxation. Open 7 Days. 212-838-1948

Courtney & Friends—212-779-9226. E. 30s. Quality, Pvt, Elegant. Open 7 Days.

Gentle, Comforting Massage—Upscale. Upper E. Side Resid. Marlene. 212-879-2964

Touch By Tomas For Men—Soothing, Serene, Safe, Pvt. CC's okay. 212-689-9030

VIP 59 SPA
Relaxation in Greenwich, CT 203-629-0898

Wall Street—Science W/Art. Pvt, Clean, Safe. Also Lite Role-Play. 212-732-0113

New Oriental Hands—Private and quiet. Queens. By appointment. 718-476-3807

Extra Clean—Studio/Residential. Downtown. Healthful. Pvt. 212-406-2630

HEAVEN CLUB
Best Midtown Massage. 212-252-0866/0855

OKINAWA 212-838-4474
Japanese Shiatsu/Swedish. East 48th St.

New Chinese - Exotic
212-317-0737 By Ladies / 751-2925 By Adam

ELIZABETH - Excellent Massage
By Elegant, Sensual Lady. Grand Central
Area. Studio/Resid. 212-697-4698

ORIENTAL BODYRUB
L.I.E. Exit 64N 516-924-0092

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLONIC
Therapy Dispos./Acupuncture W.94th:
212-222-4868 E.51st: 751-2319 Natasha/Joe

914-698-5858
Shiatsu/Swedish. Sauna, Shower.

For Discriminating Men—E Side. Intense/Gentle Relaxation. 212-988-3226

TOKYO MOON
Japanese Shiatsu. 212-421-0222

MARLA & LIZA 212-355-1667
Studio/Residential. European Relaxation.

For Executives—By Mature European And Friend. Call: 212-973-0102

201-840-1743—Best Asian Tension Relief. Near GWB.

SHIATSU STUDIO
Best Swedish. Resid/Studio. 212-583-0140

YANNA 212-308-4658
Eloquent Massage. Upper E. Side & 5th.

Kimberly—A Touch Of Class. Pamper Yourself & Relax With Me. 212-465-3425

Asian Spa - 201-313-9215—We've Got The Touch. 5 Minutes From GWB.

COSTA DEL SOL
Beauty & Relaxation 212-593-1605

SALON AKIA 212-582-2427
—Shiatsu. Resid Also. East 50s.

ORIENTAL SUN
23-68 Steinway St., 2nd Fl. (23rd Ave.)
Relax In Astoria. 718-545-7222 / 1987

KASA 212-754-6130
Professional Masseuses From Japan

***** LUCKY *****
New Management. Bodyrub. 212-279-6266

Classy Massage—By Elegant Asian Lady. East 31st. 212-726-0082

Full-Body Massage—For men and women, by female. 212-986-9377

Tropical—Oriental Shiatsu, Swedish. Rt. 17 North, Ramsey. 201-327-0286

Tricia—Very Private. By Appointment. Jenny's Here... 7 Days. 212-996-8499

NJ Fuji—Best Massage & Relaxation. 201-368-0058

516-841-1379 RAINBOW
Oriental Pampering
135 Sunrise Hwy, Amityville, NY

HOME DESIGN
special issue
featuring the design directory

The ***DESIGN DIRECTORY*** is a special bannered classified display feature for home furnishings, accessories, craftspeople and designers.

To place your advertisement or for more detailed information, please call Michelle Krell Kydd:
212-545-3672 or fax us at: **212-779-2449**

Issue Date: 3/4 • On Sale: 3/17 • Deadline: 2/28

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial, Reflexology. M/F. 212-661-0777

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-838-8380

201-568-4006
20% off w/ad. 393 Grand Ave., Englewood

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—Sophisticated. Private. 212-421-5963

STATUESQUE MODEL
Sensual Relaxation. 212-679-8616

Magical Hands Of China—Herbal Steam. Pvt. Midtown E Side. 212-213-1756

JAPANESE 212-799-7087
Japanese Shiatsu. Uptown Residential.

Shannon & Rebecca—Private Apt. Selective Gentlemen. 212-425-0997

Michelle & Marie—Relaxing. Private. By App't. CC's Okay. 212-826-3430

Oriental Massage—Routes 59 & 45. Spring Valley. 914-352-3031

MEET ME AT MECCA
For A Memorable Moment.
E. 20s. 212-448-1378

Exotic, Sensual Bodyrub—East 50th St. All CC's & ATM cards. 212-613-9191

Aloha 201-816-9562—Japanese Shiatsu, Swedish Therapy. Rtes 4/9W, Englewood.

LEXINGTON & 47th
Affordable & Relaxing. 212-758-1236

MATTHEW FOR MEN
A Class Act. Call Matt: 212-586-6172 24 Hrs

914-368-3000
Swedish/Shiatsu. CC's OK. Suffern, NY

Art Of China—By Appointment Only. Call 212-768-0957.

Lincoln Center—Creative & Sensual Touch - By Brazilian Lady. 212-799-2384

GINZA 212-684-2121
Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

Mature, Sensual, Classy Lady—Elegant, Private, 7 Days. 212-262-4537

Relieve Fatigue, Tension & Stress—Satisfaction Guaranteed. 212-689-5207

ORIENTAL DELIGHT
Massage/relaxation. Resid. 212-686-2222

Brigitte - Mature, Upscale—Discreet Massage. Resid, 7am-1am. 212-486-7520

Grand New Opening
Gabrielle & Tess. Versatile/Unforgettable
Massage. All CCs. 212-249-2436

ORIENTAL THERAPY
New Staff! Relieve Stress... Shiatsu,
Reflexology, Sauna, Table Shower, Steam.
Edgewater, NJ. 201-969-1323

KIKU JAPANESE E. 50
Shiatsu Studio/Res. 212-223-2650

Angel Touch Spa—Colonic Therapy. Sauna, Jacuzzi, Massage. 718-997-7772

MAINLAND CHINA
By App't. Discreet & Private. 212-262-2636

Halu Japanese—Shiatsu/Swedish. In Call/Out Call. 11am-2am. 212-759-4625

FOREVER YOUNG 212-319-6778
Japanese Shiatsu. Studio/Resid.

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

LICENSED THERAPY

DR.'s SEX THERAPY

A Reputation For THE BEST
MD-Supv. **SURROGATE PROGRAM**
PhD & Board-Cert. Clinical Sexologists
Private • Results • All Dysfunctions
212-721-7650

Bright, Competent, Gentle Surrogate—Confidential & Effective. **212-316-4768**

SEXUAL SUCCESS

NYC's **ONLY CERTIFIED*** Sex Therapist-Supervised **SURROGATE** Program. **SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC.** Resolve Impotence/PE/Orgasm Problems/Shyness. **PROVEN SUCCESS.** MD Supv'd. End fear/failure. **212-971-6060**
*Amer. Ass'n of Sex Educators, Counselors & Therapists.

ROLE PLAY

EBONY IS BEAUTIFUL

Exotic Role-Play. CCs okay. **212-268-9484**

Kim—Live/Real/Intense/Exotic/Caring. Unforgettable/Let's Talk. **212-245-4641 24hr**

RENDEZVOUS

Upscale. Full recorded info: **212-713-5330**

Black Canadian—Exotic, Sensual, Private. Call Anne: **212-532-6084**

Nurse Therapy—Dress-Up. Behavior Training. Luxurious, Upscale & Private. Credit Cards Accepted. **212-684-6775**

Alexis—Exceptional, Exclusive & Expensive. Call After Noon **212-490-1555**

Taylor—Pamper Yourself. By Appointment. Call **212-355-4428.**

Carol & Juliette—Come And Relax At Our Unique Playhouse. **212-223-0998**

PASSIONATE PRIVATE NURSE

Personalized & Intimate. **212-481-9293**

SULTRY LATIN BEAUTY

Fetish Role-Play. CC's. **212-244-0190**

CALIFORNIA STYLE

By App't Only. Diane: **212-396-1465**

Behavior Modification—Nurse Therapy & Role-Play By Experts, For The Novice & Connoisseur. AX/Vi/MC. **212-889-3350**

Fetishes Do Come True—Role-Play &/Or Cross-Dressing. **212-629-1982**

Explore Your Fantasies—Exciting, Upscale. Your Resid. Sara: **212-560-4814**

Statuesque Brazilian Role-Play—Elegant & Discreet. Upper East Side. **212-517-9466**

Upper East Side—Venus: Sensual Bodyrub, Nurse, Crossdress. **212-427-3801**

Unique, Sensual Relaxation—By Jennifer. Discreet & Private. **212-997-4679**

East Side Elegance—For The Sophisticated Gentleman. **212-207-1909**

ANGELIQUE

Yours Truly. **212-758-7081**

Ultimate Encounters—Luxurious, Upscale, For Successful Men. **212-246-1314**

Katrina—Elegant encounters for the upscale man. E. 50s locale. **212-758-8817**

Men For Men—Ebony And Ivory. Discreet. **212-532-3297**

Russian Mistress—Upper East Side. Discreet. By Appointment. **212-352-1593**

ASIAN ECSTASY
24/7 Madison Square area.
212-594-2039 212-594-1817

Mistress Circle—Role-Play And Fetish By Erudite And Sultry Siren. **212-501-6748**

Mistress Hilda—Return Engagement. Alone Or W/Exquisite Assist. **212-799-2567**

A Moroccan Mirage

Your Residence Only. **212-717-0594**

Apache Princess—Exciting. For Special Execs Only. By App't. **212-459-1930**

Adam & Friends For Men—Exclusive, Private & Safe. **212-988-2991**

Live Conversation—1-On-1 Stimulating Role-Play. Call Now! **800-814-2569**

AMANDA'S BLACK ELEGANCE
For The Mature Executive Who Can Appreciate Rubenesque. **212-583-0367**

Carol—Sensual Touch. Romantic Role-Play. Private. West 50s. **212-765-5810**

Jennifer Hunter—Incomparable Role-Play Via Phone. **215-627-JENN (5366)**

Enchanted

For The Privileged Executive
hotel service only
credit cards accepted
1-800-873-1251

The Magical Touch—Manhattan & Queens. By App't. **718-939-4757**

Step Off The Stress Mill—By App't. Complete R & R. Call Nina: **212-868-0268**

Marleigh - Phone Talk For Mature Gentlemen. Delightful, Discreet And Privately Operated. **800-565-7166**

Creative Phone Talk—All Fetishes. No Taboos/Discreet. Gloria. **847-358-3584**

Nicole Returns—New Posh E. Side Loc. Sensual X-Dress Role-Play. **212-352-4352**

DOLCE VITA

The Best In Residential Service
24 Hours/7Days
212-643-2872
New York • London • Cannes

HONEY - SUTTON PLACE

For Discreet Men. Classy, Pvt **212-838-2653**

Total Relaxation—European Role-Play Specialist. Residential Only. **212-570-6007**

Frances—Sensual, Romantic Role-Play. Private. **212-921-1307**

Pvt Role-Play By Mature Woman—Pvt Locale. 24 Hrs. Studio/Res. **212-832-2610**

Scandinavian Elegance—Sensual, Beautiful & Private. E. Side. **212-642-9198**

Stiletto—For The Discriminating Gentleman. Fetish Experts. **212-539-7576**

Mature Gentlemen—Private Relaxation By Mature Lady. Studio/Res. **212-957-9673**

#1 Transsexual Megastar!—Lovely "Sherry Fox", For Beginners. **212-582-5009**

Upper East Side—High Class. By Appointment. Jennifer. **212-629-1971**

Everything's Kosher—Exclusive. ATM Cards. **212-479-7939 / 212-946-5354**

Double Mistress Training
Sensual, Sophisticated, Erudite, Pvt.
516-373-0305 / 516-258-7679

Look No Further—Ultimate In Wrestling Role-Play, Fetish Exploration. **212-539-3569**

Avalon - 1st Class Role-Play
Private, Safe, Discreet. Upscale Clientele. Resid/Hotel. **212-714-1537**

Touch Of Elegance

American & European Models
Luxurious relaxation
for the sophisticated gentlemen
1-800-449-8834

Vicki—Real/Passionate/Elegant/Clean. Totally Private. West 50th. **212-265-4703**

A STEP ABOVE

For Discerning Gentlemen. **212-643-0295**

PARADISE

NYC's Premier Exotic Relaxation Spot. Sensual/Upscale. **212-258-2477**

THE INCOMPARABLE REBECCA
Kind, Warm, Charming Relaxation. Yours/Mine. Fully Rec. Info: **212-714-7709**

Southern Belle—Leslie. Mature. 11am-9pm. **212-759-6157**

Samantha—East 20s Manhattan location. Passionate, affectionate. CC's. **718-295-6297**

Diara's Private Retreat—Elegant Relaxation. **212-465-2570**

Explore New Dimensions—In behavior modification. Exquisite & pvt. **212-330-8217**

Private Games—Come Play With Us. E. 50s. By Appointment: **212-838-9404**

Role-Play For The Mind & Body—Mistress Taylor: **212-679-5330**

PRIVATE ENCOUNTERS
Upscale Models To Relax & Pamper You. Sensual/Beautiful/Expensive. **212-355-8321**

ELEGANCE
Expensive, Plush, Private Hideaway. Sensuous & Satisfying. **212-229-1117**

Catering To All Specialties—American models for upscale gentlemen. **212-633-8707**

All-American Role-Play—By Appointment Only. Private. **212-725-2870**

RUSSIAN MYSTIQUE

Elegant, captivating, upscale. **718-646-0922**

Exotic Encounters—Like No Other. NYC's Finest. Upscale. CC's. **212-759-2044**

VENTURES UNLIMITED

Ultimate Role-Play. **212-888-1666**

Femme Mystique

A TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE
Upscale & luxurious service
24 Hours/7 Days, Credit Cards Accepted
1-800-808-6679

FEMININE TOUCH

Luxurious Svc For Upscale Gentlemen. Total Satisfaction. Private. **212-352-1515**

Latin Role-Play—Shemale. Midtown location. Lola. **212-317-0405**

WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.

Wendy's

Warm and Wonderful.
212 **873-8158**
SEE OUR WEB SITE

Live Stimulating Phone Talk—Experience Your Desires. **212-741-0216**

INTIMATE INTERLUDE

Sensual And Stimulating. Private. By App't. Your/Our Place. **212-352-1811**

Cruise With Tom—Strength And Beauty. For The Affluent. ATM cards. **212-946-5175**

SCANDINAVIAN MODELS

—For The Gentleman With Exquisite Taste. Private. Also: Ebony, Swedish, Hawaiian & Russian. **800-879-7525**

Rachel—New, Very Private. For The Upscale. Call **212-679-8772.**

Grace—Elegant Shemale. Beginners Welcome. Call **212-679-5390.**

YURAKU 516-777-7566

200 Rt 110 (S), Farmingdale

Mistress Taylor—Role-Play For The Mind/Body. **212-679-5330**

Elegant, Mature Relaxation—Private. Call For Appointment: **212-697-5932**

Go No Further—Absolutely Astonishing! **212-828-1038**

PURE PLEASURE

Sensual, Exotic Relaxation. **212-679-1070**

SENSUOUS GOVERNESS

Care & Training For Men. **212-532-7135**

Seen On Howard Stern—Real, Chic & Pvt. Upscale/Discreet. Susan: **212-826-2707**

MADEMOISELLE

Scandinavian & European Models
Upscale relaxation for gentlemen who expect the very best.
1-800-464-6667

Cindy, Judy & Alicia—Ready for your role-play. Private & discreet. **212-221-6656**

Marina & Karina—Upscale Relaxation For Gentlemen. **212-734-8154**

The Angel Touch—Relaxation. Mature Lady. Private. Studio/Res. **212-681-2709**

Sensual Role-Play—By Mature Ebony Beauty. Studio/Residential. **212-330-8368**

Psychotherapist—Explore All Subjects. Role Playing - 24 Hrs. **516-422-2404**

Diana—Mature And Elegant Role-Play. By App't. 9am-11pm. **212-486-6377**

Mature Lady, Rubenesque—By App't. E 50th. Pvt & Discreet. Gina: **212-371-3106**

Models Inc.—Upscale Clientele Only! Discreet. Luxurious. **212-643-8295**

Ipanema Girls—Sensual Touch. Romantic Role-Play. Private. W. 50s. **212-399-0691**

Westch/Rockland/Putnam/Bergen—Touch, Dance, Voyeurism. **800-957-3048**

Exquisite Swiss Siren—Your Residence Only. **212-661-9361**

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

I Love A Self-Made Man—Sexy and very pretty blond attorney/entrepreneur, 36, warm smile, elegant, passionate and charming, Ivy League, Jewish - seeks successful entrepreneur or executive, hard-working, strong yet sensitive, for advice, friendship and love. 5341 ✉

Retired Professional—Late 60s, widower, desires cultured, attractive, financially secure woman, about 60, to hold hands and walk into the sunset. 5333 ✉☎

Have Not Given Up On Love, Yet—Israeli-American widow, 50, tall, athletic, slim, creative, quirky, too sensitive, too bright - passionate, funny, serious, warm, mother of 2-year-old. So ready to fall in love with big-hearted, broad-shouldered, stable, tall, 50-60-year-old widower who has really loved and lost - and hopes! Letter/photo. 5293 ✉

Attention K Mart Shoppers—Stop reading! Wall Street woman with eyes like Demi, hair and humor like "Elaine", and legs like Steffi...seeks professional Jewish man, 30-42. Be tall, fit, with wit and charm, for tennis, slopes, cycles, movies, cuddles and ?? Phone/photo a must. 5323 ✉ ☎

(Com)passionate, Cordial, Clever Man—Athletic, fun, tall, handsome professional seeks a substantial, interesting, charming woman (35-45) for laughter, friendship, romance and life's journey. Nonsmoker. Note/photo, please. 5358 ✉

Law Professor/Seinfeld-Type Male—Seeks intelligent, sophisticated, athletic woman (25-35) for light, friendly, honest relationship leading to marriage. I'm middle aged, sincere, humorous and friendly. Photo please. 5316 ✉ ☎

Bill And Hillary, The Perfect Couple!—(That's Bill and Hillary Cohen of Forest Hills, married 50 years this May). My Hillary: she's pretty, part Mother Teresa, part Ruth Bader Ginsburg, with a little Grace Under Fire. She's 32-40, Jewish. Me: not Mel Gibson - definitely not George Costanza. A little more likely to be mistaken for one of the Three Wise Men than one of the Three Stooges. I like sports, movies, the theater and stimulating conversation. I love laughing; I love being serious. I am 45, 5'11", fit and Jewish. Note/photo, please. 5278 ✉

Wanted: Special Man—50-60. Attractive, petite, Hispanic, 50, seeks sincere, honest man. Note/photo. 5370 ✉

Realize Your Dreams!—A multifaceted, leading eye surgeon, funny, attractive, slim, vibrant, 43, fit, 5'11". Seeks woman under 36, with gold heart, for romance, kids. Phone/photo a must. 5365 ✉ ☎

Vivacious - That's Me!—Dark-haired gamine, 29, megawatt smile. Seeks droll man who knows like is part of love. You relish NYC, dining out, dancing, dogs, bad jokes. Boyishly handsome won't hurt. Photo/letter. 5328 ✉

Handsome Bearded Professional—Youthful 47, 5'10", 170 lbs, who likes running, canoeing, cats (and dogs), NPR, acoustic folk music, and who likes to laugh and be silly, seeks similarly-spirited female to share the millennium. Photo appreciated. 5327 ✉

Great Guy!—Open-minded professional (PhD), 35, 5'8", romantic, handsome, fit, cosmopolitan. Many interests: city life, arts, long walks, fine dining. Seeks warm, attractive, classy professional female to share the best to come. Note/photo please. 5342 ✉

Don't Get Off On Being A Dog—I'm nice. I'm also positive, funny, intelligent, secure and genuine. I'm a tall, fit, very handsome, single white male, 35 years old, who has his whole life in front of him and wants you to be the most important thing in it. Send me a card/photo. 5294 ✉

I'm Happy—But you could make me happier. Successful, handsome, funny Jewish male, 39, health-care professional, 6', 175, brown hair/eyes. Seeking slim professional female counterpart for everlasting relationship. Note/photo. 5308 ✉

Japanese, Cute MD—Seeks educated, 30s, no-drug man. Photo/phone. 5312 ✉ ☎

Reliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters), please. 5362✉

Courtney Cox Twin—Very pretty, Jewish, 34-year-old, successful, cultured NYC exec, seeks Jewish soul mate, 32-45, who enjoys the beach, dining out, skiing, NYC living/country weekends. 5314 ✉ ☎

Not-For-Every-Man Woman—Seeks her not-for-every-woman man. Wise, sophisticated, bohemian, spiritual, independent, intense, imaginative, youthful professional woman, 40, seeks best friend, soul mate and sweetheart for meaningful conversation, out-of-control laughter and magical adventures. Integrity essential. 5322 ✉☎

Pretty, Slender, Romantic—PhD/artist seeks refined, accomplished, fit, good-looking gentleman, 50s. Enjoys travel, golf, beaches, life's finer things. 5348 ✉ ☎

Nice Catholic Girl—28, blond, physical therapist; for professional man. 5291 ✉ ☎

Gay, Eligible Guy—Friends and acquaintances always tell me "You are so good-looking and interesting... Why are you single?" As you know, it's not so easy. My stats are: dark, well-built, successful, quality professional with many, many interests - nonsmoker, no drugs, 49 years young. Prefer someone under 40, in good shape, not into bars, with quality interests. Photo, please. 5289 ✉ ☎

Seduced By Marrakesh—Warm, pretty, well-traveled lady, sans baggage, loves classical music and the arts, seeks handsome smart man, 47-59, for casbahs and cuddles. Photo/note. 5368 ✉

Just A Step Away...—Successful, handsome, single Jewish male (40/5'8"), of European background, with a warm personality, eclectic tastes and a career in the arts - seeking a worthy complement to my life in the form of a charming, affectionate, spirited and attractive, single Jewish female (30-38) with a sense of fun, spontaneity and a love of family and friends. Please write to me if you are comfortable with this approach. PS. Redheads and dimples a plus! Photo. 5277 ✉

Classy Latin Female MD—Of NJ, seeks soul mate - professional, honest, healthy nonsmoker, 38-46. Note/photo. 5315 ✉

Woman Seeks Woman—Pretty, professional, feminine and fun seeks same, gay/bi woman, 28-42, for special friendship. All replies confidential. Photo. 5373 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Successful Business Executive—Early 50s, seeks partner for fun, relaxation and good times. 5287 ✉

Single White Female - NJ—48, bright, attractive, upscale, looking to meet a great guy. Many interests. 5092 ✉

Just Your Average Guy—Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, looking for his Lois Lane. I'm 39, fun, humorous, good-looking, successful, intelligent, Jewish and fit. I enjoy music, tennis, biking, skiing, beaches and movies. You are 33-38, Jewish, caring, fun, intelligent, attractive, romantic, with similar interests. Photo a must - X-ray vision not working! 5276 ✉

Me: Professional Male—Israeli-born, US educated, 5'8", 145 lbs, good-looking, cultured, with strong bent to classical arts: ballet, opera, visual. You: very attractive, slim, 39-48, positive, employed, white/Asian. Together we will explore the exciting capital of the arts and each other. Note and photo, please. 5339 ✉

Jewish, 38, Lawyer/Business Owner—Good-looking, fun, romantic, seeks slim, sweet, petite female, to low 30s, to care, share, love forever. Photo/note. 5282 ✉

Boring Suburban Childhood—Fostered love of adventure travel, cycling, NYC. Very pretty, shy, creative and nonreligious, single white female, 5'8", 36, is looking for guy, mid 30s-40s, to make me laugh. Note with photo or drawing, please. 5359✉

Walk On The West Side—With me. A blond, petite, with-it woman, winning smile and all, wants a wonderful, slender, good-looking man (50-60) with wit and a winning way. When can we meet? 5279 ✉ ☎

New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD

CALL 1-900-443-1500

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 852-7700

Pretty CT Lady—Seeks professional Jewish nice guy, 45-50. Note/photo. 5351 ✉

The Best Of Both Worlds—I'm a vivacious, attractive, Jewish European lady, divorced, in my mid 40s, a warm, caring person who loves life and loves sharing it, a sophisticated fashion professional who is family-oriented. I would like to meet an accomplished man with integrity and class to become best friend and more. 5303 ✉☎

Mellow, Attractive, Divorced—Jewish exec. I enjoy golf, tennis, boating from my waterfront home in the Hamptons. Also love films, plays, museums, opera, ballet in the city. Family, home cooking and cuddling also very important. Looking for a warm, slim, attractive, passionate, nonsmoking, "up" woman, very youthful mid 50s-mid 60s, ready now for a relationship to complete this happy, romantic picture. Recent photo/short bio, please. 5290 ✉☎

Silly, Sexy, Sensual, Single—Jewish female, 32, 5'8 1/2", hazel eyes, long brown hair, extremely athletic, looking for well-educated, handsome, tall Jewish man, 32-42, athletic, adventurous and charming. Photo/phone. 5332 ✉

Love For Life—RN, 40, 5'8". Me: kind, beautiful, energetic, value-oriented. The best thing that ever happened to you? You bet! You: ditto. Photo. 5360 ✉ ☎

Ready Again For True Love—Widower, fit, successful exec needs slim, fit woman under 44, great legs and sense of humor. Note/photo. 5283 ✉

Westerner By Birth—Smart, attractive Jewish woman, 29, journalist by day, musician by night, seeks handsome, outgoing Jewish man, 28-38, for culture, travel, fun and escape from dating hell. Note/photo. 5310 ✉

Be Real Or No Deal—Blond, blue-eyed female, 25, 5'7", 130, with great legs, down-to-earth - enjoys the great outdoors, nightlife and film, etc. Seeks a sincere, truthful, financially secure, well-educated 26-35 male who is looking for that special someone...with the right chemistry for friendship/romance. Note/photo. 5325 ✉

NYs Best-Kept Secret—45, Frank Langella look-alike (huh?). New man (cook and not afraid to cry). Seeks female lean and mean (figure of speech). Sports-minded (oxymoron?). Cloth or disposable, you make the call! Existential a plus... (Note/photo). 5355 ✉

6'2", Green-Eyed Gentleman—27, enjoys skiing, marathons and Gatsby. Seeks sweet Ivory girl. Note/photo. 5299 ✉

Energized, Pretty, Smart, Classy—NY Jewish professional woman. I'm a slim, happy intellectual - love ballet and tennis, theater and ice skating, dancing and singing, city and country. You: nonsmoking, successful, remarkable man in his early 50s, ready for the love of his life. 5280 ✉

Brown-Eyed Girl—Jewish white female, 39, 5'7", athletic, sexy, sincere, seeking handsome, affectionate Jewish gentleman, 37-45, financially secure, believes in friendship/love/marriage. Photo. 5357 ✉

Just Do It!—Cute, funny, sincere male, 33, 5'7", enjoys tennis, working out, dancing, theater, mountains and exotic travel. Seeks athletic, bright, nonsmoking Jewish lady, 25-34, to adore. Photo. 5324 ✉

Ebony Beauty—28, slim, very attractive black woman, educated, well-traveled, seeks mature, successful white male who has everything in life except me. Photo/note. 5331 ✉

Sexy Blond Seeking Male—Photo. POB 428, New Milford, NJ 07646

Westchester Professional—33, 6'2", Nordic background, seeks bright, pretty, outdoorsy Westchester/CT woman. I enjoy traveling, tennis, movies and horseback riding. Letter/photo, please... Will reciprocate. 5353 ✉

Plan Marriage Within Six Months—With caring, considerate professional male, Jewish with traditional values. Seeks down-to-earth female, 34-40, to share, enjoy life's pleasures. Photo. 5309 ✉

Venture Emotionalist Seeks Investress—For mutual fun and merger. 6', 40, good-natured and short-Sedered. 5344 ✉

Lifetime Investment Opportunity—This time invest in the real thing. Very handsome and blue-eyed. Very successful and dynamic. Very bright and witty. Very trim and athletic. Terrific sense of humor (not terribly modest)! Jewish, 52, 5'9", nonsmoker, with own hair, teeth and own path in life. Seeking slim beauty who is athletic, under 48, with a great sense of humor, purpose and self confidence. Please send your best photo and note and allow me to analyze our potential. The market is tough and it's hard to know who to trust with your assets. Here's my guarantee: I love in the old fashioned way... I earn it! 5317 ✉

Woman Of Means—Very pretty, slim and shapely blond, Manhattanite, late 50s (you could be younger), easy-to-be-with and fun, seeks good-looking man for all the right reasons. 5330 ✉ ☎

Seriously Playful, Petite Beauty—Warm, smart, very fit and worldly. Seeking a fun-loving, good man, 50 plus, with integrity and joie de vivre. Note, please. 5367 ✉

Gay Jewish Man—29. When I moved to NY, I was convinced that there would be so many 25-33-year-old, Jewish, intellectual Manhattanite men who were out of the closet, lisp-free, healthy, athletic, funny, warmhearted, good-looking, employed, Jewishly involved, passionate, oversexed-but-monogamous and in good shape - that I'd spend all of my time with them at "nice little brunch places" on the Upper West or West Village and quickly kill myself with an overdose of Eggs Benedict and Mimosas (prix fixe). As it turns out, all of these guys must be hiding in the back room at the Guggenheim, and so I never meet them at all. So, if you're one of them, please give me a call. I'd love to hear from you. 5369 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Man Inside—Handsome man outside. Gentle, compassionate, very athletic, tall. Loves animals, sport thrills and a relationship with a beautiful woman, 25-38. Photo, please. 5286 ✉

Beautiful, Sophisticated—Yet down-to-earth, Jewish (you needn't be), 5'7", 39, seeks partner-in-crime for runs in Central Park and down snow-covered slopes, culinary adventures, exploring foreign ports. You are a confident, athletic, tall man of means, 37-45, who lives life with class, style and laughter. 5345 ✉ ☎

Gay Gal—45, savvy, cute, refined, seeks feminine lady for caring partnership. Photo/note please. 5296 ✉

Awaiting Special Woman—I'm warm, single Jewish male, 40, 6', good looks. Love theater, dining, sports, humor. 5336 ✉

Would You Be My 1998 Valentine?—Jewish male, 40, seeking that special lady to share a walk on the beach or a night on the town. Must love to laugh!! 5313 ✉

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

My Dearest Friend—A 40-year-old, warm and caring single mother (daughter 3 years old) is searching for "Mr. Right", the second time around. She is a successful executive, pretty, Swedish-American, who desires a sensitive, intelligent, cultural and attractive partner. Note, photo and phone appreciated. 5295 ✉

Ft. Lauderdale Surgeon—38-year-old, single, handsome Jewish male, 6', seeks 26-30-year-old, single Jewish female, nonsmoking, for committed relationship. Photo, phone and note. 5284 ✉

Just My Type?—Woman graphic designer, 5'7", pretty, slim, blond, 45, loves food, wine, museums, foreign films, books. Wants to develop a relationship with a nice, smart guy . 5377 ✉ ☎

Are You My Babe In Toyland?—Toy inventor, 34, funny, smart, down-to-earth, very handsome and fit, Jewish and just plain modest. Seeking a happy, kind, creative, pretty and fit, life-sized Tickle Me Barbie, 24-34, to take home and love forever. Please send a photo. 5301 ✉

Country Doc—Shiksa (blond, of course), 45, divorced, resides northeast PA (2 degrees to NYC). Have BMW, will travel; have horse, will ride; have rabbi, will convert. 5354 ✉

Technology Is Fine—But I'd rather touch hearts than push buttons. If you're an attractive, nonsmoking female, 35-45, who likes music, theater, great restaurants or a quiet evening together, this male songwriter/teacher would like to collaborate with you on the "song of life". Photo appreciated. 5298 ✉ ☎

Make Me Smile!—I'm an attractive, slender, affectionate lady - confident, honest and fun-loving. I'm seeking a secure, good-looking man, 43-55, who is romantic, thoughtful, with a sense of humor. Nonsmoker. Photo a must. 5304 ✉

Do You Feel Lucky?—Jewish professional female, 35, pretty, petite, passionate, into laughing and loving. You are a cool mensch, 32-45, nonsmoker, fit and secure. Note/phone/recent photo a must. 5349 ✉

the **BEST OF NEW YORK**

special issue will feature...

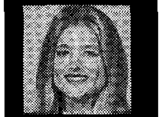
GREAT FOOD • GREAT PARTIES

HOME RESOURCES • PAMPER YOURSELF

and **WEEKEND GETAWAYS**

for advertising information and rates, please call **212-779-7500**

Strictly Personals



Directors:
Andrea McGinty
Anne Dingman
Lynelle Herstedt
Jacqueline Castellitto

Your Personal Life Is Our Business.

Let's face it. As a busy professional with meetings, deadlines, and long hours, who has time to meet someone special? *It's Just Lunch!* is a dating service with a staff of experts who find your perfect match while you're busy with the bottom line. Give us a call. You've got nothing to lose but your single life.

Dating For Busy Professionals

New York 212.644.0022

New Jersey 201.461.2399

Washington D.C.•Baltimore•Columbus
Cincinnati•Philadelphia•Milwaukee•Chicago
Dallas•Austin•Houston•San Antonio
Ft. Worth•Indianapolis•Wilmington

IT'S just LUNCH! Inc.
life, love & dessert.

Tall, Blond, Attractive—Professional female, mid 30s, with passion for golf, seeks male companion (45-60) to share same passion. Must have good sense of humor. 5285 ✉ ☎

Asian Woman Sought—Architect, 45, 6'2", athletic, successful and personable, seeking an Asian woman for city fun and adventures. Photo and note. 5347 ✉

Former Child Prodigy—Successful, handsome, tall, dark and fit, a devout iconoclast, atheist and heterosexual, seeks a very beautiful woman with great intellect and wit (late 20s or early 30s), who would never answer an ad but whose successful career has gotten in the way of meeting the love of her life. 5329 ✉

Very Pretty Lady—35, is feminine, fun, feisty and spiritual. We're both loving, successful, trustworthy, self-aware and long for our soul mates for enduring love. I have a soft spot for a man who pursues me (no stalking) and has a sense of humor (teasing okay). Personal note/phone/photo a must. 5275 ✉

Great Catch!—5'2", 102, long dark hair, blue eyes, fabulous shape, 30, sexy investment professional with spunk and style seeks an ambitious, muscular Mr. Right, under 40. Photo/phone, please. 5288 ✉ ☎

Searching For A Special Friend—Warm, sincere, attractive, affectionate, mid 30s, Jewish, Ivy-educated (with MBA) male marketing/sales professional - seeks caring, outgoing woman who's beautiful inside and out, fun to be with and easy to talk to. I enjoy music, museums, movies, travel, theater, tennis and dining out, and seek someone to share activities, conversation and special times. Note/photo/phone, please. 5361 ✉ ☎

Looking For Compatible Schedule—Handsome Southern gentleman, Wasp, 50, 5'10", attractive, self-employed executive, maintains three residences in Southeast. Seeks long-term relationship and possibly more - flight attendant, lady pilot, 35-50, comfortable in ball gown or jeans a plus. Enjoys dancing, travel, fine dining, NYC and quiet evenings. Phone/photo/note. 5338 ✉

Downtown Menschette Sought—Handsome mensch, professional and artist, 49, seeks petite Manhattan Jewish woman, 35-49, bright, very pretty, fit, successful professional (and/or writer), financially independent, who is fun, reads, likes jazz, blues, movies, and is culturally and anthropologically insightful. Seeker is quite selective, sensitive, intense and passionate. Desires permanent relationship. Only a photo with note will receive a response. 5346 ✉

Single Businessman—Jewish, 45, not a game player. Enjoys movies, theater, travel, sunsets, cozy nights. Seeks honest, caring woman, 31-39... Wants family and children. Phone/photo. 5335 ✉

Sweet, Warm, Shapely, Pretty—Professional seeks tall, fit, smart, witty guy to love, 56-66. 5321 ✉

Stunning, Slender—27, 5'8", professional seeks sincere, fit male counterpart, 28-43. Note/photo. 5305 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Designing Woman—Ex-model, 40-something, 5'5", sexy, voluptuous figure, Italian - seeks financially secure man with love of the arts, to explore life with. Note/photo. 5306 ✉

Alpha Male Seeks Fox—Super-successful, handsome literary exec, 40, seeks fit, beautiful, smart woman, 28-35, to settle down with. Must love beaches and dogs. Note/phone/photo. 5334 ✉

Scientist And College Professor—Single white male, 41, 5'9", nonreligious. I live and work in NJ but I very much enjoy NYC. My interests include classical music, theater, museums and long walks in the city or country. I am searching for a nonsmoking NYC or NY area woman who shares some of my interests and my reasonably relaxed and positive approach to life. 5356 ✉

Holier, Classier, Lighter And Sexier—Than Hillary, Madonna, Liz and Dr. Ruth. Feminine, great-looking, highly educated professional widow. You be ageless 60ish, loving partner, playmate, confidant and friend. 5318 ✉ ☎

Missed You On The Slopes—Very attractive, good-natured, athletic female seeking fit and fortyish Christian male to enjoy life with. 5363 ✉

Are You An Attractive CT Woman?—This Wasp guy, 6', dark hair, 50, financially secure lawyer, wants to share wildflower meadows with a woman into music, books, nature, who is slender and spiritual, and done with (or out of) social scene. Note/recent photo. 5326 ✉

Championship Cuddler—Handsome, 6', honest, soft-spoken, financially established, trim, athletic, recently single 47 male. Enjoys skiing, movies, beach, biking, restaurants, or being with you: good-looking, down-to-earth mate, 32-40, with similar interests. Caring relationship, marriage important. Note/photo. 5350 ✉

Kung Hei Fat Choy—Did your relatives say "This is the last time!" when they gave you the red envelope? This handsome, 30s Asian male is in search of an attractive Asian female with a modern style and family values. Note/photo. 5311 ✉

Class, Quality, Character—Affluent Jewish banker, 39, 6'2", JFK Jr.'s looks, Einstein's mind and Cary Grant's charm, seeks smart, sexy, stunning woman who still dreams of being swept off her feet. Note/photo. 5203 ✉

The Love Of A Lifetime—If you're a never-married Catholic woman, slim to petite, 27-39, who'd enjoy a romance that would span the decades with a man who's witty, good-looking, athletic, financially successful, relatively normal but curiously never married, take a chance. 5'10", 180 lbs (me, not you), live LI, work NYC, love dogs and kids (have the former, want the latter). Photo, please! Will return or exchange. 5302 ✉

Single Jewish Female—Early 40s, independent and financially secure, seeking American success story with European sophistication and a sense of humor. Intellect, creativity and a sense of style a must. Write: POB 1256, NYC 10274

Recently Adopted—44-year-old father of two kittens, honest, straightforward, athletic and tall, with vast color war experience, seeking nonsmoking woman with similar interests. Photo and note. 5319 ✉

Pretty In Red—5'1", 110 lbs, bubbly, effervescent redhead. Add to that an educated, fit, humorous, artistic, certified personal trainer/exercise physiologist. All this plus more in a small romantic package. Seeking professional male who is physically fit, humorous, 45-55, in a larger romantic package. Note/photo. 5320 ✉ ☎

Nice Guy, Strong Values—Handsome, fit professional, young 42, communicative. Likes outdoors, city life. Kind, funny, stable. Seeks bright, nice lady, 34-38. 5364 ✉

I'm Ready If You Are—Jewish art director - handsome, fit, funny - beard, 6'2", 48, seeks tall, curvaceous, sensitive beauty of childbearing age, for friendship, marriage and child. 5281 ✉ ☎

Former Swimsuit Model—32, 5'5", 100 lbs, very attractive, well-educated, financially secure, laid-back marketing executive - seeks unique, well-educated, attractive, good-natured, ambitious (212) professional man in his 30s, who's looking for a long-term committed relationship. Note/phone/photo. 5300 ✉

Wind Chill think HEAT INDEX
Thermals think BATHING SUIT
Radiators think AIR CONDITIONING

THINK SUMMER NOW!

ADVERTISE
IN SUMMER SHARES & RENTALS

New York Classifieds can make this your best summer ever. Our 1.5 million readers and our reader-friendly magazine format, combined with fully paid circulation, bring you the most efficient way to fill your place in the sun.

Call Chris Lutkin for rates at: 212-545-3673
or fax 212-779-2449 for more info.

Assortments

Field's Dating *212-391-2233*—Rm 1600, 317 Madison Av, NYC 10017 (ent 42 St.)

JEWISH MATCHMAKING
Ethical service, reasonable fees.
Blumberg Introductions, Inc.
230 Park Ave., NYC 212-808-3054

LINK ages 35-55 invites Jewish singles to
MICKEY MANTLES
42 Central Park S. at 59th St. (bet 5th & 6th)
Saturday, March 8
9-10 Cocktail Hour • 10pm Dancing
$20 with invite • $25 w/o invite
Call for invitations: (914) 725-6320

Stan & Jeff Party Crane Club—408 Amsterdam Av., **Sat 3/8,** 9pm, $20. Open bar, buffet. Upscale prof'ls. **212-426-6629**

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide.
Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803. **800-233-CMLS**

The Upscale Crowd, Ages 26-46
Tavern on The Green
Central Park West @ 67th St.
Friday, March 7, @ 7 pm
Club Decade
1st Ave. & E. 61st St.
Tuesday, March 11 @ 6 pm
718-279-8596 • Admission $20
HUGE TURNOUTS EXPECTED

Single Booklovers Nationwide. Est 1970 Box 117, Gradyville, PA **800-773-3437** E-mail: 103474.1057@compuserve.com

Perfect Partners™

Voice personals for gays & lesbians. seeking lasting relationships
212-987-6400

SOLUTION FOR SINGLES
• SELECT from PHOTOS •
A personalized intro service for busy NY/NJ prof'ls & execs. 8 yrs. **201-944-6171**

NY*Connection*—*New Dating Service!* Almost-free dues for 1st 400. **212-759-0455**

Conversations—Long-standing dinner parties - professional singles. **201-567-2082**

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy **212-877-5167**

Read Any Good Books Lately?
An often-used opening line when meeting other singles. A great place to use it is at the Jewish Braille Institute sound studios, where lots of talented singles record books for the blind. Wonderful people and a terrific cause. **For more info, call Cantor Mindy J. Fliegelman: 212-889-2525**

Singles Support Groups
Call Psychologist: **212-875-0074**

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

fRIENDS fIRST
Activity-Based Group for Jewish Singles
VIP Atlantic City Trip
Luxury lounge coaches w/hosts serving lunch, open bar & more!
$55 SUN 3/9, from Manhattan
CALL (908) 530-5919 • Jews4Jews@aol.com
We organize all of our events in NYC by age

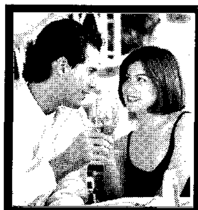
A+ RATING! Meet beautiful **Russian** & **Jewish** ladies living in NY - all w/photos.
International Singles 212-736-6870

Evan Gold • Sheryl Robins
NETWORK 2000
Co-sponsored by STAN & JEFF PARTIES
LE BAR BAT 311 W. 57th St.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 6 pm
$3 Premium Drinks & Free Hors d'oeuvres 6-7pm
Ages 20s & 30s only 212-714-8189
Over 1,000 people expected!

Single Gay Male Prof'ls
Cocktail party at Pageant, 109 E 9th St.
March 16, 5:30-8pm, $25. **631-1189**

SUNDAY, MAR. 9 SUPER GALA
UPSCALE PROFESSIONALS, 28-49
5:30-11PM, 600+ EXPECTED, DJ
Au Bar
41 EAST 58th St, NYC
Free Hot Hors D'Oeuvres, 6-8PM
$20 Jackets (212) 249-3636
Please Visit Us On The Internet
http://www.nycsingles.com

MARION SMITH PROF'L SINGLES
SAT, MAR 8, 8PM - Confetti Pasta
$20 Buffet, **Dance.** 5 E. 38th St. **944-2112**



Date Someone New This Weekend
Call to hear 1000's of voice personal ads for free!
212-987-7000
FREE CALL
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE
Customer Service 212-987-7001

NY's Best Restaurants!
www.diningout-ny.com
800-829-2281 x102

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times... For Information: **212-972-3594**

STRICTLY PERSONALS COUPON

Use this coupon or call 212-779-7500. Rate is $37.00 per line, two line minimum. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Number.
Mail to: New York Magazine Classified, Attention: Strictly Personals, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016.
All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

INSERTION ORDER

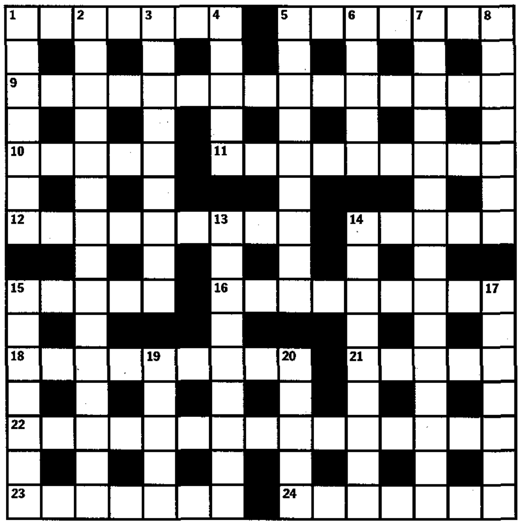
WOULD YOU LIKE A VOICE BOX? IF SO, CHECK HERE. ☐
If yes, we will call to give you an access code. All calls are confidential.

Name ______________________________
Street Address ______________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Day Phone (for our records only) ______________________________
Payment: Check ____________ Master Card /Visa /American Express
Card Number ____________ Exp. Date ____________
Signature ______________________________

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Islands where there's talk of lambs eating meat. (7)
5 Word, not English, as entered, whence one may take umbrage. (7)
9 Study of social behaviour—why the squint? (4,11)
10 Track —'s not very good. (5)
11 Weaver and spinner (called Jim) takes in one thousand. (4,5)
12 Suitable for a jar, making bad trouble with Kilner. (9)
14 First musicians at Hastings. (5)
15 West Indian theatre company backed to appear on screen. (5)
16 Then exchange core sections in the coupon. (9)
18 Have too many winks—fifty—in love poetry by letter. (9)
21 Delete water? (5)
22 11, nosey about card-game, with little energy completely 21-ed. (5,2,1,7)
23 Bottom devotee, one found in bird stories. (7)
24 Solemnly admit what's wrong about clothes. (5,2)



DOWN

1 Confounded birds are where flowers should be. (7)
2 Dauphin gives Henry tennis balls, for instance. (8,7)
3 Devizes (say) person making one mark or other. (9)
4 This is almost a bit of fibre. (5)
5 Spirit permitted in a father to the nation? (9)
6 Sphere left in sheets. (5)
7 Stay-at-home doctor to previous monarch meant to bind up wounds. (8,7)
8 Honesty reveals the one French song. (7)
13 Place of power and pleasure—and beating the waves? (9)
14 Place of poverty and confusion—and I rebel. (9)
15 Art work with axe? (7)
17 Yellow cloth makes grandma enthusiastic. (7)
19 Purveyor of Trojan horse: unless French, continue to err. (5)
20 County and river where Auden lost his tan? (5)

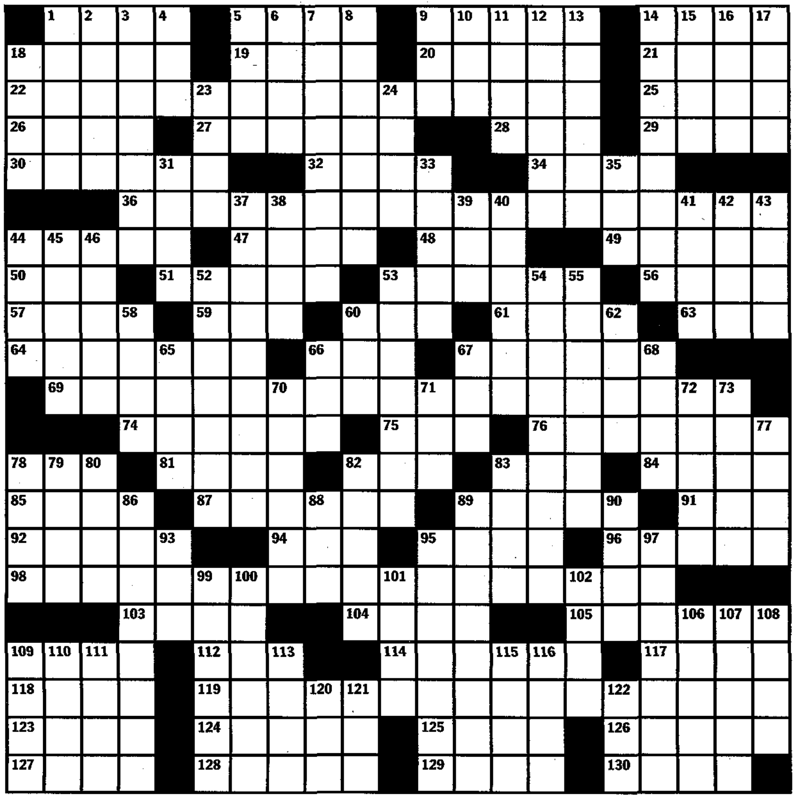
'Bread Stuff': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Notorious Hari
5 Mogul capital of India
9 Doesn't eat
14 Hoopster O'Neal
18 Nursery ailment
19 Shift course
20 Alvin of dance
21 Pizarro's conquest
22 Specialized bakery?
25 Eight: prefix
26 Stadium in Queens
27 Prepay the pot
28 Wino
29 Dokey's partner
30 Sawbuck
32 Flea-market caveat
34 Seedless plant
36 Gershwin's bread song?
44 Vanzetti's co-defendant
47 Bulrush, e.g.
48 Younger Reiner
49 Oklahoma's second city
50 Arafat's org.
51 After band, hand, or grand
53 Guardian spirits
56 Latvian
57 Jai's go-with
59 Free (of)
60 Fido's foot
61 Crackle's preceder
63 Go courting
64 Panda's kin
66 Sweet spread
67 Gaps
69 Door-to-door salesman?
74 Erase
75 Deli fish
76 Certain business communications
78 Beast of Borden
81 Prelude to a duel
82 Turk's topper
83 Quantity: abbr.
84 "The Way We ——"
85 Designer Cassini
87 Blue-penciled
89 Haircut discard
91 Twice XXVIII
92 Clock type
94 Not gross
95 Uppercut's target
96 Desert havens
98 Go on a seven-day vacation?
103 Sound repercussion
104 Counterfeit
105 Thin flat breads
109 Steam-engine pioneer
112 A feast —— famine
114 A May
117 Nabisco cookie
118 Skin-lotion ingredient
119 Hollywood's best bread?
123 Frankenstein's flunky
124 Mme. Mesta
125 Hen pen
126 Inserted more
127 Thomas Waller
128 Paragon
129 River of Austria
130 What "video" means

DOWN

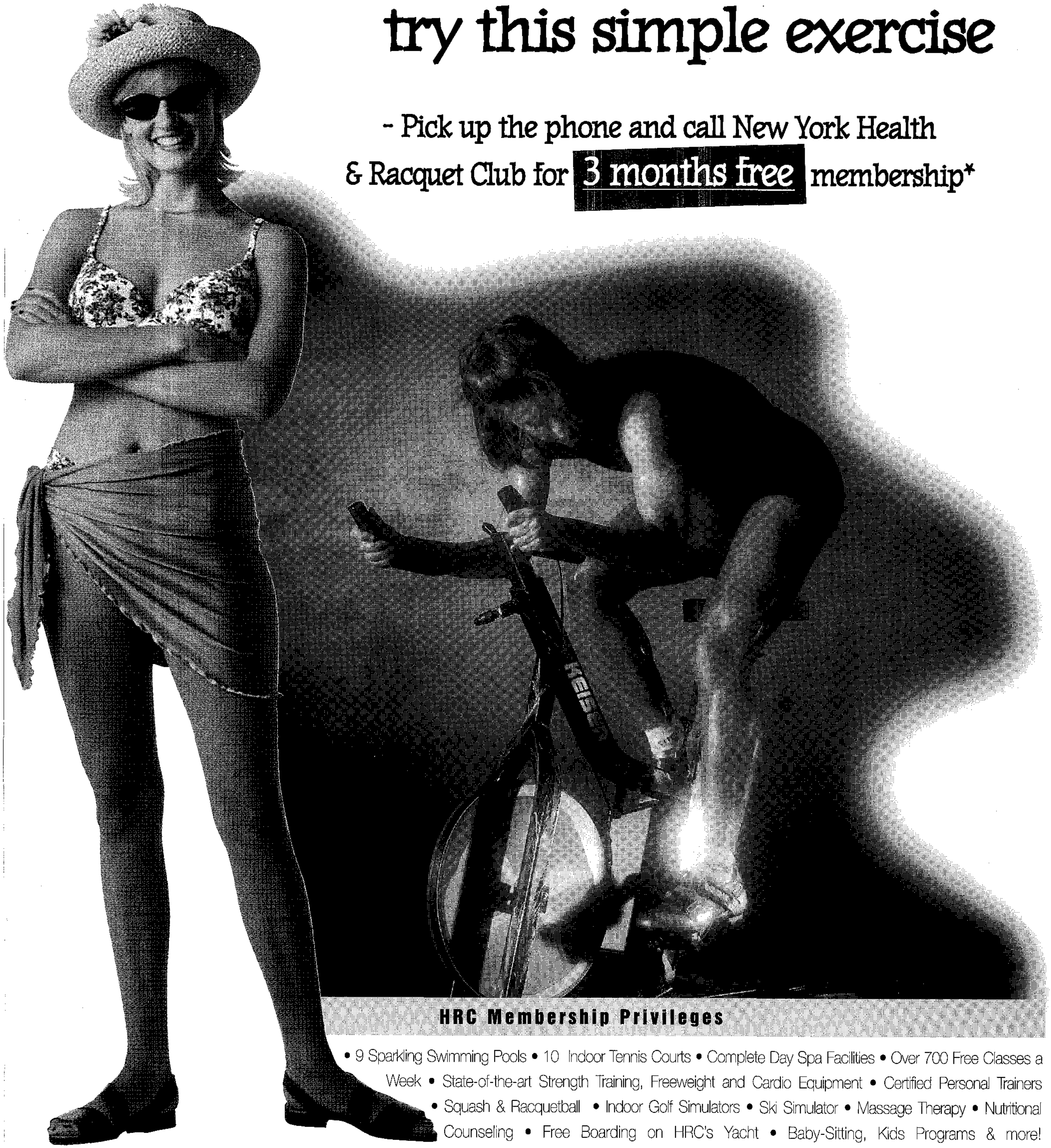
1 Israeli general Dayan
2 Extraterrestrial
3 Famed doomed ship
4 Tennis feat
5 Name of three English rivers
6 Frobe who played Goldfinger
7 Closed again, as an envelope
8 Provoked to action
9 Distant
10 Broadcast
11 Stone and Stallone
12 Start golfing
13 Part of CBS
14 Lovin' ——
15 Hell, euphemistically
16 Johnson of "Laugh-In"
17 Docking facility
18 Fracture covering
23 Monte Carlo game
24 —— arms (prepared to fight)
31 Freudian topics
33 Scatter
35 Pothole
37 Full rail shipment
38 Await decision
39 Hither's opposite
40 San Luis ——, California
41 Used wings
42 Words in a ratio
43 Defense-pact acronym
44 Practice boxing
45 —— once (suddenly)
46 Team mentor
52 Affliction
53 Chanced it
54 Playing of a play
55 Drawer fresheners
58 Freezer
60 Equal footing
62 Do a strip act
65 "The Two ——," 1968 French film
66 Boeing product
67 Beer-pack number
68 Duck of the merganser family
70 Actress Ida
71 "Frasier" aide
72 Figure-skating jumps
73 Gumption
77 67-Down, Spanish style
78 Layer of paint
79 Paella pot
80 Lacking strength
82 Galas
83 Opera highlight
86 Welcoming committee
88 Phone-company abbr.
89 "—— the Flying Trapeze"
90 Parlor piece
93 Apple computer
95 Communion cup
97 Has the means for
99 Caryn's stage name
100 —— around (clowned)
101 Hot-day sigh
102 Author Wister
106 Become weatherworn
107 U.S. Grant's opponent
108 Took money for
109 Gamin
110 Pond growth
111 Beep
113 Zoning unit
115 Privy to
116 Puppies' bites
120 West of Ga.
121 Theologian's study: abbr.
122 Like Paris, in French



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 5

To get in shape for Summer, try this simple exercise

- Pick up the phone and call New York Health & Racquet Club for **3 months free** membership*



HRC Membership Privileges

• 9 Sparkling Swimming Pools • 10 Indoor Tennis Courts • Complete Day Spa Facilities • Over 700 Free Classes a Week • State-of-the-art Strength Training, Freeweight and Cardio Equipment • Certified Personal Trainers • Squash & Racquetball • Indoor Golf Simulators • Ski Simulator • Massage Therapy • Nutritional Counseling • Free Boarding on HRC's Yacht • Baby-Sitting, Kids Programs & more!

Money Back Guarantee + $100 **Join HRC and enjoy all of it's services and facilities for seven days, if within that time you find a better club value, join it, we'll refund your money + $100! *With the purchase of any new, annual, individual, paid-in-full membership. Offer expires 3/31/97**

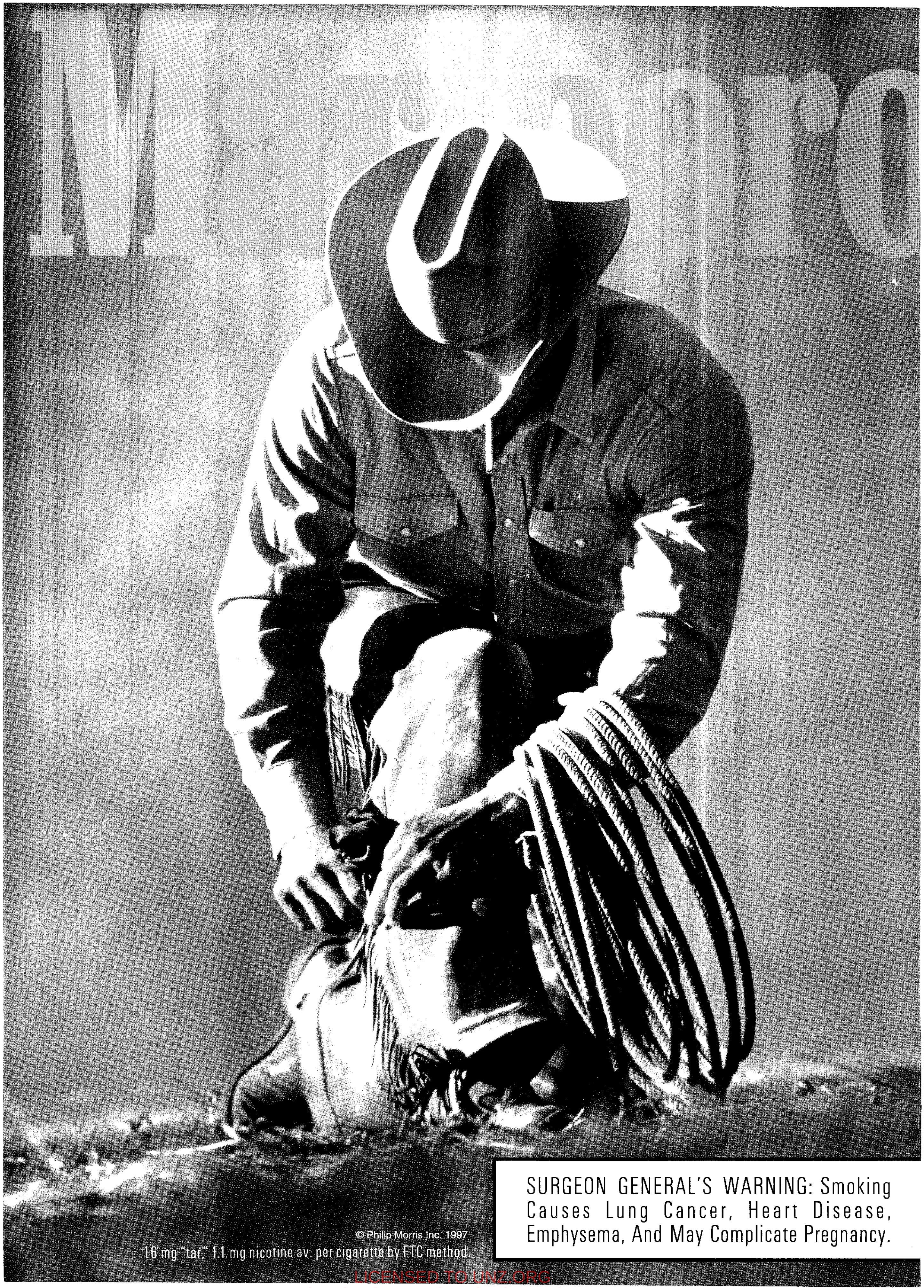
39 Whitehall St (Wall St)	269-9800
13th St off 5th Ave	924-4600
45th St off Lex Ave	986-3100
50th St off 5th Ave	593-1500
56th St off 6th Ave	541-7200
76th St & York Ave	737-6666
HRC Spa, 57th & Park	826-9650
HRC Tennis (Wall St)	422-9300
Village Courts (Village)	989-2300
HRC's Kimberly Hotel	755-0400

NEW YORK HEALTH & RACQUET CLUB

HRC

25 *A way of life* Yrs

JOIN ONE ENJOY THEM ALL!



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.